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THE NEGRO IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

WHEN the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment stormed Fort Wagner July 18, 1863, only to be driven back with the loss of its colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, and many of its rank and file, it established for all time the fact that the colored soldier would fight and fight well. This had already been demonstrated in Louisiana by colored regiments under the command of General Godfrey Weitzel in the attack upon Port Hudson on May 27 of the same year. On that occasion regiments composed for the greater part of raw recruits, plantation hands with centuries of servitude under the lash behind them, stormed trenches and dashed upon cold steel in the hands of their former masters and oppressors. After that there was no more talk in that portion of the country of the "natural cowardice" of the negro. But the heroic qualities of Colonel Shaw, his social prominence and that of his officers, and the comparative nearness of their battlefield to the North, attracted greater and more lasting attention to the daring and bravery of their exploit, until it finally became fixed in many minds as the first real baptism of fire of colored American soldiers.

After Wagner the recruiting of colored regiments, originally opposed by both North and South, went on apace, particularly under the Federal government, which organized no less than one hundred and fifty-four, designated as "United States Colored Troops." Colonel Shaw's raising of a colored regiment aroused

quite as much comment in the North because of the race prejudice it defied, as because of the novelty of the new organization. General Weitzel tendered his resignation the instant General B. F. Butler assigned black soldiers to his brigade, and was with difficulty induced to serve on. His change of mind was a wise one, and not only because these colored soldiers covered him with glory at Port Hudson. It was his good fortune to be the central figure in one of the dramatic incidents of a war that must ever rank among the most thrilling and tragic the world has seen. The black cavalymen who rode into Richmond, the first of the Northern troops to enter the Southern capital, went in waving their sabres and crying to the negroes on the sidewalks, "We have come to set you free!" They were from the division of Godfrey Weitzel, and American history has no more stirring moment.

In the South, notwithstanding the raising in 1861 of a colored Confederate regiment by Governor Moore of Louisiana (a magnificent body of educated colored men which afterwards became the First Louisiana National Guards of General Weitzel's brigade and the first colored regiment in the Federal Army), the feeling against negro troops was insurmountable until the last days of the struggle. Then no straw could be overlooked. When, in December, 1863, Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne, who commanded a division in Hardee's Corps of the Confederate Army of the Tennes-

see, sent in a paper in which the employment of the slaves as soldiers of the South was vigorously advocated, Jefferson Davis indorsed it with the statement, "I deem it inexpedient at this time to give publicity to this paper, and request that it be suppressed." General Cleburne urged that "freedom within a reasonable time" be granted to every slave remaining true to the Confederacy, and was moved to this action by the valor of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, saying, "If they [the negroes] can be made to face and fight bravely against their former masters, how much more probable is it that with the allurements of a higher reward, and led by those masters, they would submit to discipline and face dangers?"

With the ending of the civil war the regular army of the United States was reorganized upon a peace footing by an act of Congress dated July 28, 1866. In just recognition of the bravery of the colored volunteers six regiments, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-first Infantry, were designated as colored regiments. When the army was again reduced in 1869, the Thirty-eighth and Forty-first became the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth became the Twenty-fifth. This left four colored regiments in the regular army as it was constituted from 1870 until 1901. There has never been a colored artillery organization in the regular service.

To these new regiments came a motley mixture of veterans of volunteer organizations, newly released slaves, and some freedmen of several years' standing but without military experience. They were eager to learn, and soon showed the same traits which distinguish the black regiments to-day, — loyalty to their officers and to their colors, sobriety and courage, and a notable pride in the efficiency of their corps. But if ever officers had to "father and mother" their soldiers

they were the company officers of these regiments. The captains in particular had to be bankers, secretaries, advisers, and judges for their men. As Lieutenant Grote Hutcheson has stated it, "The men knew nothing, and the non-commissioned officers but little more. From the very circumstances of their preceding life it could not be otherwise. They had no independence, no self-reliance, not a thought except for the present, and were filled with superstition." Yet the officers were determined to prove the wisdom of the experiment. To do this they were forced to give their own attention to the minutest details of military administration, and to act as non-commissioned officers. The total lack of education among the men necessitated an enormous amount of writing by the officers. In the Ninth Cavalry only one man was found able to write well enough to be sergeant-major, and not for several years was it possible to obtain troop clerks. When the Tenth Cavalry was being recruited an officer was sent to Philadelphia with the express purpose of picking up educated colored men for the non-commissioned positions. Difficult as the tasks of the officers thus were, most of them felt well repaid for their unusual labors by the affectionate regard in which they were held by their soldiers, and by the never-failing good humor with which the latter went about their duties.

As the years passed the character of the colored soldiers naturally changed. In place of the war veterans, and of the men whose chains of servitude had just been struck off, came young men from the North and East with more education and more self-reliance. They depended less upon their officers, both in the barracks and in the field, yet they revered and cared for them as much as did their predecessors. Their greatest faults then as now were gambling and quarreling. On the other hand, the negro regiments speedily became favorably known because of greater sobriety and of

fewer desertions than among the white soldiers. It was the Ninth Cavalry which a few years ago astonished the army by reporting not a single desertion in twelve months, an unheard-of and perhaps undreamed-of record. In all that goes to make a good soldier, in drill, fidelity, and smartness, the negro regular from the first took front rank.

Nor was there ever any lack of the fighting quality which had gratified the nation at Fort Wagner, or at Fort Blakeley, Ala., where the Seventy-third Colored Infantry, under Colonel Henry C. Merriam, stormed the enemy's works, in advance of orders, in one of the last actions of the war. It soon fell to the lot of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry to prove that the negroes could do as well under fire in the Indian wars as they had when fighting for the freedom of their race. While the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry had merely garrison work to do, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry scouted for years against hostile Indians in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas, always acquitting themselves honorably. In September, 1868, a little over two years after their organization, three troops of the Ninth Cavalry did well in an action against Indians at Horsehead Hills, Texas. When General George A. Forsyth and his detachment of fifty scouts were surrounded and "corralled" by seven hundred Indians on an island in the Republican River, it was the troop of Captain Louis H. Carpenter, of the Tenth Cavalry, which first came to their rescue. Similarly when Major T. T. Thornburg's command was nearly wiped out by Utes in 1879, it was Captain F. S. Dodge's Troop D of the Ninth which succeeded in reaching it in time, losing all its horses in so doing. This regiment alone took part in sixty Indian fights between 1868 and 1890, during which time it lost three officers and twenty-seven men killed, and had three officers and thirty-four men wounded. The Tenth Cavalry's casualties were also heavy dur-

ing this same period, and it fought for many years over a most difficult country in New Mexico and Arizona, taking a conspicuous part in running to earth Geronimo's and Victoria's bands of Apaches.

On one of these campaigns Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke gave effective proof of the affection which the officers of colored regiments have for their men. In the fight in the Pineto Mountains with a portion of Geronimo's forces this young Southerner risked his life to save a colored sergeant who had fallen wounded in an open space where both he and his rescuer were easy marks for the Apaches. For this gallant act Lieutenant Clarke rightly received a medal of honor. The Twenty-fourth Infantry, on the other hand, has contributed a striking instance of the devotion of colored soldiers to their officers. When Major Joseph W. Wham, paymaster, was attacked by robbers on May 11, 1889, his colored escort fought with such gallantry that every one of the soldiers was awarded a medal of honor or a certificate of merit. Some of them stood their ground although badly wounded, notably Sergeant Benjamin Brown, who continued to fight and to encourage his men until shot through both arms. In a fight against Apaches in the Cuchilo Negro Mountains of New Mexico on August 16, 1881, Moses Williams, First Sergeant of Troop I, Ninth Cavalry, displayed such gallantry that he was given a medal of honor by common consent. When the only officer with the detachment, Lieutenant Gustavus Valois, had his horse shot under him, and was cut off from his men, Sergeant Williams promptly rallied the detachment, and conducted the right flank in a running fight for several hours with such coolness, bravery, and unflinching devotion to duty that he undoubtedly saved the lives of at least three comrades. His action in standing by and rescuing Lieutenant Valois was the more noteworthy because he and his men were subjected, in an exposed position, to a heavy fire

from a large number of Indians. For splendid gallantry against Indians, while serving as sergeant of Troop K, Ninth Cavalry, on May 14, 1880, and August 12, 1881, George Jordan was also given a medal of honor. Five of the medal of honor men now in the service are colored soldiers, while fifteen others have "certificates of merit" also awarded for conspicuous deeds of bravery.

It was not until the battle of Santiago, however, that the bulk of the American people realized that the standing army comprised regiments composed wholly of black men. Up to that time only one company of colored soldiers had served at a post east of the Mississippi. Even Major, later Brigadier-General, Guy V. Henry's gallop to the rescue of the Seventh Cavalry on December 30, 1890, with four troops of the Ninth Cavalry, attracted but little attention. This feat was the more remarkable because Major Henry's command had just completed a march of more than one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. But in the battle at Santiago, the four colored regiments won praise from all sides, particularly for their advance upon Kettle Hill, in which the Rough Riders also figured. From the very beginning of the movement of the army after its landing, the negro troops were in the front of the fighting, and contributed largely to the successful result. Although they suffered heavy losses, especially in officers, the men fought with the same gallantry they had displayed on the plains, as is attested by the honors awarded. In every company there were instances of personal gallantry. The first sergeants especially lived up to the responsibilities placed upon them. The color sergeant of the Tenth Cavalry, Adam Houston, bore to the front not only his own flags, but those of the Third Cavalry when the latter's color sergeant was shot down. In several emergencies where troops or companies lost their white officers, the senior sergeants took command and handled their men in

a faultless manner, notably in the Tenth Cavalry.

Indeed, the conduct of these men has done much to dispel the old belief that colored soldiers will fight only when they have efficient white officers. This may well have been true at one period of the civil war when the colored race as a whole had never even had the responsibilities attaching to free men. It is growing less and less true as time passes and better educated men enter the ranks. In recognition of their achievements at Santiago a number of these black non-commissioned officers were made commissioned officers in several of the so-called "immune" regiments of United States Volunteers raised in July, 1898. None of these organizations were in service long enough to become really efficient, and a few were never properly disciplined. Nevertheless, a majority of the officers promoted from the colored regulars bore themselves well under exceedingly trying circumstances. Some of them, and a number of regular sergeants and corporals who had succeeded to their former places, were made lieutenants and captains in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteer Infantry, which served in the Philippines for two years, and to which we shall recur later.

At Santiago the characteristic cheerfulness of the negro soldiers was as striking as their bravery. In his little book called *The Nth Foot In War*, Lieutenant M. B. Stewart says of them: —

"The negro troops were in a high good humor. They had made the charge of the day; they had fought with a dash and vigor which forever established their reputation as fighters, and which would carry them down in the pages of history. To have heard them that night no one would have ever thought that they had lived for twelve mortal hours under a galling fire. They were laughing and joking over the events of the day, in the same manner they would have done had they been returning from a picnic.

“ ‘Golly,’ laughed a six-foot sergeant, ‘dere was music in de air sho’ nuff. Dat lead was flying around in sheets, I tell you. I seen a buzzard flying around in front of our line, and I says to myself, ‘Buzzard, you is in a mighty dangerous position. You better git out uf dat, ’cause dey ain’t room out dar for a muskeeter.’ ” Another remarked, ‘Say, did you see dat man Brown; pity dat man been killed. He ’d a been a corporal, sho.’ ”

“ In the utter exhaustion of the moment all race and social distinctions were forgotten. Officers lay down among their men and slept like logs. The negro troops sought out soft places along the sides of the road and lay down with their white comrades. There was a little commotion among the latter, and an officer was heard to yell: ‘Here, you man, take your feet off my stomach. Well, I’ll be damned if it ain’t a nigger. Get out, you black rascal.’ As the commotion subsided, the negro was heard to remark, ‘Well, if dat ain’t de mos’ particler man I ever see.’ ”

Characteristic also is a story of the negro cavalryman who, returning to the rear, said to some troops anxious to get to the front: “Dat’s all right, gemmen; don’t git in a sweat; dere’s lots of it lef’ for you. You wants to look out for dese yere sharpshooters, for dey is mighty careless with dere weapons, and dey is specially careless when dey is officers aroun’.”

As soon as the army settled down in the trenches before Santiago, smuggled musical instruments — guitars, banjos, mouth organs, and what not — appeared among the negro troops as if by magic, and they were ever in use. It was at once a scene of cheerfulness and gayety, and the officers had their usual trouble in making the men go to sleep instead of spending the night in talking, singing, and gaming. In the peaceful camp of the Third Alabama, in that state, the scenes were similar. There was always “a steady hum of laughter and talk,

dance, song, shout, and the twang of musical instruments.” It was “a scene full of life and fun, of jostling, scuffling, and racing, of clown performances and cake-walks, of impromptu minstrelsy, speech-making, and preaching, of deviling, guying, and fighting, both real and mimic.” The colonel found great difficulty in getting men to work alone. Two would volunteer for any service. “Colonel,” said a visitor to the camp, “your sentinels are sociable fellows. I saw No. 5 over at the end of his beat entertaining No. 6 with some fancy manual of arms. Afterwards, with equal amiability, No. 6 executed a most artistic cake-walk for his friend.” It must be remembered here that this colonel’s men were typical Southern negroes, literate and illiterate, and all new to military life.

In addition to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers, the four regular colored regiments have served in the Philippines. Here the work was particularly trying and the temptations to misconduct many. The Filipino women were especially attractive to the men because of their color, and it is on record that several soldiers were tempted from their allegiance to the United States. Two of these, whose sympathy and liking for the Filipinos overcame their judgment, paid the full penalty of desertion, being hanged by their former comrades. Both belonged to the Ninth Cavalry. On the other hand, in a remarkable order issued by General A. S. Burt in relinquishing command of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, on April 17, 1902, on his promotion to brigadier-general, he was able to quote the Inspector-General of the army as saying: “The Twenty-fifth Infantry is the best regiment I have seen in the Philippines.” General Burt praised highly the excellent conduct of the enlisted men while in the Archipelago, which proved to his mind that the American negroes are “as law-abiding as any race in the world.”

Three of General Burt’s sergeants,

Russell, McBryar, and Hoffman, were promoted to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers, and served, as lieutenants, for several months with their old regiment, the Twenty-fifth, until the arrival of their new regiments in Manila. During this time they were frequently under fire. General Burt bore high testimony to their soldierly bearing, their capacity and ability, and expressed great regret when he was forced to let them go. McBryar had won a medal of honor for gallantry against Indians in Arizona in 1890. In the Forty-ninth Volunteers, Company L, composed wholly of colored men, and commanded by Captain Edward L. Baker, a colored veteran of Santiago, who had served for seventeen years in the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and in the Tenth "Immunes," made a wonderful record. According to a statement which was widely published at the time and never denied, this company had on its rolls during a period of twelve months one hundred and six men who were fit for duty at all times and never lost a day on account of sickness. No white company remotely approached this record. More extraordinary still is the fact that during this same period not one of these men ever went before a court-martial. This is surely a striking illustration of what can be done by colored officers. It is noticeable, too, that neither the officers nor the men of any colored regiment have figured in the charges and counter-charges arising out of the use of the water torture, except one man who at the time of his offense was not with his regiment. The Forty-ninth Volunteers was a very unhappy regiment during its brief life, but its troubles were largely due to its white officers. One of these, a major, was dismissed for misconduct, and his place was filled by the senior captain, a colored man. Several other white officers and one colored captain got into serious trouble, the last being dismissed. The Forty-eighth was, on the contrary, a contented organization in

which the colored officers were treated in a kindly and courteous manner by their white associates and superiors. The two regiments afford a striking illustration of Napoleon's saying, "There are no such things as poor regiments, — only poor colonels."

The negro regiment unquestionably calls for different treatment from that which would be accorded to white troops, just as the Indian troops of King Edward's army require different handling from that called for in the case of the King's Royal Rifles. Yet as fighting machines, the Indian soldiers may be the equals if not the superiors of the Englishmen. Major Robert L. Bullard, Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, who commanded the colored Third Alabama Volunteers, already referred to, during the war with Spain, discusses in a remarkable paper published in the United Service Magazine for July, 1901, the differences between negro and white soldiers. They are so great, he says, as to require the military commander to treat the negro as a different species. He must fit his methods of instruction and discipline to the characteristics of the race. Major Bullard adds that "mistakes, injustices, and failures would result from his making the same rules and methods apply to the two races without regard to how far apart set by nature or separated by evolution." But Major Bullard would unquestionably concede that these differences in no way require a treatment of the negro soldier which implies that he is an inferior being and which ever impresses upon him his inferiority. Yet this seems to have been the case in the Forty-ninth United States Volunteers.

In the regular army, as well as in the volunteers, officers have frequently appealed with success to the negroes' pride of race, and have urged them on to greater efficiency and better behavior by reminding them that they have the honor of their people in their hands. To

such appeals there is ever a prompt response. One of the most effective ways of disciplining an offender is by holding him up to the ridicule of his fellows. The desire of the colored soldiers to amuse and to be amused gives the officers an easy way of obtaining a hold upon them and their affections. The regimental rifle team, the baseball nine, the minstrel troupe, and the regimental band offer positions of importance for which the competition is much keener than in the white regiments. There is also a friendly rivalry between companies, which is much missed elsewhere in the service. The negroes are natural horsemen and riders. It is a pleasure to them to take care of their mounts, and a matter of pride to keep their animals in good condition. Personally they are clean and neat, and they take the greatest possible pride in their uniforms. In no white regiment is there a similar feeling. With the negroes the canteen question is of comparatively slight importance, not only because the men can be more easily amused within their barracks, but because their appetite for drink is by no means as strong as that of the white men. Their sociability is astonishing. They would rather sit up and tell stories and crack jokes than go to bed, no matter how hard the day has been.

The dark sides are, that the negro soldiers easily turn merited punishment into martyrdom, that their gambling propensities are almost beyond control, that their habit of carrying concealed weapons is incurable, and that there is danger of serious fighting when they fall out with one another. Frequent failure to act honorably toward a comrade in some trifling matter is apt to cause scuffling and fighting until the men are well disciplined. Women are another cause of quarrels, and are at all times a potent temptation to misconduct and neglect of duty. It is very difficult to impress upon the men the value of government property, and duty which

requires memorizing of orders is always the most difficult to teach. For the study of guard duty manuals or of tactics they have no natural aptitude. The non-commissioned officers are of very great importance, and in the regulars are looked up to and obeyed implicitly, much more so than is the case with white troops. It is necessary, however, for the officers to back up the sergeants and corporals very vigorously, even when they are slightly in the wrong. Then colored men are more easily "rattled" by poor officers than are their white comrades. There was a striking instance of this two or three years ago when a newly appointed and wholly untrained white officer lost his head at a post in Texas. His black subordinates, largely recruits, followed suit, and in carrying out his hysterical orders imperiled many lives in the neighboring town. Selections for service with colored troops should therefore be most carefully made. Major Bullard declares that the officer of negro troops "must not only be an officer and a gentleman, but he must be considerate, patient, laborious, self-sacrificing, a man of affairs, and he must have knowledge and wisdom in a great lot of things not really military."

If the position of a white officer is a difficult one, that of the colored officer is still more so. He has not the self-assumed superiority of the white man, naturally feels that he is on trial, and must worry himself incessantly about his relations to his white comrades of the shoulder straps. While the United States Navy has hitherto been closed to negroes who aspire to be officers, the army has pursued a wiser and more just policy. The contrast between the two services is really remarkable. On almost every war vessel white and black sailors sleep and live together in crowded quarters without protest or friction. But the negro naval officer is kept out of the service by hook or by crook for

the avowed reason that the cramped quarters of the wardroom would make association with him intolerable. In the army, on the other hand, the experiment of mixed regiments has never been tried. A good colored soldier can nevertheless obtain a commission by going through West Point, or by rising from the ranks, or by being appointed directly from civil life.

Since the foundation of the Military Academy there have been eighteen colored boys appointed to West Point, of whom fifteen failed in their preliminary examinations, or were discharged after entering because of deficiency in studies. Three were graduated and commissioned as second lieutenants of cavalry, Henry Ossian Flipper, John Hanks Alexander, and Charles Young. Of these, Lieutenant Flipper was dismissed June 30, 1882, for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." The other two proved themselves excellent officers, notably Young, who is at this writing a captain, and a most efficient one, in the Ninth Cavalry, with which he recently served in the Philippines. Lieutenant Alexander died suddenly in 1894. In announcing his death in a regimental order his colonel spoke of him in terms of high praise, and did not use the customary stereotyped phrases of regret. His fellow white officers all had good words for him. There never was more striking testimony to the discipline and spirit of fairness at West Point than was afforded by the sight of Cadet Charles Young, who is of very dark complexion, commanding white cadets. Nothing else has impressed foreign visitors at West Point half so much.

An equally remarkable happening, and one which speaks even more for the democratic spirit in the army, was the commissioning in 1901 of Sergeant-Major Benjamin O. Davis, Ninth Cavalry, and of Corporal John E. Green, Twenty-fourth Infantry. Both these men were examined by boards of white officers, who

might easily have excluded them because of color prejudice, in which case there would have been no appeal from their findings. Lieutenant Davis's former troop commander, a West Pointer, openly rejoiced at his success, and predicted that he would make an excellent officer. These are the first two colored men to rise from the ranks, but there will be many more if the same admirable spirit of fair play continues to rule in the army and is not altered by outside prejudice. It was thought that there would be a severe strain upon discipline when a colored officer rose to the rank of captain and to the command of white officers. But in Captain Young's case his white subordinates seem to have realized that it is the position and rank that they are compelled to salute and obey, and not the individual. This principle is at the bottom of all discipline. Only too frequently do subordinates throughout the army have to remind themselves of this when obeying men for whose social qualities and character they have neither regard nor respect. During the war with Spain Captain Young commanded a negro battalion from Ohio, which was pronounced the best drilled organization in the large army assembled at Camp Alger near Washington. In addition to these officers, Captain John R. Lynch, formerly a Congressman from Mississippi, and four colored chaplains represent their race on the commissioned rolls of the army. All of these men are doing well. One colored chaplain was dismissed for drunkenness in 1894. Beyond this their record is unblemished.

Despite the fairness shown in these appointments, there has been considerable very just criticism of the War Department for its failure to appoint to the regulars any of the colored officers who did well in the Forty-eighth and Fortyninth Volunteers. Every colonel of volunteers was allowed to designate for examination for appointment to the regular army the best officers in his regiment

Hundreds of white officers were selected in this way, but not a single colored officer was given an examination, — not even Lieutenant McBryar, with his medal of honor, or Captain Baker. Similarly fault has been found with Secretary Root because no new colored regiments were established under the law of February 2, 1901, increasing the army by five regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and a large number of companies of artillery. The excuse most often heard is that the negroes already have sufficient representation in comparison with the percentage of negroes to white

persons within the borders of the United States. But the sterling characteristics of the colored soldiers, their loyalty to the service as shown by the statistics of desertion, and, above all, their splendid service in Cuba, should have entitled them to additional organizations. To say the least, the decision of the War Department smacks considerably of ingratitude. Nevertheless, the negro regiments have come to stay, both in the regulars and in the volunteers. The hostilities of the last five years have dispelled any doubt which may have existed upon this point.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

"THE BOSTON RELIGION."

THE horns of a dilemma are weapons upon which the controversialist places a high value. Early in the nineteenth century the thoughtful citizens of Boston found themselves confronted with two pairs of these dangerous implements. In successive pamphlets they were called upon to choose either between "the Boston religion" and the Christian religion, on the one hand, or, on the other, between Christianity and Calvinism. The call would fall upon deader ears to-day. When it came, and for some years thereafter, it was a twofold challenge to which the need of some response could not be ignored. What did it mean, and how was it answered?

It is a fact worth noticing that the Boston minister who in 1750 preached a political sermon which has frequently been called "the morning gun of the Revolution" was, after Roger Williams, the first prominent dissenter from the established church of New England. Both the Unitarians and the Universalists claim the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew as their first representative in the Boston ministry. A person is often the

best illustration of a tendency; and that which the minister of the West Church illustrates is the parallelism of freedom in political and in religious thought. The American revolt from the established civil authority began and amazingly thrived in Boston. It was but natural, therefore, that the first and most conspicuous departure from the accepted order of things in religion should have the same local background. The fact that the severity of the Puritan order of New England gave wider room for reaction than could be found elsewhere only enhances the fitness of the scene. Local in its causes and conditions, the ecclesiastical revolution which followed the political belongs yet more intimately to local history. But it is so intermingled with the history of religious progress in the last century that once again the local records take on a broader significance.

How truly the Calvinistic congregationalism of New England was the established church we hardly need remind ourselves. It was the faith once delivered to the saints, the Puritan fathers,

and duly received from them; it was guarded by civil laws taxing the whole community for church support, and dealing with ecclesiastical affairs as they are treated only where church and state are one. Into the ministry of this order gradually crept during the closing years of the eighteenth century many doubts regarding doctrines hitherto accepted without question, — especially the doctrines of the Trinity and of human depravity. From the "Great Awakening" before the middle of the century there must needs have been a reawakening, with revulsions of feeling. Free political inquiry doubtless played its own part in the change. Perhaps, too, the general emancipation of thought which the first burst of sympathy with the French Revolution brought to many Americans had its indirect influence. The similar change of sentiment in Salem has been said to have come "through its navigators even more than through its critics and theologians. As soon as they came into those warm latitudes, their crusts of prejudice melted and cracked from them like films of ice; and in place of the narrow tradition they carried out with them they brought home the germs of a broad religion of humanity." The conservatism of the inland towns as compared with the seaports — Boston even more than Salem — lends some color to this theory of a Unitarian writer. Whatever the total influences may have been, it is declared that by the year 1800 there was hardly a single occupant of a Congregational pulpit in Boston whose orthodoxy would have stood unchallenged fifty years later. The zeal of the minority in the open division soon to come between the old and the new theology is the more remarkable when these unequal numbers are remembered.

When the nineteenth century began there was but one church in Boston avowedly Unitarian. That was King's Chapel, and its case was anomalous. The mere statement that "the first Episcopal

Church in New England became the first Unitarian Church in America" sums up the strange situation. With the departure of the Tories, who before the Revolution had formed a large part of its congregation, its use for the services of the Church of England seemed to come to a natural end. Even its name of King's Chapel was changed by the people of Boston — though never by vote of the parish — to "the Stone Chapel;" and so it was commonly called well into the nineteenth century. For five years before 1782 it was used by the Old South congregation. Then the young James Freeman took charge of the reassembled flock as "reader." But the strong Unitarian influences of the time rendered many formulæ of the Book of Common Prayer difficult for him and his people to repeat with sincerity. Accordingly they authorized him to revise the Prayer-book.

Revision was in the air. Only a few years later a minister vigilant for the ancient faith discovered in a Boston bookstore a version of the Divine and Moral Songs of Dr. Watts, out of which the doctrines of the Trinity and of the divinity of Christ had been carefully edited. The good man promptly exposed it in a newspaper article under the title *Beware of Counterfeits*.

Of the Prayer-book revision it may be said that the Protestant Episcopal Church of America had as yet no definite organization, and the King's Chapel congregation — always in dissent from the established church of New England — felt itself under no obligation to wait till the new Episcopal Church adapted the English Prayer-book to American use. This was not accomplished till 1789. Mr. Freeman, however, did wish to remain in the Anglican communion, and applied for episcopal ordination both to Bishop Seabury of Connecticut and to Bishop Provoost of New York. Their only course was to refuse his application; for revising the Trinity out of the liturgy which they were sworn to support was not

atoned for even by so commendable an addition to the Catechism as the question, "In what manner should we treat the inferior animals?" Denied episcopal ordination, Mr. Freeman did not find it difficult to persuade himself and his congregation that laymen could ordain him with equal validity. Whereupon, in 1787, certain members of the Chapel congregation handed him a Bible, with appropriate words, and he became their minister, — the first professedly Unitarian minister in America. There were protests from Episcopal clergymen and from some of the proprietors of the church; protests in which a sense of loss and defeat, not yet entirely removed, made itself clearly felt. Later on, there were complications, both serious and amusing, in the administering of moneys bequeathed by loyal churchmen before the Revolution. But Mr. Freeman's step was never retraced: indeed, subsequent revisions have removed the Chapel liturgy even farther than he carried it from that of the King.

What the constant use of a liturgy, with a fixed form of words, obliged Mr. Freeman to do openly, the other ministers of Boston, left to their own devices in the conduct of public worship, could and did achieve almost unnoticed. Instead of denying the doctrine of the Trinity and other tenets of Calvinism, it became their practice to ignore such matters. There were still many points upon which teachers of Christianity were agreed, and on them the emphasis was laid. So it might have gone on in peace and quietness for years to come — but for the fatal propensity of small causes to lead to great effects.

The filling of the vacant Hollis Professorship of Divinity at Harvard in 1805 was one of these causes. The election of the Rev. Henry Ware, whose spoken and written words had shown him a pronounced Unitarian, was bitterly contested, but without avail. The Orthodox Overseers and friends of the college saw

in Mr. Ware's appointment nothing but danger and disaster. Their spokesman was the Rev. Jedidiah Morse of Charlestown, father of the inventor of the Morse alphabet of telegraphy. His pamphlet on *The True Reasons for opposing Mr. Ware's Election* set forth the undoubted Calvinistic orthodoxy of Mr. Hollis, the London merchant whose bequest supported the professorship, and the particular pains he took, even to receiving a bond from the Corporation, to insure the administration of the fund in accordance with his views. Dr. Morse further complained that he was not permitted to present these reasons to the Overseers, and that, in spite of Mr. Ware's known antagonism to the theology specified in the Hollis bequest, the college did not trouble itself to examine into his views.

The pamphlet was the first of many trumpet calls ringing with the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Thenceforth it was hard for the neutral-minded to escape taking some definite position. Ten years after the pamphlet was written, Dr. Morse wrote of it: "It was then, and has been ever since, considered by one class of people as my unpardonable offense, and by another class as the best thing I ever did. One of the former party is said to have declared soon after its publication that it was so bad a thing that it would more than counterbalance all the good I had done or should do if I lived ever so long; and one of the other party said, if I had never done any good before I made that publication nor should do any afterward, that single deed would of itself produce effects of sufficient importance and utility to mankind to be worth living for."

When an atmosphere is charged with opposing convictions of such positiveness, the next disturbance is merely a question of time. Meanwhile, in natural sequence from the Hollis Professorship dispute, came the founding of the Andover Seminary (1808) and of the Park Street Church (1809) as strong pillars of Ortho-

doxy. The explosion that soon followed, in 1815, was due in large measure, again, to the hand of Dr. Morse. In Belsham's *Life of the English Unitarian Lindsey* appeared a chapter on American Unitarianism, containing letters from Boston which showed how many of the ministers outwardly Orthodox were at heart Unitarian, — and in this word, as used by an Englishman, there was implied a much lower conception of the divine nature of Christ than that which really prevailed in Boston. Here, thought Dr. Morse, was damaging testimony. He caused the chapter to be reprinted in Boston as a pamphlet, which he proceeded to review in his magazine, *The Panoplist*. The upshot of his contention was that the time had come for calling things by their right names: if the Boston ministers were Unitarian, let them be known as such, and let the Orthodox deny them Christian fellowship, which up to this time had expressed itself chiefly in pulpit exchanges. Then came the pamphlets to which allusion has already been made. "Are you of the Boston religion or of the Christian religion?" was Dr. Morse's crucial question; to which, after the Yankee fashion, a Boston layman, John Lowell, made answer by a counter-question in the pamphlet, "Are you a Christian or a Calvinist?"

Thus the dividing lines were clearly drawn at last, and those who most wished to avoid partisanship and controversy found themselves involved in both. To the Unitarians, especially, a controversy was unwelcome. They objected to the very name of Unitarian. As Dr. G. E. Ellis has expressed their feeling: "The term Orthodoxy covers the whole faith of one party; the term Unitarian is at best but a definition of one of the doctrinal tenets of the other party." There were those who preferred and used the name of "Liberal Christians." Against this term stood the feeling of those for whom Dr. N. L. Frothingham said: "To insinuate that others are illiberal is certainly a

strange way of proving one's generosity." To set themselves off as a sect at all was indeed the last thing they wanted. Their very pride was in individual judgment, — the protestant's right to everlasting protest. "If any two of us, walking arm in arm on one side of a street," said their historian, "should find that we perfectly accorded in opinion, we should feel bound to separate instantly, and the strife would be as to which should get the start in crossing." If these differing brothers were drawn into controversy against their will, our sympathy must not be all with them; the more united body which had to contend with so elusive a foe is also to be remembered. To them, the sermon which William Ellery Channing, the recognized leader of the "liberals," preached at the ordination of Jared Sparks in Baltimore in 1819 must have been a welcome production. It gave them something definite to attack. Under the characteristic text, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," it stated clearly the beliefs and disbeliefs of Unitarian Christianity; — though it does not appear that the name by which his sect was to be known once passed the preacher's lips.

None had been more reluctant than Dr. Channing to see a new sect founded. As Wesley at first would have kept Methodism within the Church of England, so Channing would have preferred to see the Congregational body undivided, but leavened by Unitarianism. To his opponents, on the other hand, the Baltimore sermon served as the signal gun of a pamphlet war. The Andover professors Leonard Woods and Moses Stuart came briskly on the field with *Letters to Unitarians* and *Letters to Dr. Channing*. To Dr. Woods, the Rev. Henry Ware made prompt reply, and typical of the persistency of the combatants stand the titles in Dr. Woods's collected works of a *Reply to Dr. Ware's Letters* (1821) and *Remarks on Dr. Ware's Answer* (1822). To follow the warfare — even in such lists of battlefields — would be

no small task. Of its rancorous temper on both sides there is too abundant testimony. As in most religious disputes, there was no initial agreement upon the terms of controversy. Each side maintained that the other misrepresented its views, and treated as its own peculiar attributes beliefs and merits common to all Christians. The Unitarians complained especially that the Calvinists refused to interpret fairly or abide by the words of Calvin. On the other hand, a Unitarian historian has written even of the gentle, honest Channing's Baltimore sermon: "No believer in the Trinity that ever lived, it may be, would admit his statement of it to be correct." Still another historian, Dr. Ellis, admits with regret "the superciliousness and effrontery, even, with which some Unitarians took for granted that the great change in religious opinions and methods advocated by them could perfect and establish itself in this community as a matter of course. . . . The most assured and confident of the new party did not scruple to declare that Orthodoxy was past apologizing for, and ought to retire gracefully with the bats and owls."

All this was disturbing enough to a town in which the church, the clergy, and religious matters had been from the first of paramount importance. But to the theological odium and ill-temper were added the complications of the civil law. If there was ground for Orthodox complaint in the administration of the Hollis legacy, there was ample provocation to action at law when the conservatives saw the church buildings, lands, and plate pass into the hands of the liberals. The process of change from the old to the new faith came about in various ways, — frequently through the death or retirement of the old and more conservative minister, and the election of a young apostle of the new school from Cambridge. Thus Lyman Beecher saw and described the means by which the Unitarians won their ends: "They have

sowed tares while men slept, and grafted heretical churches on orthodox stumps, and this is still their favorite plan. Everywhere, when the minister dies, some society's committee will be cut and dried, ready to call in a Cambridge student, split the church, get a majority of the society, and take house, funds and all." The minority defeated in such divisions resisted and sometimes established a new parish. To this they felt that the property of the church should pass. But the courts of Massachusetts thought otherwise. In the test case of the Dedham parish (1820), which provided precedents for future decisions, the Supreme Court put itself on record with a ruling highly favorable to the claims generally made by the Unitarian party in such disputes. In 1830 Chief Justice Shaw handed down a decision, in the case of a country parish, that although only two church members remained with the church when the Orthodox minister and all the rest of his people seceded, those two were the church, and retained all its property. Thus Harriet Beecher Stowe, writing of the period of Lyman Beecher's Boston ministry, regarded such verdicts: "The judges on the bench were Unitarian, giving decisions by which the peculiar features of church organization, so carefully ordained by the Pilgrim Fathers, had been nullified." Even after the middle of the century an Orthodox critic of the controversy wrote: "Church after church was plundered of its property, even to its communion furniture and records. We called this proceeding *plunder* thirty years ago. We call it by the same hard name now. And we solemnly call upon those Unitarian churches which are still in possession of this plunder to restore it. They cannot prosper with it. And we call upon the courts of Massachusetts to revoke these unrighteous decisions, and put the Congregational churches of the state upon their original and proper basis."

In 1833 the Massachusetts law for-

mally separated the functions of church and town. Thus the disestablishment which had already been virtually accomplished in Boston became a fact throughout the commonwealth. Of course the believers in the old order regarded the whole change with genuine pain and sorrow. How could it be otherwise? In every process of evolution it is the fate of the minority to suffer something at the hands of the greater number. Here the simple fact — in Boston and the towns most directly under its influence, rather than in the state at large — was that the majority of those who inherited the best traditions of Puritanism had come to prefer a less rigid system of faith, which took its form natural to the time and place, in Unitarianism. It was not through any infusion of new blood into the community that the change came about. In the strictest sect of New Englanders the liberals found their best strength. From whatever cause, they "looked about them," as Professor Wendell has said, "and honestly found human nature reassuring." It was not in their Calvinistic neighbors that they discovered any such encouragement. Dr. Channing in his Baltimore sermon delivered the following opinion of the Orthodox theology: "By shocking, as it does, the fundamental principles of morality, and by exhibiting a severe and partial Deity, it tends strongly to pervert the moral faculty, to form a gloomy, forbidding, and servile religion, and to lead men to substitute consciousness, bitterness, and persecution for a tender and impartial charity." Nearly forty years later we find Dr. Ellis making what he justly calls a "frank assertion": "We do not like the strictly Orthodox type of character, certainly, not till it has been modified, humanized, and liberalized. We deem it harsh, ungenial, narrow, repulsive, not winning, gracious, expansive, or attractive. It is in our view but an inadequate expression of our ideal of a Christian character." Here are words as uncompromising as the Ortho-

dox attitude toward "plunder." They are worth recalling if only as evidences of the honest conviction held by each party, that the other was hopelessly in the wrong. Furthermore, by learning where the reassuring qualities of human nature were not found, we may readily infer where they were.

There is no doubt that as the Boston Unitarians — say of the third decade of the century — looked upon their clergy, they beheld admirable types of Christian gentlemen. They were in an important sense leaders in the community, men of that personal distinction which is due both to breeding and to scholarship, carrying names long identified with the best things of New England life, — Channing, Frothingham, Palfrey, Lothrop, Parkman, Gannett, Pierpont, Lowell, Ripley, — true representatives of Dr. Holmes's "Brahmin caste." In Josiah Quincy's *Figures of the Past* it is said: "On the topmost round of the social ladder stood the clergy; for although the lines of theological separation among themselves were deeply cut, the void between them and the laity was even more impassable." From the same source we learn that Dr. Channing deeply regretted this obstacle to familiar intercourse, and envied those who could know men just as they are. "My profession," he said, "requires me to deal with such men as actually exist, yet I can never see them except in disguise."

It was this very desire to get at the essential man which found its expression in the Unitarian sermons of the time. The ministers are described as "absorbed in the endeavor to apply Christianity to personal conduct, taking men and women one by one and trusting to their influence for the regeneration of society." The preaching, therefore, was strongly ethical rather than doctrinal; the dignity, not the depravity, of human nature was — as it has since more generally become — the quality which every listener must be taught to recognize in himself, to the end

that individual excellence might by degrees redeem the world. Withal, a supernatural element in religion, a divine revelation of Christian truth, were by no means discarded.

Under such teaching — to which the laity really gave attention — a definite type of character was produced. It is described by Dr. O. B. Frothingham in his *Boston Unitarianism*, and, making all allowance for the fact that he wrote of the men who shared most intimately the influences of his own training, it would probably be hard to frame a more accurate description: "In meditating on the characters of these men, one is reminded of the good Samuel Sewall. Of course, the softening influence of one hundred and fifty years had produced its effect. There was less reference to divine interposition, less literalism in interpreting Scripture, less bluntness, less superstition, if we may use so harsh a word in speaking of that sweet soul. But there was the same integrity, the same conscientiousness, the same directness of dealing, the same respect for learning, the same reverence for piety, the same punctiliousness of demeanor, the same urbanity. They were not reformers, or ascetics, or devotees. All idealists were visionaries, in their esteem. Those who looked for a 'Kingdom of heaven' were dreamers. They went to church; they had family prayers as a rule, though by no means universally. It was customary to say grace at meat. They wished they were holy enough to adorn the communion; they believed the narratives in the Bible, Old Testament and New."

That these nineteenth century Samuel Sewalls and their spiritual teachers believed they had attained the best and ultimate form of religion is perhaps not surprising. The most respectable local opinion did everything to confirm this belief. Harvard College and nearly all the influences of wealth and fashion in Boston were powerful allies of the new faith. "When Dr. Beecher came to Boston,"

wrote his daughter, Mrs. Stowe, "Calvinism or Orthodoxy was the despised and persecuted form of faith. It was the dethroned royal family wandering like a permitted mendicant in the city where once it had held court, and Unitarianism reigned in its stead." The ministry of Lyman Beecher at the Hanover Street Church, from 1826 to 1832, during the first half of which time his son Edward had charge of the Park Street Church, may be taken to mark the end of the active controversy between the conservatives and the liberals. The spirit with which this "Philistine giant" came out of Connecticut to fight for the old order is best expressed in his own words: "It is here," he wrote of Boston in 1826, "that New England is to be regenerated, the enemy driven out of the temple they have usurped and polluted, the college to be rescued, the public sentiment to be revolutionized and restored to the evangelical tone." It was a difficult task he set himself. "The Unitarians," he declared, "with all their principles of toleration, were as really a persecuting power while they had the ascendancy as ever existed. Wives and daughters were forbidden to attend our meetings; and the whole weight of political, literary, and social influence was turned against us, and the lash of ridicule laid on without stint." Against these obstacles he labored manfully, with sermons, writings, and revival meetings. How terribly vital was the faith for which he contended, one may realize by reading the letters which passed between him and his children struggling toward a full acceptance of that faith. Yet with all his zeal and brilliant gifts it was beyond his power to stem the tide, — to expel the enemy, save the college, and turn public sentiment into its old channels. No single man, or band of men, could have accomplished such results. Even before he came to Boston, the Unitarians, many of them reluctantly, had set up the machinery of a sect, — a name, periodicals of their own, and

a definite organization. Less than ten years after his departure Dr. Channing is found lamenting the fact that the denomination, pledged originally to progress, had grown stationary, that at last there was a Unitarian orthodoxy.

The discovery that one set of opinions is orthodox and another not is never made till some new protestant arises with his fresh protest. So the "Unitarian controversy" had begun; so the second controversy — this time within the denomination itself — was introduced by Emerson and Theodore Parker. In 1838 Emerson delivered his Divinity School Address at Harvard, — a declaration of individualism which was held heretical even at the headquarters of heterodoxy. A year later the Rev. Andrews Norton, the interpreter of Scripture whose scholarly word was almost authoritative in the Unitarian body, deplored, in a discourse on *The Latest Form of Infidelity*, the current tendencies of theological thought. But Emerson, by reason of an imperfect sympathy with his Boston parishioners regarding the administration of the Lord's Supper, had already separated himself from the Unitarian ministry. He could speak, therefore, as one somewhat outside the fold. Not so Theodore Parker, in 1841 minister of the First Church in West Roxbury. In this year he delivered his South Boston sermon on *The Transient and Permanent in Christianity*. Parker had been known hitherto chiefly as the most practical and ethical of preachers. He had even taken for his theme on one occasion the *Duties, Temptations, and Trials peculiar to Milkmen*. In the South Boston sermon, fairly entering the field of doctrinal controversy, he startled all conservative Unitarians by the bold declaration that Christianity needed no support from miracles, and that it could still stand firm, as the absolute religion, even if it could be proved that its founder had never lived.

The disestablishment of the Puritan church in Boston was of course a thing

of the past at the time of Theodore Parker's South Boston sermon. Yet the treatment his radicalism received presents so close a parallel to the effects of the original dissent from Calvinism as to afford a significant sequel to the earlier story. Indeed the very phrases of the outcry of twenty and thirty years before repeat themselves. Channing doubted whether Parker could even be called a Christian. "Without miracles," he declared, "the historical Christ is gone." From Dr. Frothingham came the complaint: "The difference between Trinitarians and Unitarians is a difference in Christianity; the difference between Mr. Parker and the Association [of Unitarian ministers] is a difference between no Christianity and Christianity." A Unitarian layman wrote to a secular paper: "I would rather see every Unitarian congregation in our land dissolved and every one of our churches occupied by other denominations or razed to the ground than to assist in placing a man entertaining the sentiments of Theodore Parker in one of our pulpits." The Orthodox looked on, no doubt with a certain natural satisfaction, and asked, "What could you expect?" Some of his fellow ministers raised the question of expelling Parker from their local Association. This was not carried, but, forced to recognize the strong feeling within the Association that he should withdraw, Parker absented himself from the meetings. Meanwhile the old familiar method of "denying Christian fellowship," and refusing pulpit exchanges, came into play, and Parker found himself standing practically alone. When James Freeman Clarke showed the independence to exchange pulpits with him, it was with the result that fifteen of his most influential parishioners, with their families, joined themselves to another church.

The Orthodox question, What could you expect? had more reason behind it than the conservative Unitarians, in the security of what they believed an ultimate

faith, would have been willing to admit. Theodore Parker, with his indifference to all bonds of tradition and his inability to hold a strong belief without uttering it, needed only the atmosphere in which he lived to make him just what he was. The same conditions which made him, in the telling local phrase, a "come-outer," had prepared a very considerable body of come-outers eager to hear and follow him. If the Unitarian movement in Boston stood for any one thing above all others, it was for liberty of thought and speech, the "dissidence of dissent" carried over from the time of Burke into the nineteenth century. So it was that Theodore Parker was an entirely characteristic local figure, adding freedom of political thought, when the slavery question became paramount, to his freedom of religious discussion. So it was that the independent Sunday services which he held in Music Hall filled an important place in the lives of the large radical following drawn by his fervid personality to desert the orthodox Unitarianism. Heretic of heretics as he was in his day, his latest biographer, the Rev. John White Chadwick, who may be held to speak as authoritatively as any individual can for his denomination, declares: "From then till now Unitarian progress has been along the line illuminated by his beacon-light."

To follow that line would be to depart far from the chief theme of this paper, — the disestablishment of the Puritan church. A full treatment of that theme alone would demand a volume. Here it has seemed sufficient to point out some of its most significant facts and aspects. They belong peculiarly to Boston history. The whole Unitarian movement, in its outward manifestations, has meant much more to Boston than to any other community, in America or elsewhere. With Boston must be reckoned also the eastern part of Massachusetts: much that has been said about the disestablishment applies to the surrounding towns quite as truly as to the city itself. In the remoter

parts of Massachusetts, as in the country at large, the movement, judged by outward results, has gone on rather as an eddy by the side of the stream than as the main action of the tide.

The Unitarian controversy itself is now far enough in the past for men to ask and answer the question, Which party won? If to win means to persuade your antagonist that he is wrong, then we must call it a drawn battle; for it is certain that those who argued for and against the Calvinistic faith ended practically where they began. The very process of arguments served to strengthen their convictions. If Channing could have had his way, to let the liberal leaven work within the established fold, we may well imagine that there never would have been that stiffening of Orthodoxy which only in recent years has begun to relax. How far, on the other hand, the progress of liberalism would have been checked, no man can say.

If victory or defeat is to be measured by denominational growth — a development which had only a secondary interest for those who formed the Unitarian denomination — our later view must differ from that which the middle of the nineteenth century would have presented. In 1850 there were within the limits of what is now Boston thirty-two Unitarian churches; there are in this year (1903) twenty-seven. In 1850 there were within the same limits twenty-one Congregational Trinitarian churches; to-day there are thirty-three. The rapid growth of the Episcopal and other Trinitarian Protestant churches might also fairly be added to the reckoning. Thus it appears that the Unitarian body was no richer in the seeds of outward growth than its opponents and some of its friends predicted.

But these are all external and arbitrary methods of counting success or failure. Mrs. Stowe herself suggested a truer way of regarding the matter when she wrote: "This party, called for convenience Unitarian, was, in fact, a whole generation

in the process of reaction." The process has been one in which all Protestant denominations have, in greater and less degree, shared. From the Unitarians few will now withhold the credit of framing the concrete form in which this influence had made itself most effectively felt. Their early claim that Calvinism soon showed signs of modifying itself was duly resented by the Orthodox. In the Commemorative Discourse at the fiftieth anniversary of the Andover Seminary, Dr. Leonard Bacon, looking back upon the divisions which had rent the church, expressed pity for the comfort the Unitarians took in the changes of Calvinistic belief. "Orthodoxy," they say, "has become liberal and has renounced the horrid dogmas which it was charged with holding; and therefore Unitarianism may be regarded as having accomplished its mission. Well, if they are satisfied with this result, let us be thankful for them that they are so easily satisfied. . . . If now, at last, our Unitarian friends have really learned, to their own satisfaction, that the New England Or-

thodoxy does not hold the obnoxious and oft repudiated dogmas which they have so long imputed to it, we may thankfully accept that fact as one more proof that the world moves." It is in quite a different spirit that the present minister of the New Old South speaks, nearly fifty years later, of "the vast service that Unitarianism has rendered to the Christian belief of the century;" and he writes: "This overdone sense of depravity, hardened into dogma, stood for centuries against the truth that the morality of God in Christ is the morality for mankind. The truth has at last prevailed, and at this point of belief Christian people everywhere are under an immense debt to the great Unitarian leaders." It is in admissions, or rather in hearty acknowledgments, of this sort that the true outcome of the Unitarian controversy may be said to lie. And to those who are glad to associate Boston with the progress of mankind, there is satisfaction in the thought that these great Unitarian leaders were eminently the product of local conditions.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

CHRYSTAL'S CENTURY.

It really began in the pavilion up at Lord's, since it was off Tuthill that most of the runs were made, and during an Eton and Harrow match that the little parson begged him to play. They had been in the same Harrow eleven many years before. The Rev. Gerald Osborne had afterwards touched the hem of first-class cricket, while Tuthill, who captained a minor county, was still the very finest second-class bowler in England.

"Who's it against?" asked Tuthill, with a suspicious glint in his clear eye; for if he was not good enough for first-class cricket, third-class was not good enough for him.

"A man who's made his pile and bought himself a place near Elstree; they let him have a week in August on the school ground, and I run the side against him for the last match."

"Decent wicket, then," said Tuthill, with a critical eye upon the Eton bowling.

"I should n't wonder if you found it a bit fiery," said the crafty priest, with a timely memory of Tuthill's happiest hunting-ground. "And they'll put you up and do you like a Coronation guest."

"I don't care twopence about that," said Tuthill. "Will they keep my bowling analysis?"

"I'll guarantee it, Tuttles," said the

little parson. And Tuthill consulted the diary of a conscientious cricketer.

"I can," said he, "and I don't see why I should n't. I was coming up for the Oval Test in any case. It will only mean taking another day or two while I am about it. You can put me down."

"And rely on you?" added the other, as one whose fortune was too good to be true.

"My dear Jerry," cried Tuttles, with characteristic emphasis, "I never chucked a match in all my life! It's a promise, and I'll be there if no one else is. But who is this sporting pal of yours? I suppose he has a name?"

Osborne went out of his way to applaud a somewhat inferior stroke by the Harrow boy who was making all the runs.

"As a matter of fact," he finally confessed, "he was at school with us, though you probably don't remember him. His name's Chrystal."

"Not old 'Ginger' Chrystal?"

"I believe they did call him 'Ginger.' I don't remember him at school."

"But I do! He was in our house until they sacked him because he could n't do Latin verses. Ginger Chrystal! Why on earth did n't you tell me who it was before?"

"You've named one of my reasons, Tuttles. He's a bit shy about his Harrow days. Then he says himself that he was no more use at cricket than he was at work, and I thought it might put you off."

"No more he was," said Tuttles reflectively. "Do you mean to say he's any good now?"

"No earthly," replied the little parson, with his cherub's smile; "only just about the keenest rabbit in the whole cricket-warren!"

The finest second-class bowler in England displayed a readiness of appreciation doubly refreshing in an obviously critical temperament.

"And yet you say he has done him-

self well!" he added incredulously, as his mirth subsided.

"Only made a hundred thousand in South America, Tuttles."

"Nonsense!"

"It might be double by the way he does things."

"That utter, old, all-round rabbit?"

"He's not one now, Tuttles, at anything but cricket. That's his only weak point. At everything else Chrystal's one of the smartest chaps you ever met, though he does weigh you and me put together, and quite one of the best. But he's so mad-keen on cricket that he keeps a pro. for himself and his son of seven, and by practicing more than any man in England he scores his ten runs in all matches every season. However, when this boy runs into three figures, or gets out, you must come and meet the modern Chrystal in the flesh: there's plenty of it, though not too much for the heart inside, and at the present moment he's spreading every ounce of himself in a coach he's got here in my name."

It was a fair enough picture that the parson drew, for Chrystal was really corpulent, though tall and finely built. He wore a stubby mustache of the hue which had earned him his school nickname, but underneath were the mouth of a strong man and the smile of a sweet woman. It was a beaming, honest, unassuming face; but the womanly quality reappeared in a pair of very shapely, well-kept hands, one of which could yet come down with virile force on Tuthill's shoulder, while the other injured the most cunning bunch of fingers in second-class cricket. Then a shyness overcame the great fellow, and the others all saw that he was thinking of the one inglorious stage of his career. And his wife, a beautiful woman, took charge of little Osborne; and Tuthill, who had sense and tact, congratulated Chrystal point-blank and at once upon his great success in life. But for an instant Chrystal looked quite depressed, as though success

at school was the only sort worth achieving; then his smile came out like the sun, and his big body began to shake.

"Yet," he whispered, "they promised me a dog's life and a felon's death because I could n't make Latin verses! Do you remember my second half of a pentameter?"

"*Laomedontiaden!*" cried Tuthill, convulsed with laughter at the sudden reminiscence.

"I never could see where the laugh came in," confessed Chrystal, like the man he was. "But I've no doubt that was what cooked my goose."

Tuthill was much impressed.

"And the dear old chap never said it did n't matter," as he afterwards put it to the parson, "or changed the subject to the things he has done, or took out a big gold watch, or drowned us in champagne, or did or said a single thing that would n't have done honor to the bluest blood on the ground. All he did say, at the end of the innings, was that he'd give half he'd got to have been in the eleven himself! Oh yes, I've promised to play in his all right; who could refuse a chap like that? I'm going for the whole week; let's only hope he won't drop all his catches off my stuff."

"You must forgive him his trespasses, Tuttles," the clergyman said, with some gravity, and no irreverence at all.

"I can't forgive that one," replied the candid demon of second-class cricket. "I never could and never shall."

But it was not for Tuthill to forgive when the great week came, or, at all events, before the week was at an end. It is true that the catches followed the non-cricketer to every position in the field, as catches will, and equally true that a large majority of them were duly "put on the floor." But as good luck and his own accuracy would have it, the great bowler was not usually the sufferer. Once, indeed, when it was otherwise, he did tell his host, with unpremeditated emphasis, that the ball would n't bite

him; but that was the only contretemps of the kind, and an ample apology followed when the wicket fell. But a more ample revenge was in store for the moving spirit of the week.

It had gone like wedding-bells from the first over of the first match; even the most hardened country-house cricketer of the party could not look back upon a better time. Mrs. Chrystal proved a charming hostess, and Chrystal a "heavenly host," according to one of the many mushroom humorists who shot up in the genial atmosphere of his house. The house itself was old and red and mellow, but none the worse for the electric light and the porcelain baths which Chrystal had put in. The place, like so many in that neighborhood, was a mass of roses, and a stroll in the garden after dinner was like swimming in scent. There was a wagonette to take the players to the ground, a daily sweepstake on the highest scorer, a billiard handicap for the evenings. Creature comforts were provided on a scale which fell deliberately short of plutocratic display, but of no other standard applicable to the case. Then the weather was such as an English summer can still produce in penitent mood; and the only cloud of any sort that brooded over the week was the secret cloud in Robert Chrystal's heart; for it was half-broken by a sequence of failures most abject even for him.

"Four runs all the week, and they were an overthrow," said he, with a rueful humor which but partially disguised the tremendous tragedy of the thing. "Three times first ball! I'll tell you what I'll do before next August: I'll lay out a ground of my own, and it shall have a subterranean passage from the wicket to the pavilion. Either that, or let me be translated like Enoch when it happens to me again!"

There was one who whispered that it would be the first translation he had ever achieved, but even that wag would have

made Chrystal a present of his highest score, and they all felt the same. None more sympathetic than Tuttles when it was merely a batting misfortune; up to the Friday night he had twenty-nine wickets for two hundred and thirty-one, and but for Chrystal it would have been twenty-eight for two hundred and thirty. Little Jerry Osborne was also full of sympathy, though he expressed it rather often, and gave Chrystal more advice than he was likely to have the least opportunity of following. One excellent fellow happened to have played in a match, some seasons before, in which Chrystal had actually made runs; and he talked about that. He reminded Chrystal of it every day. "They were all from the middle of the bat. The man who took thirty-six like that may take a century any day. You've struck a bad patch, as we all do, and you've lost confidence; you should n't take it so seriously." A tall Quidnunc, who said little but made his hundred most days, did declare after Chrystal's congratulations (in the hour of his own disaster) upon one of them, that he was "absolutely the best sportsman in Europe;" the grave Indian major treated him with silent respect; and the young schoolmasters, who made up the team and did the deep-field business, agreed most piously with the Quidnunc.

The poor devil was a cricketer at the core. That was the hard part. And he knew the game as many a real cricketer does not; you never heard Chrystal disparage the ball that had just bowled him; neither was it ever "a ball that might have beaten Charles Fry." He always knew, none better, exactly what he had done. If he had made a half-volley into a yorker, he was the first to tell you so. He knew when he had played across a plain straight one, when he had failed to swing his left foot far enough over, or played at the pitch of a long-hop. Even as the wicket rattled he was playing the stroke again, and with

academic correctness, in his own mind. That was Chrystal's cricket. Then he would walk back swinging his glove, and beginning to smile where the maker of centuries begins to run,—to smile all over a face that felt like a death's head. And that was the stuff of which the man was made.

It was the Friday night, and all the others were so pleased with themselves! Everybody else had at least one little achievement of his own to form a gratifying reflection, and to justify his place in the team. Chrystal could hear them in the billiard room, and at the piano, as for a few minutes he walked up and down outside, with the wife from whom he could not conceal his consuming chagrin.

"They're in great spirits!" Chrystal had exclaimed, with no bitterness in his voice, but with a whole tone of mortification. And his wife had pressed his arm; she had not made the mistake of going on to remind him that cricket was only a game, and that he could afford to fail at games.

"I believe you'll do better to-morrow," was what she did say, with a quiet conviction not unjustified by the doctrine of chances in the mind of a lady who declined to regard cricket as a game of skill.

"To-morrow!" Chrystal laughed outright. "Why, if one could score a minus, that's what I should make to-morrow!"

"Is there any special reason for saying that?"

"There is," said Chrystal grimly. "There's good old Tuttles against us, for a change. He'll bowl me neck and crop first ball!"

They took another turn in silence.

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Chrystal, "that I quite like Mr. Tuthill."

"Not like old Tuttles? Why on earth not?"

"He has such a good opinion of himself."

"He has reason!" cried Chrystal, with hardly ten per cent of envy in his loyal tone.

"Then I do think he's rather spiteful. To go and bowl you out first ball — if he did."

"He'd bowl me out if I was his long-lost brother! He's so keen; and quite right, too. You've got to play the game, dear." If it had been the game of battle, murder, and sudden death, Chrystal's manner could not possibly have been more serious.

But a silence had fallen on piano and billiard room; and Chrystal hurried indoors, as he said, "to keep the ball rolling if I can't hit it." They were only talking about the final match, however, in which Chrystal played his gardeners and grooms, while little Osborne took the field against him with the like raw material from his own parish near Ware.

"It's all very well," said Chrystal, joining in the cricket talk that was beginning to get on his nerves; "but I ought really to object to Tuttles, you know. He has neither the birth qualification nor the residential; he isn't even your deputy assistant secretary, Jerry!"

"I suppose you don't really object?" said Tuttles himself, in the nicest way, the first time he and Chrystal were more or less alone.

"My dear fellow!" was all Chrystal said in reply. "I want to see you take all ten wickets," he added. "I promise you mine."

Tuthill smiled at the superfluous concession.

"I'll have to do my best," said he, as the hangman might of his painful duty. "But as a matter of fact I'm not sure that my best will amount to much to-morrow. I've been bowling a bit too much, and a bit too well. My off day's about due, and on my off day I'm a penny treat. Full-pitches to leg and long-hops into the slips!"

Chrystal's mouth watered; the second

sort of ball was often fatal to him, but the first was the one delivery with which he was almost as much at home in practice as in theory. He had seldom run into double figures without the aid of the repeated full-pitch to leg.

It so happened that there was rain in the night, but only enough to improve a pitch which had quite fulfilled little Osborne's promise of fire; and an absence of sun next day averted an even more insidious state of things. The last match was thus played on the worst day and the best wicket of the week. The ball came along stump-high without any tricks at all. Yet Osborne's side was out shortly after lunch for something under a hundred runs, of which Osborne himself made more than half. Tuthill, who did not take his batting seriously, but hit hard and clean as long as he was there, was beginning to look as though he never need get out when Chrystal, of all people, held him low down at point. It was a noble effort in a stout, slow man, but Tuthill walked away without a word. He was keen enough on his innings while it lasted; but at luncheon he was the first to compliment Chrystal, who had not been so happy all the week. Chrystal had written himself last in the order, yet, thus encouraged, he was persuaded to give himself one more chance, and finally went in fourth wicket down.

It was then 3.20 by the clock on the little pavilion, and one of those gray, mild days which are neither close nor cold, and far from unpleasant on the cricket-field. The four wickets had fallen for less than forty runs, but Tuthill had only one victim, and it really did appear to be his off day; but he looked grim and inexorable enough as he waited by the umpire while Chrystal took centre and noted that it was now 3.21; at 3.22 he would be safe back in the pavilion, and his cricket troubles would be over for the season, if not for his life.

But the first ball was that wide long-hop of which Tuthill himself had spoken;

down it skimmed, small as a racket-ball to Chrystal's miserable eye; he felt for it with half his heart, but luckily heard nothing before the dull impact of the ball in the gloves of an agile wicket-keeper standing back.

"No!" cried the tall Quidnunc at the opposite end; and Chrystal began to feel that he was playing an innings.

The second ball was the other infallible sign of Tuthill's off day; it was a knee-high full-pitch just wide of Chrystal's pads; and he succeeded in flicking it late and fine, so that it skimmed to the boundary at its own pace. For one wretched moment Chrystal watched the umpire, who happened to be the man that had advised him not to take his cricket so seriously, and who now read his anxiety in a flash.

"That was a hit!" the unorthodox official shouted toward the scorer's table.

"And a jolly good one!" added the tall Quidnunc, while more distant applause reached the striker's trembling ears, and the ardent Tuttles waited for the ball with the face of a handsome fiend. Yet his next was nothing deadlier than a slow half-volley outside the off-stump, which Chrystal played gently but firmly as a delicate stroke at billiards, but with the air of Greek meeting Greek. Already the ball was growing larger, and the time was 3.25.

Osborne was bowling at the other end; he always was either batting, bowling, or keeping wicket; but the bowler's was the only department of the game at which he exposed a definite inferiority. He was, however, very fond of bowling, and as he could claim two of the four wickets which had already fallen (one having been run out) it was extremely unlikely that he would spare himself until the tenth one fell. Osborne's first over after Chrystal's arrival was one of his least expensive. The Quid drove him for a languid single, while Chrystal, after keeping out of mischief for four balls, sent the fifth high and dry through the slips for

three. The stroke was a possible chance to none other than Tuthill, but it was not off his own bowling, and the impression upon the observant spectator must have been a bad one.

"Don't begin by running yourself off your legs," Chrystal's partner crossed over to advise him between the overs.

"There's the whole afternoon before us, and you won't have many to run for me. I'm as limp as a wet rag, and my only chance of staying here is to sit on the splice while you punch 'em. But don't you be in any hurry; play yourself in."

If Chrystal had made a respectable score every day, the tone of the best batsman on the side could not have betrayed more confidence in him; he began to feel confident, the ball swelled to its usual size, and Tuttles's next long-hop went to third man for another sharp single. Chrystal apologized, but his partner had called him in response to an appealing look; evidently he was not too limp to run his captain's hits; it was only Chrystal himself who puffed and blew and leaned upon his bat.

And even by the half-hour he was within a run of that two-figure Rubicon which he had not passed for two seasons; his face showed the pale determination of a grave endeavor; it would hurt him more to get out now than to fall as usual to his only ball.

Yet what did happen? It was Tuthill's slow yorker, and Chrystal was in many minds from the time it left the bowler's hand; his good blade wagged irresolutely, and the odious projectile was under it in a twinkling. But at that instant the umpire threw up his arm with a yell, and Chrystal never heard the havoc behind him; he was only instinctively aware of it as he watched Tuthill turn upon a comrade who had donned the long white coat over his flannels.

"No *what*?" demanded the best bowler in second-class cricket.

"I said 'no ball'!"

"You're the first man who ever said

it to me in my life," remarked Tuttles, deadly calm, while he looked the other up and down as a new specimen of cricket curiosity. Then he held up his hands for the ball.

"There's a man still in," he cried; and proceeded to send down a perfectly vicious full-pitcher upon Chrystal's legs, which the captain, who had the single virtue of never running away, promptly dispatched for another four.

He had now made thirteen runs in less than thirteen minutes, and already the whole world was a different place, and that part of it a part of Paradise. He was emboldened to glance toward the seats: there was his dear wife strolling restlessly with her parasol, and their tiny boy clapping his hands. Chrystal could see how excited they were at a hundred yards; it only had the effect of making him perversely calm.

"I'm all right — I've got going at last!" he felt tempted to sing out to them; for he felt all right. He had even passed the stage of anticipating the imminent delivery and playing at the ball he expected, instead of at the ball that came along. This had been one of Chrystal's many methods of getting rid of himself in the first over. And he had more suicidal strokes than an Indian Prince has scoring ones. But now he looked from his family in the long-field to the noble trees to square-leg, and from the trees downhill to the reservoir gleaming through third-man's legs; it was hardly credible that he had wished to drown himself in its depths both yesterday and the day before.

The worst player in the world, with his eye in, may resist indefinitely the attack of the best bowler; after all, a ball is a ball and a bat is a bat; and if you once begin getting the one continually in the middle of the other, and keeping it out of harm's way, there is no more to be said and but little to be done. Chrystal was soon meeting every ball in the middle of a bat which responded to

the unparalleled experience by driving deliciously. The majority of his strokes were not ideal, though even a critical Cambridge Quid was able to add a stimulating "Good shot!" to not a few, while some were really quite hard and clean. Never before had this batsman felt the bat leap in his hands, and the ball spring from the blade beyond the confines of his wildest hopes, at an unimagined velocity, half so often as he experienced these great sensations now. Great! What is there in the sensual world to put on the same page with them? And let your real batsman bear in mind that these divine moments, and their blessed memory, are greatest of all where they are most rare, in his heart who never had the makings of a real batsman, but who once in his life has played a decent game.

Chrystal was in heaven. No small boy succeeding in his first little match, no international paragon compiling his cool hundred before fifty thousand eyes, was ever granted the joy of the game in fuller or in sweeter measure than was Robert Chrystal's that afternoon. Think of his failures! Think of his years! Think of his unathletic figure! Think of ball after ball — big as a football to him now — yet instantly diminishing into thin air, or down the hill, or under the trees!

"Thank God there's a boundary," murmured Chrystal, wiping his face while they fetched it. Yet he was cool enough in the way that mattered. His mind was entirely concentrated on the coming ball; but it was an open mind until the ball arrived. If his thoughts wandered between the overs, it was back to Harrow, and to the pleasing persuasion that he might have been in the eleven but for his infernal ineptitude for Latin verses. Meanwhile every ball brought its own anxiety and delight, and for several overs there was really very little to criticise except the batsman's style; then came an awful moment.

It was a half-volley on his legs, and Chrystal hit it even higher than he in-

tended, but not quite so hard. One of those vigorous young schoolmasters was keeping himself hard and fit at deep-mid-on; he had to run like a greyhound, and to judge a cross flight as he ran; but the apparent impossibility of the catch was simply a challenge to the young schoolmaster's calibre as a field; the ground was just covered, and the ball just held with extended hand. It was a supreme effort;— or would have been. There are those catches which are held almost, but not quite, long enough to count. This was an exaggerated instance. Unable to check himself, the young schoolmaster must have covered at least a yard with the ball in his hand. Then it rolled out, and he even kicked it far in front of him in his headlong stride.

"Got him! No he has n't. Put him on the floor!" Chrystal heard the little parson say, as he himself charged down the pitch in his second run. He saw nothing. His partner was calling him for a third, and Tuttles was stamping and railing at the bowler's end.

"Was that a chance?" gasped Chrystal, as he grounded his bat.

"A chance?" snorted Tuttles. "My dear fellow, he only held it about twenty minutes."

"Am I out, then?" asked Chrystal of the umpire, his hot blood running cold.

"Not out!" declared that friendly functionary without an instant's indecision.

The incident, however, had a disturbing effect upon Chrystal's nerves. He shuddered to think of his escape. He became self-conscious, and began to think about his score. It was quite a long time since they clapped him for his fifty. He must be in the eighties at the very least. On his own ground he would have the public scoring apparatus that they have at Lord's; then you would always know when you were near your century. Chrystal, however, was well aware that he must be pretty near his. He had hit another four, not one of his best, and had given a stumping chance to

little Osborne, who had more than once exchanged the ball for the gloves during the past two hours.

Yes, it was a quarter past five. Chrystal saw that, and pulled himself together, for his passive experience of the game reminded him that the average century is scored in a couple of hours. No doubt he must be somewhere about the nineties. Everybody seemed very still in the pavilion. The scorer's table was certainly surrounded. Chrystal set his teeth, and smothered a half-volley in his earlier *no-you-don't* manner. But the next ball could only have bowled him round the legs, and Tuttles hardly ever broke that way, besides which this one was too fast, and, in short, away it went skimming toward the trees. And there and then arose the sweetest uproar that Robert Chrystal had ever heard in all his life.

They were shouting themselves hoarse in front of the little pavilion. The group about the scoring table was dispersing with much hat-waving. The scorer might have been seen leaning back in his chair like a man who had been given air at last. Mrs. Chrystal was embracing the boy, probably (and in fact) to hide her joyous tears. Chrystal himself felt almost overcome, and quite abashed. Should he take his cap off, or should he not? He would know better another time; meanwhile he meant to look modest, and did look depressed; and half the field closed in upon him, clapping their unselfish hands, while a pair of wicket-keeping gloves belabored his back with ostentatious thuds.

More magnanimous than the rest, Tuttles had been the first to clap, but he was also the first to stop clapping, and there was a business air about the way in which he signaled for the ball. He carried it back to the spot where he started his run with as much deliberation as though measuring the distance for an opening over. There was a peculiar care also in the way in which he

grasped the leather, rolling it affectionately in his hand, as though wiping off the sawdust which it had not been necessary to use since the morning. There was a grim light in his eye as he stood waiting to begin his run, a subtle something in the run itself, the whole reminding one, with a sudden and characteristic emphasis, that this really was the first bowler in second-class cricket. A few steps, firm and precise; a couple of long ones, a beautiful swing, a lovely length, and Chrystal's middle stump lay stretched upon the grass.

It was a great end to a great innings, a magnificent finale to a week of weeks; but on the charming excesses on the field one need touch no more than on the inevitable speeches that night at dinner. Field and house alike were full of good hearts, of hearts good enough to appreciate a still better one. Tuthill's was the least expansive; but he had the critical temperament, and he had been hit for many fours, and his week's analysis had been ruined in an afternoon.

"I was n't worth a sick headache," he told Chrystal himself, with his own delightful mixture of frankness and contempt. "I could n't have outed the biggest sitter in Christendom."

"But you did send down some pretty good ones, you know!" replied Chrystal, with a rather wistful intonation.

"A few," Tuttles allowed charily. "The one that bowled you was all right. But it was a very good innings, and I congratulate you again."

Now Chrystal had some marvelous old brandy; how it had come into his possession, and how much it was worth, were, respectively, a very long and rather a tall story. He only broached a bottle upon very great occasions; but this was obviously one, even though the bottle had been the last in the cellar, and its contents liquid gold. The only question was whether they should have it on the table with dessert or with their coffee in the library.

Chrystal debated the point with some verbosity; the fact was that he had been put to shame by hearing of nothing but his century from the soup to the speeches; and he resolutely introduced and conscientiously engaged upon the topic of the brandy in order to throw a deliberate haze over his own lustre. His character shone the more brilliantly through it; but that could be said of each successive incident since his great achievement. He beamed more than ever. In a sudden silence you would have expected to catch him purring. And Mrs. Chrystal had at last agreed to his giving her those particular diamonds which she had over and over again dissuaded him from buying: if he must make some offering to his earthly gods it might as well be to the goddess on the hearth. But none but themselves knew of this, and it was of the Chrystal known to men as well that all sat talking when he had left the dining-room with his bunch of keys. Mrs. Chrystal felt the tears coming back into her eyes; they were every one so fond of him, and yet he was all and only hers! It was she who made the move, and for this reason, though she said she fancied he must be expecting them to follow him to the library, for he had been several minutes gone. But Mrs. Chrystal led the other ladies to the drawing-room, merely pausing to say generally to the men:—

"If you don't find him there he must have gone to the cellar himself, and I'm afraid he's having a hunt."

Now the Chrystals, like a sensible couple, never meddled with each other's definite departments in the house, and of course Mrs. Chrystal knew no more about her husband's cellar arrangements than he did of the inside of her store-room. Otherwise she would have known that he very seldom entered his own cellar, and that he did not require to go there for his precious brandy.

Yet he did seem to have gone there now, for there was no sign of him in the library when the cricketers trooped in.

Osborne was saying something in a lowered voice to Tuthill, who, looking round the empty room, replied as emphatically as usual:—

"I'm glad you think I did it well. Man and boy, I never took on such a job in all my days, and I never will another. The old sitter!" And he chuckled good-humoredly enough.

"Steady!" said the major of the Indian regiment.

"It's all right, he's down in the cellar," the little clergyman explained. "Trust us not to give the show away."

"And me," added the scholastic hero of the all-but-gallery catch.

"You precious near did," Osborne remonstrated. "You held it just one second too long."

"But fancy holding it at all! I never thought I could get near the thing. I thought a bit of a dash would contribute to the general verisimilitude. Then to make the catch of a lifetime, and to have to drop it like a hot potato!"

"It showed the promising quality of self-restraint," the clerical humorist allowed. "You will be an upper usher yet."

"Or a husher upper?" suggested a wag of baser mould, to wit, the sympathetic umpire of the afternoon. "But your side-show was n't a patch on mine. Even Osborne admits that you had a second to think about it. I had n't the fifth of one. Tuttles, old man, I thought you were going to knock me down!"

"I very nearly did," the candid bowler owned. "I never was no-balled in my life before, and for the moment I forgot."

"Then it was n't all acting?"

"Half and half."

"I thought it was too good to be untrue."

"But," continued Tuttles, with his virile vanity, "you fellows buck about what you did, as though you'd done a thousandth part of what I did between you. You had your moment apiece. I had one every ball of every over. Great Lord! if I'd known how hard it would

be to bowl consistent tosh! Full-pitches on the pads! That's a nice length to have to live up to through a summer afternoon. I would n't do it again for five-and-twenty golden sovereigns!"

"And I," put in the quiet Quidnunc. "It's the first time I ever sat on the splice while the other man punched them, and I hope it's the last." He had been tried as a bat for an exceptionally strong Cambridge eleven.

"Come, come," said the grave major. "I was n't in this myself. I distinctly disapproved. But he played quite well when he got his eye in. I don't believe you could have bowled him then if you tried, Tuttles."

If the irascible Tuthill had been a stout old man he would have turned purple in the face; being a lean young one, at least in effect, his complexion gained a glorious bronze.

"My good sir," said he, "what about the ball after the one which ran him into three figures?"

"Where is the dear old rabbit?" the ex-umpire exclaimed.

"Well, not in the hutch," said the little parson. "He's come right out of that, and I should n't be surprised if he stopped out. I only wish it was the beginning of the week."

"I'm going to look for him," the other rejoined with the blank eye that has not seen a point. He stepped through a French window out into the night. The young schoolmasters followed him. The Indian major detained Osborne.

"We ought all to make a rule not to speak of this again, either here or anywhere else. It would be too horrible if it leaked out!"

"I suppose it would." The little parson had become more like one. Though full of cricket and of chaff, and gifted with a peculiarly lay vocabulary for the due ventilation of his favorite topic, he was yet no discredit to the cloth. A certain superficial insincerity was his worst fault; the conspiracy, indeed, had origi-

nated in his nimble mind ; but its execution had far exceeded his conception. On the deeper issues the man was sound.

"Can there be any doubt?" the major pursued.

"About the momentary bitter disappointment, no, I'm afraid not; about the ultimate good all round, no again; but there I don't fear, I hope."

"I don't quite follow you," said the major.

"Old Bob Chrystal," continued Osborne, "is absolutely the best sportsman in the world, and absolutely the dearest good chap. But until this afternoon I never thought he would get within a hundred miles of decent cricket; and now I almost think he might, even at his age. He has had the best practice he ever had in his life. His shots improved as he went on. You saw for yourself how he put on the wood. It is a liberal cricket education to make runs, even against the worst bowling in the world. Like most other feats, you find it's not half so formidable as it looks, once you get going; every ten runs come easier than the last. Chrystal got a hundred this afternoon because we let him. I said just now I wished it was the beginning of the week. Don't you see my point?"

"You think he might get another!"

"I don't mind betting he does," said the little parson, "if he sticks to country cricket long enough. *Possunt quia posse videntur!*"

They went out in their turn; and last of all Chrystal himself stole forth from the deep cupboard in which he kept his cigars and his priceless brandy. An aged bottle still trembled in his hand; but a little while ago his lip had been trembling also, and now it was not. Of course he had not understood a word of the little clergyman's classical tag; but all that immediately preceded it had made, or may make, nearly all the difference to the rest of even Robert Chrystal's successful life.

His character had been in the balance during much of what had passed in his hearing and yet behind his back; whether it would have emerged triumphant, even without Gerald Osborne's final pronouncement, is for others to judge from what they have seen of it in this little record.

"It was most awfully awkward," so Chrystal told his wife. "I was in there getting at the brandy — I'd gone and crowded it up with all sorts of tackle — when you let all those fellows into the study and they began talking about me before I could give the alarm. Then it was too late. It would have made them so uncomfortable, and I should have looked so mean."

"I hope they were saying nice things?"

"Oh, rather; that was just it; but don't you let them know I overheard them, mind."

Mrs. Chrystal seemed the least bit suspicious.

"About your century, darling?"

"Well, partly. It was little Osborne, you know. He knows more about cricket than any of them. Tuttle is only a bowler."

"I don't like Mr. Tuthill," said Mrs. Chrystal. "I've quite made up my mind. He was trying to bowl you out the whole time!"

"Little Osborne," her husband continued, rather hastily, "says I ought to make a hundred — another hundred — if I stick to it."

"But of course you will," said Mrs. Chrystal, who just then would have taken Chrystal's selection for England as a matter of course.

Her husband was blushing a little, but glowing more. It was one of those moments when you would have understood his making so much money and winning such a wife. Never was a mouth so determined, and yet so good.

"I don't know about that, dear," he opened it to say. "But I mean to try!"

E. W. Hornung.

CHANGES IN COLLEGE LIFE.

THE last half of the nineteenth century was marked by exceedingly rapid social changes, especially in the United States. The more immediate causes of this movement were the discoveries and inventions which preceded and accompanied this period, and gave to men an entirely new mastery over material agents. This power was the occasion of a great increase in production, which, in turn, gave rise to a wholly unprecedented concentration of capital. Industrial processes have taken on immense magnitude, and events push forward with proportionate rapidity. Changes in social conditions which have been accustomed to creep slowly forward now begin to walk, and those which were wont to walk have fallen into a run. Good and evil overtake us before we are hardly aware of their presence. Snow which has been frozen immovably to the mountain side begins to loosen, and may at any moment precipitate itself into an avalanche.

Men are bewildered and excited by events which they only partially control — not less those who seem to lead them than those who are led by them. This rapid movement has made men giddy with the sense of power, and has seemed to open up new conditions and promises of prosperity. While the world is apparently bending to the service of men, men are, in fact, bending to the service of the world, and are hurried on by it to efforts of seeming value, but of fearful risk and frequent failure. They have neither time nor inclination to analyze action, and suit it to accepted principles and familiar ideals. New events have made all things new and discredited old philosophy.

This sudden giving way of the familiar relations of society, this taking on of a liquid form and an almost tempestuous movement, could not fail to modify

education, and especially college education — peculiarly flexible and adjustable in method. There have been great gains in connection with these changes in college life, and not a few losses and threatened losses. A large amount of theory as to courses of study and as to elections in these courses has entered our higher institutions, broken up traditions, and swept away well-worn methods. It is, therefore, in order to examine this pulling down and building up, and see what waste is incident to it as well as what profit.

The most conspicuous gain is a greatly increased amount of instruction in science. The world of things, which gives footing to human labor and foundations to social interests, is coming to be known with a completeness and an accuracy of which the education of fifty years ago gave little promise. Associated with this gain came at once a pressure upon older forms of knowledge — language, philosophy, government — to which they were not only compelled to give ground, but to suffer somewhat the disparagement of neglect. A feeling found entrance that the new knowledge was the only knowledge substantial and serviceable in human life.

In connection with this pressure for time, distinct courses, with wide elections within those courses, came in vogue, and apparently relieved the difficulty. It is the fruit of this very fruitful change that we have occasion to consider. That some movement in this direction was inevitable would seem plain. The field of knowledge had become all at once too large for the student to cover it, even in the old superficial way. That this movement may easily become excessive is also plain; since knowledge may readily be so remote and restricted as to find its roots no longer spreading out in the soil of

all truth. The very superficiality for which the early instruction was censured may be revived in another form. Little patches of bright color, like lichens on a rock, may make their appearance; some things may be minutely known and deftly handled, and yet there may be no free movement in the large territory of knowledge. Not only may intellectual ideas escape the ardent specialist, even closely allied physical facts may be beyond his horizon.

An immediate result of this narrowness of instruction is that the very notion of wisdom is abridged. It is no longer made up of the wide correlations of truth, — correlations which ultimately bind all things and events in a universe that takes on a spiritual as truly as a physical character, — but sinks into a close study of a limited range of phenomena which can be put to immediate uses. The mind attains these facts with little expansion of powers and no propulsion in the realm of truth. Convictions as narrow, and as much to one side the highways of experience, as are the facts with which they are associated take the place of sound judgments. Education is crippled in its essential idea of intellectual life.

Studies in which the vigorous minds of many centuries have been bred are discovered, all at once, to be of little worth; whose pursuit is not so much to be improved in method as to be reformed out of being. Or still worse, they are travestied by some relatively indifferent, physical facts associated with them. Thus in place of philosophy we have physiological psychology, and instead of the tension of the mind in grasping fundamental truth, the tension of the fingers in the deft performance of laboratory work. The one lesson which the world has been from the beginning beating into the minds of men is again lost, that the thing seen is of little moment except as it becomes the symbol of that which is not seen. We may educate the reflective powers without

securing a firm, sensuous foothold for thought; therein we err. We may educate the senses with slight discipline of the reflective powers; and our failure becomes still more absolute. The central bud of our pyramidal life is aborted, and all goes amiss, as in a fir which has lost its leader. We may show much ingenuity in expressing our intellectual life "in terms of matter and motion;" but we only attain profound insight in translating physical facts into correlative ideas. There has been, on the whole, in this extended displacement of intellectual inquiry by physical inquiry, this sudden passage from the open fields of speculation to an observation of microscopic facts, a substitution of sensuous for spiritual apprehension, a taking of events at short range instead of contemplating them in those wide relations in which they make up a universe.

The inside conditions of college life have also been much modified by the new methods which have been put upon them. There has been a great increase in the size of institutions. The feeling has gained ground of the many things to be done in education, of the possible studies to be pursued, of the accomplishments to be acquired, and of the skill to be secured in execution. It is the collective power which occupies the mind rather than individual excellence. A great city stirs the imagination and overawes the judgment. We cease to remember what a cloak of failure and folly and vice its splendor of architecture may be. A large university confuses the neophyte and fills him with a vague sense of magnitude. In the one case as in the other, when the transplanted life tries to root itself, it finds that the impression of isolation and solitude has gained ground; that fellowship must be achieved under new and difficult circumstances. In the university, as in all great combinations, there is more vigor in breaking up old relations than in forming fresh ones; and the stu-

dent, when at length he adjusts himself to his surroundings, discovers that he has substituted a narrow place in a wide field for a wider place in a more restricted one. Human fellowship is the truly educating force, and that fellowship rejects as certainly too much as too little. The body and the life which inhabits it must have the same circumference.

Great teachers are always rare, and instruction which gives impulse seeks close contact. It is a silent, continuous induction of life into life which is essential. The manifold departments of science tend to exclude each other almost as much as they exclude other forms of intellectual activity. There is no end to the details of knowledge in any physical inquiry. The circumference of the circle is constantly enlarging, and present methods do not so much contemplate a change of centre as the gathering of more and more material about the same centre. With this utterly insatiable demand for more facts, and more time in which to acquire them, the sciences lose fellowship with knowledge and with each other. Thoroughness means an increase in one dimension with a reduction in every other dimension. In a college, whose curriculum is necessarily short, a struggle for life is established which drives to the wall the less dominant claims. Even the great Darwin was compelled to confess that all but one set of faculties had suffered atrophy, and that the mind had become an instrument of inquiry rather than a medium of life.

The drill of the laboratory, while it is not strictly mechanical, is more so than that of the recitation room; and the discursive processes of thought are far less congenial to it. The intellectual manhood is less recognizable in the drill of doing than in that of thinking. The scientist has fortunately been often willing to add some stroke of philosophy to his physical inquiries, but his theories of the world have had but one foot to rest upon, and so have been inadequate and insecure.

The specialist, even in his own department, is frequently unable to give a collective view of truth, and is a less apt demonstrator of knowledge than one who, with inferior information, has been accustomed to group facts broadly in systems. A specialist despairs of wisdom, and is content to add something to the already appalling accumulation of its data. Not only does he not rise to the height of all knowledge, he does not rise to the height of his own knowledge. He confines himself to his solitary eminence, and, grubbing away at its problems, neither sees the beauty of surrounding peaks, nor feels the glory which they fling back on his own position.

It matters little how numerous and varied the attendance in a large university may be, if the individual student has not the freedom of the university. It is the close contact of daily intercourse that is educative. The more narrow the course chosen, the more isolated the inquiry, the less become the force and variety of the influences which young men exert upon one another. A variety of topics as well as a variety of persons are requisite that the special endowments and affinities of young men may be disclosed. Different purposes divide and subdivide the members of a large institution, much as do diverse pursuits the citizens of a city. To catch the flavor of human thought is not only educative, but so supremely educative that, without it, simple information loses most of its value. Text-books that marshal facts, with little suggestion of the part they play in world building, become as dry as dust, and choke the life they were intended to nourish. The largest share of the stimulus of college life is found in the contact of young men with one another, working at the same tasks, approaching the same problems, and made aware of the many quarters from which the fitful light falls upon them. They thus escape the stolidity of knowing one thing exactly. The intercourse which

promotes this dispersion and reflection of light acts like sunshine on opening buds. The seclusion of unvaried work, in remote lines of inquiry, is in arrest of this fellowship of thought. Extremes meet and baffle each other. We strove to escape the superficiality of a crowded curriculum by attention to a few topics, and we now encounter the superficiality of trying to know things separately. We sought to accumulate influences in large institutions, and our units drop apart as in no way annealed to one another.

The disintegration in a college course incident to extended electives is very marked. The faculty, having laid aside the function of guidance, leave it to be taken up by the student himself. In making his choices, he first encounters an extended chapter of accidents. A large list of electives means that many of them are in progress at the same hours. If eight are thus pursued, in choosing one of the eight he excludes seven, some of which at least may seem to him desirable. Hours are not arranged in reference to the wishes of any one man, and he finds, like a surveyor running a line in a forest, constant obstructions. The accidents and obstacles of a system of electives are innumerable and unavoidable.

This chapter disposed of, there comes the chapter of caprices. Pleasure in a given branch, personal likes and dislikes, the different degrees of work demanded in different departments, may one or all determine his election. Not the end to be gained, but the ease of immediate movement, defines his path.

Then comes the notion of practicality, so strong in immature and inexperienced minds. The choice of occupation, which may itself have been prematurely made, leads to a narrow adaptation of studies to its demands.

The inadequacy of the results reached under such a system is hidden for a variety of reasons. The catalogue is full and comprehensive, and this is accepted

as an expression of the work done under it. How can such opportunities fail to be fruitful? The bright pupil enjoys his liberty, and makes something of it. He is not aware of the fact of important omissions till much later. The dull student is indisposed to complain. Complaint will be a reflection on his dullness. Instructors escape general responsibility, and are left to follow their own bent and magnify their own work. An institution whose ostensible purpose is to teach a young man anything which he may wish to know may mean an institution a large per cent of whose members learn very little to any purpose.

The amusements of college life have undergone a change akin to this division of intellectual interests. They have become professional amusements, like those of the circus or theatre; something to be seen rather than to be shared, something labored for on the one side and paid for on the other. Crowded life, the life of cities, which is at once near and remote, inevitably tends to professional amusements. They call for no participation in the spectators, and no social sympathy between them. Those idly waiting to be amused become ever more critical and exacting, less resourceful in themselves and more dependent on others. They must be pleased, and the task becomes an increasingly difficult one. The commands of the amphitheatre lay as an absolute law on those whose lives were held cheap in ministering to popular pleasure. A scrub game of ball, no matter how recreative to the participants, gives no satisfaction as a spectacle. Football demands severe training, a sacrifice of every competing purpose, and incurs serious risk, simply that those who play may give sufficient excitement to those who do not play.

Young men have only about so much enthusiasm to spend, and if it is squandered in amusement, it is necessarily lost to productive labor. Enthusiasm ought to run in the channels of their own

lives, and so buoy up and bear forward their own achievements, like well-freighted vessels. If this enthusiasm makes claims on others, it leaves those who generate it, like the Roman youth who crowded the coliseum, an ignoble band. Professional amusements mean the breaking up of free, personal, communal effort, and putting in its place the strained efforts and strong passions which sway men backward and forward as mobs. The passion for sport which prevails in our universities is to be explained, in part, as an effort to regain that unity which has been lost in the dispersion of academic work.

The reduction of interest in debate — the natural intellectual arena of vigorous minds as they gain fresh views in a variety of directions — is another result of the limitation of knowledge and interest which attends on special courses. Differences of opinion in these narrow relations may be discussed between two or three students in conversation, they cannot be debated as fundamental principles of action. Science, moreover, tends to sharp empirical proof, lying in a narrow field of experiment, and does not admit of the changeable interpretation which comes to us in the general and diversified fields of experience.

Those of us who have lived long in the educational world will hardly have failed to observe how restricted its enthusiasms have become; how difficult they are to arouse, and how small a part they play in the mass of instruction. A large number of persons in transient intercourse always impart new vigor to conventional methods, and in the same degree restrain spontaneous expression. Courtesies prevent collision, but they at the same time restrain expression. Students are more easily controlled than in earlier days, but they are awakened with more difficulty to any genuine effort. College conventionalisms become a supreme consciousness.

Commencement exercises, as an exhibition of students, are more and more

distasteful, and faculties are increasingly disposed to become august, if possible, by means of gowns and prizes and degrees. As the substance gives way, the form is made more conspicuous.

A considerable annual prize — prizes are bids for enthusiasm which does not otherwise exist — was recently given to a New England college for the best essay on the duties of Christian men to Government. The faculty found difficulty in securing a discussion of sufficient breadth and earnestness to justify the publicity of publication. An influential journal sharply criticised this result as involving a reflection on the instruction. It may have done so, but if that same journal had looked to its own columns, it would have seen that it devoted far more space to baseball games in colleges than to their educational work. This is doubtless good journalism, but it shows that the world from which students come, the world which gives color to their thought and direction to their ambitions, is one in which amusements are far more sensational facts than the opinions of young men on social and civic questions. No effort within a college can exclude or correct wholly this outside atmosphere.

President Andrews is credited with saying, "Our New England students know little and care less about social questions." Having congratulated ourselves as a people beyond measure on physical prosperity, having directed our attention assiduously to physical pursuits, the loss of conviction on social questions ought not to surprise us. Our college literature has the daintiness of fastidious taste, and little of the virile quality of an immediate moral purpose.

Colleges have been passing into universities under the strong pressure of outside claims. The results of this pressure are plainly visible. The omnipotence of productive labor in the world has been felt, and the need of shaping all education to it. When one is thus being trained to a definite task, the mind

is carried forward to its fulfillment; is impatient of any effort that obstructs or delays the movement, and thinks slightly of knowledge which does not directly contribute to it. The argument gathers weight that so much time cannot be spared for study, that study means preparation, and must accept this subordinate relation; that the business world is exacting, and that time lost to it cannot be recovered; that its opportunities are few and evasive, and that beyond its own gifts of shrewdness, experience, and a callous hand, all acquirements are of slight value. The predominant feeling that comes pushing in from the outside is, we must make haste, and in making haste a portion of college work is thrown backward into preparatory training, a portion is omitted, and a portion is carried forward as special or professional work. In these many and extreme changes the integrity of the college course is broken up and lost. The world of action, which rests on acquisition as a centre, becomes all in all, seizes the mind in advance, and draws it into a swirl of narrow pursuits from which it never again emerges. This certainly is a result inimical to education, to true mental poise, to being possessed of knowledge and by knowledge. Without the least abatement of the value of service, we cannot fail to see that service rendered under a dominant wealth-getting temper sinks into servitude, and loses much of its value for the man who renders it, and for the community which receives it. There is a reservation of purpose, a qualification of obedience, in high service, which wholly distinguish it from day-service. The professions and the arts are liable to become the thrall of commerce, and this servitude strikes back into education. The civil engineers, the mechanical engineers, or the electric engineers can spare no time for psychology or history, for these add nothing to their skill. The engineer is to be a master artisan. He is in training for that, not

for citizenship, or manhood. The feeling is that manhood will come with power, but power may not come with manhood. The prize coveted is productive power, and that is accepted as covering intellectual wealth. There is a profound reversal of the divine principle, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." If these things are attained, it is thought, the Kingdom of Heaven can do no otherwise than come as the sequence of such success.

There is no other period and no other place so congenial to the ideal and the practical as college life. If we miss the uplift which comes to us as we enter this porch of the temple, we shall be slow to recover it at any later stage. The chilly atmosphere of conventionalism, the low temperature of our glacial age, will settle down on us in commerce, in society, in religion. College life is the one morning in which light and beauty and inspiration are inseparable.

It is astonishing what a change thirty years have wrought in the United States. In the middle of the last century the placid surface of democracy, girded about by constitutional barriers, seemed as little exposed to disturbing winds as a land-locked lake. Now, wealth in crested waves and poverty in yawning chasms are the most conspicuous features. The cyclone of prosperity which follows the sultry day is upon us, and threatens once more to sweep the world.

There has long been, and is increasingly in our Eastern institutions, a percentage of young men who take little interest in study, who are present in college for conventional reasons. Though these young men are the product of a social system that has already gone astray, and are not easily regenerated, this looking forward to business as the only real life is especially unfavorable for them. They therewith justify their present indifference, and make to themselves foolish promises of what they will

do when the real crisis comes. In the mean time, they acquire a lazy, loitering gait under the impression that the march has not begun. These young men are the world's servants, and the quicker they are put into its workshops the better for them. The most fatal mistake of the so-called kings of commerce is, that they are providing no heirs. The kings themselves have come from the severe school of democracy, and yet they expect to continue the breed under the relaxing conditions of wealth. Colleges can easily be made the dishonored instruments of this failure.

Training in the uses of physical things — a kind of knowledge which is disposed to adopt the designation of science as the synonym of substantial truth — is far more expensive than instruction in the humanities. The appliances are innumerable, changeable, and costly. Large endowments are necessary for this instruction. It makes for wealth and must be fed by wealth. The claims of our colleges have passed from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands, from hundreds of thousands to millions. We have a right to take pride in this growth, but we have no less occasion to understand the changes which go with it. In all severe climbing, each new position has its own perils. The borrower is servant to the lender wherever they meet. Institutions which eagerly seek their resources from the commercial world must be lenient critics of its methods. Ethical, social, and economic truths cannot be urged in antagonism to the source of supply. The men are rare who quarrel with their bread and butter. This may seem an ignoble fact to apply to colleges, but if colleges make themselves hungry, caution and cunning will follow on. Of this we have already had experience. No matter how adroitly we may reason, and in how many ways we may cover our steps, here is a connection beyond the wit of man to break. Waters, though they be the waters of life and

seem to come from Shiloh's fountain and pour into Shiloh's basins, cannot rise higher than their source. The men who feed these streams furnish the social faith of the world. The champions of truth must not be afraid of a mendicant's habit.

Education must be brought to the world quite as much as brought out of the world. It is a growth within the mind of man for the guidance of men, not a coarse induction of experience wherewith the practical man strengthens himself in his folly. Our colleges must be saved for themselves in order that they may be saved for others; in order that they may withstand these headstrong, conflicting, and merciless forces that are asserting themselves in the passionate competition of the world. There is an aloofness from current events as well as a nearness to them which our education must maintain, if it is to have any spiritual power, any guidance upward of men and communities.

The growth of expenses, the increase of salaries, the magnitude of endowments, all tend to make educators pensioners of the money power, and so to place them on the wrong side in that struggle which is upon us to revivify the principles of democracy, and make the world our common inheritance. The true citadel of democracy is the college. It is here that the mind renews its hold on those principles which underlie economic and social life. If there is no clear light in these speculative regions, we shall search for it in vain where men are in the heat, confusion, and passion of labor. Though the attack of the commercial on the educational world is not made with bugle note, constant indications are given of its presence and immediate power. Presidents of colleges are sought who are men of affairs, furnished with business instincts and standards, rather than men of intellectual inspiration. Half-hearted servants of intellectual liberty are put in command of the gates. It is certainly not

easy, under these conditions, to secure in our colleges a clear sense of the use of wealth, of its just methods of attainment, and of the subtle social dangers which attend upon it.

Preparatory as opposed to collegiate work, graduate as distinguished from undergraduate instruction, special and professional training in contrast with general discipline, call for a different temper, for different teachers and methods. They cannot be united advantageously in the same institution, unless the institution is so large as to become a group of distinct schools. Graduate work is undertaken in forecast of coming labor, and shapes itself unreservedly to it. Its methods are thorough and minute, and look to a complete and immediate command of the required resources. The instructor is equally practical in his bent of mind with the pupil, and comes from the ranks of those who have succeeded, or who are able to succeed, in commerce, or engineering, or in professional services. Teacher and pupil are narrowed down to their particular task, and manipulation, explanation, and application are the order of the day. Such methods cannot be united successfully with undergraduate work, nor does undergraduate instruction need to possess the resources which will enable it to run parallel with the applied work of the world. Its purposes are to awaken the mind, give it just impressions, and a synthetic hold on all forms of truth. It takes a preliminary survey of the vineyard, some portion of which is to be cultivated.

The physical knowledge which is now provided for us so liberally may well modify the New England college, but should not be the means of superseding it. There is no more fitting link between preparatory and professional work than college life. In the preparatory period, the associations of childhood, home discipline, and the strong sense of being cared for still rest on the mind. In professional study, the hand of the

world begins to be felt. The forecast of service, competitive labor, the hope of success, the fear of failure, are ready to push, if not to oppress, the mind. Between these two, four years of free, rangeful, and joyous activity and unrestrained personal fellowship may well be placed. They constitute a strengthening node accustoming the thoughts to self-guidance and self-mastery, and binding them together with inherent affinities before the growth pushes forward into that long internode which must sustain the flower and fruitage of life. They help by many insights and anticipatory revelations to guard the too flexible mind against being beaten down by sudden temptation, or broken down by premature burdens. Life is already too hurried, too much crowded with work that ripens into nothing, too careful and anxious about many things, too much cumbered with the processes of living. Its pace is set by the machine. It is denied that breathing space so normal to the open, fresh hours of youth. What can be more unkind than to fling the boy at once into the gusty, buffeting winds of the world. This may often be necessary, yet it is one of those sore cases of compulsion, under narrow and severe conditions, which we ought to resist rather than accept. The morning hours that return no more are not to be dealt with in this heedless way under demands of commerce that give no sufficient account of themselves.

If we set any store by knowledge as knowledge, if we wish to secure that inner illumination which alone can interpret experience and treasure its wealth, we shall not let this opportunity pass of a wide outlook over life before we begin to thread its thickets. One of the most difficult things to escape is the superficiality of sagacity, the confidence which comes with money-making, the elation of knowledge which is accurate, effective, yet narrow. The things which have not been dreamed of in our philosophy, yet fill all spiritual spaces,

are the things which will ultimately overwhelm our prosperity. The reverent temper is true wisdom; the temper aware of what lies below the horizon as well as of what has come within it.

We are in no way disposed to under-rate science. It is the chart of the field in which our labors are to be expended, unrolling before us in a wonderful way. And yet we are impressed with the superficiality of science as we actually attain it. We are so pleased with outlines, with full and delicate tracings, that we forget that they are but outlines, to be read thoughtfully, if their suggestions are to be made spiritually effective. It is not the colors on the retina that make the sunrise, but the brood of poetic sensibilities that wake up with them into activity.

Knowledge accumulates so rapidly that all acquisition seems to be and is very partial. This deepened sense of the infinity of truth is the highest possession to which we can attain. There are two forms of limitation which stand in very different relations to spiritual manhood, a limitation in general outlook, and a limitation in exact definition. If we must have superficiality, let it be the superficiality associated with wide surfaces, and not that of a minute knowledge of patches of territory of little worth till they are taken up in one comprehensive picture.

Art is not simply creative, it leads to creation. The painter relies on a few bold strokes which lack all resemblance, but which, seen at a fitting distance, indicate the true relations and give the constructive mind suitable suggestions. The normal eye is neither microscopic nor telescopic; it deals with wide yet intermediate spaces. It loses the minute, both near at hand and far off, but it sinks it in the landscape, a composite vision of all.

One is not prepared to work in the physical world till he has made some measurements in the spiritual world, nor to devote himself to spiritual truth

till he has some apprehension of that fixed framework of things which give it distinction, definition, and permanence. We must have a base line in both worlds before we can make safe measurements in either. Especially is this true if our later work is to be directed chiefly to one of them. The sense of correlative truth which lies over against the truth of immediate observation must be with the mind as a constantly corrective term. We do not regret that physical science has wrought an immense change in instruction, but that in our eagerness we have made the new movement partial and one-sided like the old, and added to an opinion already extreme the momentum incident to change.

Science should be to us the occasion on which we come into possession of our bilateral life, and are made more fully aware of the right and the left, the upward and the downward, the inner and the outer, in our complex being, built up between two worlds, a synthesis of both. College gives the suitable period and place in which to achieve this self-possession, the preliminary sense of what the world is, this planting of the feet, one upon the sea and one upon the land. Finding the world before we are found of it is the very substance of rational life.

Philosophy is as certainly the centre of the humanities — the things which pertain to man — as science of physical relations. Mastery means an even-handed hold on both. College life is the period in which the mind awakens most readily to its own constructive power, accepts idealism as an inseparable element in a spiritual universe, and brings its own ideals out of the realm of hope to the stubborn, limping world in which it is inclosed. Vital forces take on direction early. If one's energy goes to muscular activity, or to brain action, diversion soon becomes difficult.

The present determination of thought in education toward physical facts is

weakening its hold on higher relations. The fundamental principles of freedom are losing power with us. The disposition to give a first position to physical force gains ground with us; in amusements as strength, in politics as war. We wage a faltering fight with that brutal temper, vivisection; and we make our appeal to the ethical reason with increasing difficulty.

Our education should regain a balance which it has partially lost. Once in possession of the forecast of reason, we shall correct the drudgery of a special calling by systematic sallies into the region of correlative impressions. We shall neither allow things in their fixed sequence to rule our thoughts, nor our thoughts, in fantastic freedom, to escape the restraint of things. If it falls to us to unfold and enforce spiritual relations, we shall deepen the sense of causation by a recreative pursuit of some science; or if an art is our primary purpose, we shall unloosen the wings of thought in philosophy, poetry, and politics.

We may well cease to have patience with restricted thinking and one-sided development. It is time that we pruned our education into symmetry. The catholicity of the mind is to be won in college life, and is the true mastery of the world. It is there that we come to

our first vision of things, and make ready for wise and well-proportioned pursuit.

College life is also the rallying point of friendship, the centre to which returning, we can see into how many forms of spiritual wealth different paths are diverging. Those who are near us in active life, with whom we are running the competitive race, meet us with our own restricted sentiments. Hustling events, we are hustled by them. It is wholesome to return to a point from which our well-known companions have scattered all over the world, and through them win their part in it as well as our own.

The catholic temper which a genuine college life begets, it nourishes in us all our life through. College life may thus stand for wider knowledge, for the ever renewed and redirected processes of thought, for a sympathy as comprehensive as the Kingdom of Heaven, — a Kingdom in which every phase of power is to be gathered, and every germ of truth to find reconciliation, inexhaustible parts taking position in an immeasurable whole. The changes in college life should not be allowed to drag us down from the mount of vision and fling us, mere waifs, into the turmoil of events, a stream that lushes its own roar by a final plunge into the gulf of oblivion.

John Bascom.

A FORGOTTEN PATRIOT.

THE world regards success and ignores failure, first setting up its own standard of the one and making its own definition of the other. In innumerable cases it may be in the right, but in some at least the standard may prove defective and the definition too narrow. There is an unwritten philosophy of failure full of a pathetic and curious interest. "Who knows," said Sir Thomas Browne,

"whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?" The great host of failure includes men of extraordinary endowments, indeed it seems as though genius itself were given no indefeasible power of accomplishment, but that it rather resembles some elemental force in na-

ture, which may be utilized in man's service, or, comparatively speaking, be suffered to go to waste. Something, trifling perhaps at first sight, may yet prove strong enough to nullify its power, or divert it into an unprofitable channel: some fatal weakness of the will, some insuperable bodily disorder, some constitutional inability of the man to understand and comply with the temper and requirements of his time. So there is a slight but fatal lack of adjustment between the power and the machinery; the stream goes by the mill, but the wheel stands idle. Hamlet and Don Quixote are world-types of this imperfect adaptation to the machinery of things. Both men rise above the average, and both fall short in situations where the average man might have succeeded. The very gift for which each is remarkable, — an intellect of more than ordinary depth and subtilty, a nature too nobly credulous of the heroic, — this gift becomes in each case the appointed instrument of failure.

Yet we instinctively shrink from accepting the world's verdict upon a man of the Don Quixote type. Life may "succeed in that it seems to fail." If it is true that fame grows not on mortal soil, nor lies in the verdict of majorities, the apparent discrepancy between a man's power and his accomplishment may, in many cases, be only apparent. History, like rumor, must be at best a compromise with the secret truth of things. It must often pass over obscure men whose unregarded influence may be the moving power behind the events which it records. It is often profitable to study, in the lives of these obscure men, the correlation and conservation of those spiritual forces which are known in general only through their more obvious results.

Such reflections are familiar enough, yet when they are suggested and enforced by example, by contact with some actual human experience, they come home to us almost as a new truth. I

recently found a fresh meaning and depth in them, when I became interested, almost by chance, in that obscure Don Quixote of the eighteenth century, Thomas Day. Here is a man who achieved but a very moderate worldly success in his lifetime, and held but a minor place in the esteem of his more immediate successors. Ridiculed by his contemporaries and almost forgotten by posterity, he has suffered the penalty of superiority, but missed its reward. His very name is growing unfamiliar; his work as a patriot and philanthropist is forgotten. His more ambitious writings have been long submerged, and now the waters seem to be fast closing over his Sandford and Merton. Yet whether we recognize it or not, Sandford and Merton has a part and place in the social and literary history of England which no student of either can afford to ignore. And back of this book is a man of singularly noble character and lofty aims, who helped, if obscurely enough and in ways now little regarded, to make history.

Day is notable, first of all, because in a truly remarkable way he anticipated and exemplified those ideals of social life and conduct which a generation or two later were to change the history of Europe. He was born in 1748: just midway in the progress of that extraordinary century which proclaimed in its age what it had denied in its youth; which began life a cynic and left it an enthusiast; which despised at its latter end nearly all those things it delighted in at its beginning. Such a profound change of nature cannot well be effected in so short a time without suffering the pains of growth. If we look at England alone, it is clear that a naturally conservative nation cannot pass within about a hundred years from *The Rape of the Lock* to the *Ode to Duty*, from Robert Walpole to the Reform Bill, from John Toland and the *Tale of a Tub* to Newman and the Tractarian Movement, without that in-

ternal conflict between the new and the old incidental to so complete a revolution. Born only four years after the death of Pope, Day felt the first stress of this conflict. He fought almost single-handed against the coarse materialism and blind prejudice which surrounded him; an innovator, a man in advance of his time, he died before he saw his labors justified by the event, just as the mightiest spirits in England were about to be enlisted in his cause.

Three things combined to form Day's character and influence his career: the nature of his early training, the teachings of Rousseau, and the friendship of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the novelist. Day belonged by birth to that wealthier stratum of society, the luxury and selfishness of which it became one of the main objects of his life to reform. An only child, he was left fatherless when about a year old, the heir to a comfortable though not a great fortune, which proved more than sufficient for his needs. To enter upon life with good health, an excellent social position, and independent means, is to have the world at your feet, — and we know what the world meant then in England. But from the first the child was remote from that world in a wholesome and bracing air. Day's mother was a woman of unusual strength of character and soundness of judgment. Distinguished herself by a remarkable capacity for endurance, she was disposed to give the power of self-control a high place among the virtues. Day seems to have inherited her strength of character, and his natural fortitude and self-command were trained and developed by his mother's teachings and example. Here is the real beginning of much that is memorable in his story. It is probable that in Sandford and Merton Day merely handed on to innumerable children that manly and invigorating spirit he had gained in his own childish years. In the contrast between Merton, the gentleman's son, feeble, selfish, and ty-

rannical, through parental indulgence, and Sandford, the farmer's boy, made manly, hardy, and independent by the discipline of plain living, — in this contrast, and in the austere and heroic quality of the whole book, we feel the spirit of the mother alive in the work of her son.

Day's strong traits of character declared themselves early. At school he gave his money to the poor; at Oxford he turned away from books to study man and moralize on the problems of society. There was already a stirring in him of that deep human sympathy which was to be the best and strongest feature of his life. He wanted to meet men face to face, especially the men whose lot was harder or humbler than his own. Accordingly we find him making short trips, on the Continent or here and there in the British Isles, watching with his own eyes, studying for himself, the daily life of man. Many of these journeys were taken on foot, for Day felt that this unpretentious mode of traveling brought him into closer and more direct contact with the humbler classes. The sympathetic insight into the lives of farmers, artisans, and day-laborers, gained in these early wanderings, must have done much to strengthen the young student of man in that admiration for a life of simplicity, that antagonism to the idleness, pride, and selfishness of the wealthy, which were to dominate his career. His friend and biographer, Mr. Keir, says that on these expeditions Day mixed with "people of all descriptions; sometimes going into the parlour of an Inn, and at other times into the kitchen, where he generally found most of the amusement and instruction he was in search of;" adapting himself to the uncultivated, and treating them "rather as less fortunate brothers of the same family, than as beings of a different and inferior order." There is surely something very memorable in this. To realize its full significance we must go back in imagination to those middle

years of the eighteenth century when Day began these democratic wanderings. Men like Thomson and Gray had indeed struck notes that we now look back to as preludes to modern democracy, but the ideal of human brotherhood had not taken hold of men. France was yet feudal; Jefferson had not yet declared that all men were born free and equal; Paris had not yet murdered her thousands in the name of fraternity. In Britain, nearly all of those generous young enthusiasts who were to march in the van of democracy, the *avant-courriers* of Utopia, were unborn or in their cradles. The work of Crabbe, Cowper, Blake, and Burns, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, lay in the future. Day treated all men as brothers in the great family of man, when the ministries of Rockingham and of North were taxing the American colonists; when Johnson, Tory and radical-hater, was the leviathan of British letters, and Horace Walpole was playing at book-making at Strawberry Hill. Yet somehow in this England, in which Lord Chesterfield wrote his Letters to his son, in which the elder Fox deliberately instructed his boy in the gentlemanly art of gambling, in the midst of this depraved and corrupt society Day's boyish eyes turned toward that high ideal which was to be the hope of those that came after.

It was during these years at the University that Day came under the spell of the extraordinary iconoclast whose strange doctrines were to be one of the strongest influences in his life. *Émile* was published in 1764, the very year in which Day entered Corpus Christi College; early in 1767 Rousseau, hunted from the Continent, took refuge in England on the invitation of Hume. In spite of Dr. Johnson's denunciation of him as "a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society," Rousseau turned the head of many a generous youth, for already indefinite desires, half-instinctive movements toward an impending

change, were hurrying the world to the brink of a new era. Leslie Stephen has emphasized the underlying affinity that exists between Rousseau and Cowper, singularly uniting two men opposed at almost every point; there is a similar affinity between Rousseau and Day, apparent in spite of innumerable elements of difference, for, with all his errors, Rousseau marshaled the makers of history in the way they were already going, and back of him and of them was the pressure of the same force.

The third of the important influences on Day's life, the friendship with Edgeworth, dates from about the close of Day's stay at Oxford. In the brilliant, versatile, and impressionable young Irishman, Day found one who was in many respects a kindred spirit. Both men were keenly alive to new ideas; both were enthusiastic disciples of Rousseau; but it was Edgeworth who first attempted to apply the great Frenchman's theories of education; Edgeworth who first wrote stories for children; Edgeworth to whose example and suggestion we owe Sandford and Merton. About the time the acquaintance began, Edgeworth, fascinated by the charm and eloquence of *Émile*, resolved to bring up his son according to Rousseau's system; and assuming the result of the experiment to be fairly stated, it must have confirmed Day's belief in the methods employed. According to his father, the boy acquired under this training "all the virtues of a child bred in the hut of a savage, and all the knowledge of *things* which could be acquired at an early age by a boy bred in civilized society." He grew, moreover, "fearless of danger, and . . . capable of bearing privations of every sort." We cannot avoid seeing in such a character the embodiment of that ideal of manliness which the author of Sandford and Merton loved to depict. To gain all that is admirable in the freedom and hardiness of a natural life, and yet lose none of the advantages of civilization,

this was the goal — the *mirage* if you will — that both friends sought.

But Edgeworth did more than encourage Day in his admiration for Rousseau. Through Edgeworth, Day entered the charmed circle of the Muses at Lichfield, over which that portly Apollo, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, presided. One is tempted to linger over this chapter of Day's life, for surely none of the great English novelists, not even the chroniclers of Cranford, Barchester, Carlingford, or Middlemarch, has created a provincial society so fascinating and so extraordinary as that which then actually flirted and poetized, talked sentiment, gossip, and philosophy, under the shadow of Lichfield Cathedral. There was the beautiful Miss Eleanora Sneyd, for whom Major André felt an unrequited and "inextinguishable passion;" there was James Kier, the chemist, Day's friend and future biographer; James Watt, "the celebrated improver of the steam engine;" above all there was as corypheus Dr. Darwin himself, the heavy-footed and corpulent minstrel of *The Loves of the Plants*, who — in the characteristic words of Miss Seward — had bound himself with the wisdom of Ulysses for twenty years to "the medical mast," that he might not follow "those delusive sirens the Muses," but who at last permitted himself "to entwine the Parnassian laurel with the balm of Pharmacy." And there not the least was Miss Anna Seward herself, "the Swan of Lichfield," effervescing with sentiment even in her prose, a masterpiece who in her own person surpasses the most striking creations of fiction.

It is with this "Darwinian sphere" of Lichfield, as Miss Seward calls it, that Day's memory has come to be chiefly associated. Here many of his warmest friendships were formed; here, having taken a cottage "in the little green valley of the Stow," he tested by actual experiment the efficacy of Rousseau's ideas of education, as Edgeworth had done before him. The story has

been charmingly told elsewhere, and need only be alluded to here for the light it throws on one side of Day's character. A born idealist, he confidently expected to find a beautiful being who, for his sake, would gladly resign all the luxuries and vanities of the world, and live with him in some rose-embowered cottage a life of antique simplicity and self-denying benevolence. He held fast the loftiest ideal of womanhood in an age of coarse manners and low morals; he longed for a woman's love and sympathy, and yet disdained to conform to the ordinary requirements of society, or to use any of those aids of dress or manner by which men sought to make themselves acceptable. For a time he thought that he had found his ideal in Edgeworth's sister, but Philosophy and Fashion were soon parted by a mutual incompatibility. After this disappointment Day resolved to make his ideal woman for himself. He accordingly adopted two foundlings, girls of eleven and twelve, and brought them up according to Rousseau. He strove to teach them to endure pain "with the fortitude of a Spartan virgin;" to keep a secret; to live simply and think nobly; to despise dress and love philosophy. One of them soon gave way under the trial, and Day, with an exquisite recognition of the irony of things, apprenticed her to a milliner; the other was brought to Lichfield. Day had called her Sabrina Sidney, after the nymph of the Severn and the republican patriot, but apparently (although she was an excellent girl) he could not exalt her to the high level of her name.

It cannot be denied that in this farcical affair, Day showed all the generous weakness of the idealist; that he is here a veritable Don Quixote, obscuring the hard facts of life in the hues of romance. Yet even this story is not merely ludicrous. Day's conduct throughout was scrupulously honorable, testifying to his lofty purity as well as to the impractical and visionary side of his char-

acter. After all, his only errors were noble ones: a too exalted opinion of average human nature, and a belief, natural to inexperience, that education, like the Great Elixir, has a magical power of converting dross into fine gold.

Unfortunately for Day's fame, the irresistible humor of this episode has forced it into a prominence which its real importance does not justify. Day was but twenty-two or twenty-three years old at this time, yet this piece of youthful folly has been dwelt upon almost to the exclusion of the really notable things in his career. The result of this false perspective has been an unintentional but regrettable injustice. We have been content to see him as he appeared to his contemporaries, forgetting that they neither understood his ideals nor saw his life in its true proportion. Accepting this traditional view without question, a recent English critic describes Day as "a perfect type of the mad Englishman with whom foreign caricatures have familiarized us." A little later he calls him "a philanthropist of the most bigoted sincerity." Now what are the facts? It must be admitted that Day's manners were unconventional; that he neglected to brush his hair; that his dress did not always combine neatness with simplicity. He could not learn to dance; he disapproved of powdered wigs; so far the indictment must be sustained. But those who remember these things should remember further that on nearly every great issue of his day this "mad Englishman" was saner than almost any other man of his generation. It was his distinction to differ from the average man on these great issues; and he has paid the penalty even to our own day; nevertheless, he was right, and the average man was wrong.

The first of these great questions was the slave-trade. Judged solely as a contribution to poetical literature, Day's first published work, *The Dying Negro*,

has but little claim to be remembered. But while it may justify us in forgetting Day the poet, it should compel us to honor Day the philanthropist. By its theme and its intention, it lifts its author to a plane with Thomson, Shensstone, Dyer, Cowper, and with those others who quickened the conscience of England, and prepared a way for Clarkson and Wilberforce.

The second great cause in which Day interested himself was the reform of Parliament. In a speech on this subject at Cambridge in 1780, he denounced the existing system of representation as a "mockery," and passionately pleaded for reform. This was about two years before Pitt made his unsuccessful attempt in the House of Commons to accomplish the same end, and more than half a century before the passage of the Reform Bill.

The third great cause which found a champion in Day was the cause of the American colonists. Day supported the colonies from the first in both prose and verse. In a pamphlet on *The Present State of England and the Independence of America* (which ran through four editions in little more than a year) he strongly urged that the independence of America should be acknowledged and the war brought to a close.

These are three of the great causes for which this "mad Englishman" labored. In the first he stands with Clarkson and Wilberforce; in the second with William Pitt and Lord John Russell; in the third with Burke and Chatham. This is surely a remarkable record for any one man; it is all the more remarkable when we reflect that the relation which Day occupies to these great leaders is often rather that of a pioneer than a follower. Day is of course an insignificant figure beside the great men with whom these historic issues are associated; but we are not now considering the amount of ability he brought to their support. We are going to the facts to find whether he was indeed the

"mad Englishman" of caricature, and we find that on these three great questions at least, he was more than ordinarily sane.

The truth is that our opinion of Day will largely depend upon what we consider important and what we may regard as trivial. We may assign a high place to an enlightened patriotism and a clear judgment in the vexed questions of the state; or, like M. Jourdain's dancing-master, we may think that the art of dancing is of all things the most necessary to men. The contemporary misconception of Day, which we have inherited, was due in part to his "passion for reforming the world;" it was due, most of all, to the fact that his life was lived according to principles which those about him could not understand. In a bewigged and powdered generation, coarse in thought and action, yet formal in manner and phrase, he chose to live simply and nobly. Having money, he yet worked with his own hands. He disliked and shunned towns; he believed that it was good for every man to earn his own bread. He had in him a touch of the visionary, yet those who call him a dreamer should add that his dreams have come true. America is independent; the slave-trade abolished; Parliament reformed. His ideal of a simpler life, if not yet realized, has been the hope and inspiration of Cowper, Wordsworth, Ruskin, and many of the noblest spirits of modern times. Even that other youthful dream, which seemed to Edgeworth the height of folly and presumption, even that came true. A woman of wealth, position, unusual abilities, and a wide knowledge of literature, turned away from twenty suitors to live Day's ideal life of simplicity and benevolence with this uncouth and dogmatic philosopher. Finally the facts show that this man, who has been sneered at as a philanthropist of "bigoted sincerity," anticipated at last the methods of modern scientific charity. Toward the close of his short life he

wrote to Edgeworth: "The result of all my speculations about humanity is, that the only way of benefiting mankind is to give them employment, and make them *earn* their money." Day's last years were spent in an effort to apply this theory. He took a farm in Surrey; here he lived simply, tilling the ground, thinking high thoughts, conversing on high themes, striving, above all, to be a brother to all men. He gave work to those out of employment, welcomed "common farmers" to his table, and chatted with the laborer in the fields; he fed the hungry; clothed the naked; gave medicine to the sick, and comfort to those who were in trouble. Here again our opinion of Day depends upon our sense of relative values. Some have ridiculed him because his farm did not pay; they mean by this that he lost money through his manner of conducting it. This is perfectly true.

I have not attempted to consider Day's work as a man of letters. He was before all a patriot and a social reformer; he did not aim at literary distinction for its own sake, but looked upon all that he wrote as merely a means to an end. He was often a vigorous and effective writer, but the men who, like Burke, can contribute at the same time both to political controversy and to literature are indeed few, and Day is not among them. Among that early group of writers for children to which Mrs. Barbauld and Hannah More belonged, Day is probably second to Maria Edgeworth alone; and it is but just that his reputation as a writer should rest chiefly on Sandford and Merton and the History of Little Jack. But I have tried to show that Day's chief claim on our grateful remembrance is not as a man of letters at all, but as a man whose life and aims and labors have a significance commonly overlooked, a man whose share in the spiritual emancipation of England was doubtless far greater than we can now determine.

It is more than a century since Day,

Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth saw visions and dreamed dreams. Since then Democracy, whose approach they heralded, has had its chance to transform the world. What has it done for us? Do we really believe in it any longer? Does not the enthusiasm of a man like Day seem unreal and fantastic, even to us who live in a nation originally set apart to proclaim and exemplify his principles? After a century, have we gained confidence in the rule of majorities; have we developed the antique virtues of a Cincinnatus, a

Cato, or an Epictetus; have we come to despise the world's shibboleths of rank and fashion, and grown in the power to live simply, work honestly, and think nobly? Above all, have we realized that the fact of a common humanity dwarfs or wipes out all lesser or adventitious distinctions? Has Democracy failed? Was it after all but a quack panacea, impotent to heal the chronic and deep-seated diseases of mankind,—or have we failed, have we indeed held the *elixir vite* in our hands, and then, like willful children, thrown it away?

Henry S. Pancoast.

SUMMONS.

I FEEL it call me as no human voices

Have ever done:—the music deep and strong,
Born of the forest when the wind rejoices
With tumult of forgotten, ancient song.

Naught draws me like the smell of the marsh places
In the hot noontide, in the quivering noon,
When sunlight overflows the blue air spaces,
And motion fails into a magic swoon.

My spirit sweeps aloft with the great mountains
And finds in mighty storms a mystic calm.
I know the song sung by the hidden fountains,
I long for the deep valley's scented balm.

Deserts grown gray beneath the sun's long shining,
Creating loneliness from morn to morn.
Forgotten paths through dim, lush meadows twining;
Shores where the Sea forever moves forlorn.

Earth voices, sun and moon and shadow, calling;
Growth of the Spring and Summer's dreaming peace;
Tempest and evening hush and soft snow falling—
Immortal voices! never will ye cease

To lead me by strange ways, half-comprehending—
Oh, half-rememb'ring what I do not know!
Beyond all Life and Beauty that hath ending
Unto that Mystery, whence yourselves ye flow.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

XXIV.

MR. HEALD had chosen the Carleton as a place of residence because he objected to the inhospitable atmosphere of the apartment house whose entrance is distinguished by a self-acting elevator and a pneumatic tube. The Carleton possessed a generous hall with an obliging clerk behind its desk and a boy in buttons at the elevator. There was also a newspaper and flower stand in the corner, a quiet billiard-room and bar adjacent, and, beside the ticker, a mahogany inclosure, in which a young woman with a rose in her hair attended to telephone calls. Of most of these adjuncts Mr. Heald made no use, but he liked to have them around. He liked the greeting which awaited him when he entered the Carleton door. He liked the smile of the telephone girl and the bit of color in her hair. He liked the "Good-day, Mr. Heald," from behind the desk, the folded paper when he came down to breakfast, and the extra energy born of hope in the legs of the bell-boy. All these indicated appreciation of his fees rather than of himself, but they imparted a home atmosphere to the place, and gave him a sense of proprietorship. They were his "comforts of home."

He responded to none of these signs of affection, however, on returning from his interview with Jack. This was no unusual occurrence. He paid for civility in cash, and would certainly have lost consideration had he paid only in kind.

The clerk handed him some letters as he came in, and said that a gentleman had called twice that afternoon, leaving no name, and received a nod in reply. Going up to his room Mr. Heald threw open the window, and without even taking off his hat sat down before

it, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown back, plunged in thought. The roar of the street came in from the window with the winter fog. It was a dark, dismal afternoon, and the lights of the city were beginning to tinge the heavy overhanging mist with a dull red glare. The events of the day filed before him as gloomy as the drifting fog. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would have succeeded. It was sheer hard luck, coupled with his own sentimental folly. Why could n't he keep to business principles? He ought to have sent Mrs. Kensett a check for five hundred dollars and interest, with a fitting acknowledgment of her husband's loan. Instead of which he had chosen to pose in the rôle of benefactor, with the result that just at the turning of the tide Temple sent his damned expert to Arizona. It was always the way, — the incredible, the unexpected, the little stray fox that ate the vines.

Of the future he refused to think. What was the good of figuring up assets? It all depended on Temple. If he set a decently fair price on the stock he was all right. If he was bound to exact the pound of flesh he was ruined. There was nothing to be gained by worrying over that now. He preferred to think of Mabel. He had made a fool of himself there too. The bitter kernel in these reflections was that though he had himself only to blame, the effects were out of all proportion to the causes. His transaction with Mrs. Kensett was founded on a generous impulse, and it was hounding him now like a cur! There were no words to express the folly of his entanglement with Helen, but he had really loved Mabel all the time! Perhaps he had not known it. He knew it now. He might have been a little more civil to her father in parting; he had nearly lost his temper —

Then he was conscious that some one was in the room. In the noise from the street he had not heard the door open, and he turned expecting to see his man. Instead he saw a slight figure standing in the middle of the floor, a white, haggard face, and a hand with something in it. In the failing light he could not distinguish what the hand held, but he recognized the boyish face of the day before, and knew instantly what was coming.

Simultaneously with the words "Take that, damn you!" came a flash and a stinging sensation which was not pain, but which brought an "Ah!" from his lips. Then he sprang forward and wrenched the smoking weapon from his assailant's grasp.

He could have thrown the boy out of the window, but there was no need to do that. The desperate hate which had supplied the courage died with the act.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Heald?"

The voice was the voice of a man bordering on collapse.

"I have n't you to thank if I am not! What the devil?"

"You've ruined me" — the words ended in a hoarse whisper, and the eyes tried in vain to get away from the dripping hand.

Mr. Heald did not do what he thought he would have done under the circumstances.

"Pick up your hat," he said.

The boy obeyed tremblingly.

"How much have you lost?" There was no answer, and the question was repeated angrily. "Do you want me to give you a dose of your own medicine? If you don't, do as I tell you. Open that drawer. Now bring that check-book here." He sat down at the desk by the window and took a pen in his unwounded hand. "Spread it open — that's it. Now, will five thousand dollars make you whole? will *ten*? Why did n't you say so at once," he said, leaning on the open book and filling out

the check. "You can fill in the name yourself. Now mind what I say. You get out of here quietly and cash that check the first thing in the morning, — and mind you don't come sneaking around here to find out if I'm alive. If you do, I'll have you arrested for murder — see? Leave your toy here," — his visitor made an effort to speak, — "and clear out, *quick*," continued Mr. Heald; "I'm going to ring the bell and tell the doctor what an awkward hand I am with pistols. It's lucky for you the door was shut and the window open. Brace up now," he said, pushing the trembling figure before him with his steady gaze and following him up to the door.

He watched him down the corridor till he disappeared on the stairs, then closing the door went into his bedroom and rang the bell.

A few moments later he was explaining to the doctor how the accident happened. Fortunately he had shielded himself with his left hand, and his explanation was fairly plausible.

"I don't quite see, Mr. Heald, how" — the doctor was saying as he fastened the bandage after dressing the wound, when there was a knock at the door and a policeman entered, followed by the clerk.

"He's given himself up, sir. The Inspector 'll be here in a minute."

The doctor looked at his patient and smiled.

"The damned idiot!" said Mr. Heald. "I thought he was only crazy, but he's a fool."

It was thus that the evening "Extras" contained a full account of the attempted murder of the well-known Wall Street operator, Mr. Reginald Heald, said to be a heavy loser by the recent fall in Argonaut shares, with lurid details of an imaginary character and as much of the hitherto unpublished family history of the interested parties as could readily be supplied at such short notice.

XXV.

Mrs. Frazer was greatly relieved to see Mabel come down to breakfast, the morning after their midnight conversation, with all the evidences of a refreshing sleep and a tranquil mind. She had enjoyed neither herself, and had surprised Dolly by marching into the breakfast-room with the assurance of an habitual early riser. Dolly's second surprise came in the form of a kiss from Mabel, who was as usual the last to appear, and who, after stopping at Margaret's chair to say good-morning, stooped to touch her lips to Dolly's hair on her way to the vacant place beside Mrs. Frazer, — a place which the latter had managed to reserve for her. She had a way of coming into a room as the sun comes into the world, with a word and smile of general greeting, which each could accept as a personal communication. She seemed aware of the relief and approval depicted on Mrs. Frazer's face, and still further increased that lady's satisfaction by announcing that she was desperately hungry, adding in a low tone that she had been very silly the night before. Then she proposed to Margaret that they should ride over to the farm to see how the patient was getting on.

She came down in her riding-habit after breakfast was over, and went out to the stables with Margaret in seemingly high spirits. She won the respect of the groom by disdaining the chair which he brought and springing lightly from his hand to her seat. Margaret agreed with her that they needed no one to accompany them.

It was a beautiful day; the snow was melting in the warm sun, and there were people on the piazza as they rode down the avenue. Mabel waved her whip to them as she disappeared under the trees.

"Do you like people?" she asked Margaret.

"Why yes, some people," said Margaret; "don't you?"

"I mean *most* people, the people like the blocks of houses in New York, with eyes and noses like the doors and windows, — the people that only have numbers to distinguish them."

Margaret laughed. "Perhaps it is well we do not all like the same ones," she said.

"Shall we have a gallop? Come!" cried Mabel.

But the snow was softening, and they reined in their horses before reaching the wood.

"I love to ride," said Mabel, patting her horse's neck; "I feel so free. People tie you hand and foot. I should like to ride on and on and on, — and never come back. We have lived so long in cages, though, I suppose we should tire even of freedom. Do we turn in here?"

They rode on side by side down the lane so dear to Margaret, where she had lost her lonely liberty for a sweeter bondage. The doctor's sleigh was at the door, and the blanketed mare whinnied at their approach. Mr. Pearson came out at once, and called to Jim to take the horses. But Mabel refused to dismount.

"How is he?" she asked.

"Waal," said Mr. Pearson, "he's doin' well enough. I reckon he won't chop no more trees. Trampin' round the country won't be no easy job neither."

The doctor appeared in his shaggy fur coat, and confirmed Mr. Pearson's statements.

"I was thinking we might get up a subscription for a wooden leg," he said to Margaret.

Margaret promised to speak to Mrs. Kensett about it, and asked if there was anything needed.

While she was speaking Mrs. Pearson came to the door, bareheaded, in a checked apron, and after exchanging a word with Margaret stared at Mabel as

if she had a load upon her mind which must be relieved.

"Be you the young lady what helped the doctor? My! You don't look like you'd hurt a fly. Won't you come in? He'd be dreadful glad to see you."

"You go," said Mabel to Margaret.

Margaret did not wish to, but yielded, thinking it would give pleasure.

"What would a leg cost?" asked Mabel of the doctor, who was turning his sleigh with Mr. Pearson's help. He told her what he thought the expense would be.

"Order him one," she said, as if she were ordering a box of her favorite chocolates at Maillard's. "I will see it is paid for."

When Margaret rejoined her she proposed they should return through the village.

"It's nice not to have some one tagging at your heels," she said, as they cantered up the lane to the main road.

"I thought you would be just the person to insist upon a groom."

"Did you? One has to in town. Do you know all these people? Every one we meet bows to you."

"Not all. But they all know me."

"I might live here a hundred years and not know one of them."

"You know the Pearsons and one tramp already."

"So I do," laughed Mabel. "I wonder if they really enjoy life, puttering about on their farms."

"It's much less tiresome than some of the puttering about we have to do in society."

"Oh, of course. But the life is so narrow, their interests so small. Still, I presume their babies and new dresses are of as much importance to them as ours are to us. Helen, you know, is my baby," she added.

"I like Miss Gaunt very much," said Margaret warmly.

"So do I. We all have a tender feeling for people that cannot walk alone."

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"She seems to be making her own way in life."

"I wonder if she could," said Mabel meditatively, "if all the props were knocked away."

Margaret thought the remark a strange one, and, not understanding it, made no reply. She could not make out whether she liked Mabel or not. She could not refuse her a kind of admiration, but when ready to give more Mabel's indifference chilled her. The moment she won a little affection she seemed to throw it deliberately away.

They rode home almost in silence. Mabel's spirits had flagged perceptibly. At the gate they met Dorothy on her pony and a groom, who told them that every one had gone up to the sugar camp for luncheon, and that Mrs. Kensett had said that they were to join her there. She had left word to this effect in case they failed to meet on the way. Mabel made the excuse of letters to write and declined to go. Margaret knew the rule of the house, that one was to do as one pleased, and after a little polite insistence rode off with Dorothy. Ever since her mother's remark that she saw nothing of what was going on about her she had endeavored to cultivate her powers of observation, with the result that she did not know whether it was observation or imagination that was at work. She concluded in this case that it was imagination. She had her own secret happiness and was not disposed to see trouble, and Dorothy's gleeful mood matched her own better than Mabel's did.

The latter had luncheon alone with Mrs. Frazer, whom she won anew by evincing great interest in solitaire and by extreme amiability toward Professor Fisher, who made a long call with his sister in the afternoon.

Helen had resolved to have her explanation with Mabel that morning. She went directly to Mabel's room after dressing, relying upon Mabel's late hours; but the windows were wide open,

and Marie, who was struggling with the chaos of her mistress's toilet, said she had gone down. She was not at the breakfast-table, but came in later from the piazza where Helen had certainly never dreamed of looking for her at that hour. After breakfast she had ridden off with Margaret to the farm, and did not put in an appearance at the sugar camp at all. There were the quiet hours after tea when every one was resting before dressing for dinner, and upon these Helen counted. When tea was brought to her room she said she would take hers with Miss Temple, and followed the servant with the tray to Mabel's door.

Mabel was holding a reception. There were three or four girls with her, including Constance, and the furniture was strewn with costumes for the evening's charades. Constance was pinning the drapery of the Foolish Virgin when Helen came in.

"You are a perfect genius, Constance," Mabel was saying. "You ought to be a dressmaker."

"I will if you will be my model," said Constance, who was kneeling beside her before the pier-glass; "everything fits on you."

"What do you think, Helen?" asked Mabel, looking at herself in the mirror; "will that do? I *must* convert the Bishop." She wore a gold band about her forehead, clasped under her hair, and had pressed a plain, old-fashioned bracelet of Mrs. Frazer's into service as an armlet. "Just enough jewelry to show my folly," she said. Constance, still kneeling, surveyed her work critically.

"You will make the wisest Wise Virgin imaginable," said Mabel, looking down upon her. "You are a perfect image of prudence and demureness. You must not look too sweet to-night or I shall kiss you. I should lose my case with the Bishop."

Constance laughed, and the time slipped by in discussion and chatter

which grated on Helen's nerves. When the clock struck seven there was a hurried gathering up of costumes and accessories, a quarter of an hour of last words and suggestions, and then Mabel rang the bell for Marie.

"I want to speak to you," began Helen, who had lingered behind.

"Well — speak," said Mabel, ringing the bell again impatiently.

"Will you let Marie wait a few minutes, Mabel? There is time enough."

Mabel turned.

"Do you mean you have something — particular — to say?"

"Yes."

"Can't you wait till to-morrow? You know I am the Foolish Virgin to-night. You could n't get a drop of wisdom out of me."

Helen summoned up all her resolution.

"I am not going to be treated in this way. I don't know what I have done, but if I cannot have either your love or your courtesy you cannot have my society."

She had gone too far. She had intended to soothe, not aggravate. Indignation at what she considered Mabel's flippancy had carried her away.

Mabel looked at her in astonishment. "It has got to come," she thought. But she was not ready. Would she ever be ready?

"Cannot you wait till to-morrow?" — herself waiting for the sound of Marie's footsteps. "We will have our breakfast here together. It will be quiet, and there will be plenty of time, — there's hardly enough to dress now. I have something to say to you too."

She saw instantly the effect produced by this last declaration, and in this she was not mistaken. Helen had expected one of Mabel's sudden alternations of mood, — an explanation, she hardly knew in what form, — ending in reconciliation. She had resolved it should not be too easy, and had had a vision of a penitent Mabel, confessing that she

was too old and too reasonable to act like a petulant child. The Mabel she saw was calmer and more in earnest than she was herself, and her quiet announcement that she also had something to say frightened her. Her father used to send for her as a little girl with the same message of mysterious import, and she felt now as she did then when she went trembling to his door wondering what that awful "something" could be.

"How many times must I ring, Marie, before you deign to answer the bell?"

Marie had run all the way upstairs, but knew the laws of mechanics too well to attempt the repression of escaping steam. Experience had taught her that a fit of generosity generally followed an explosion of this sort, and that meekness was better than explanations. She had also observed the signs of an unusual storm, and had the wit to see that her insignificant self was not the cause of it. She therefore closed the door softly after Helen and went about her duties in silence.

The evening's entertainment was a great success. There was an amusing French monologue by the attaché, with charades and tableaux, the audience being increased by a large delegation from Lemington. Paul came up from New York by the last train, and entered just as Margaret sat down before the piano at Mabel's request for an impromptu closing dance, — the Virginia reel. Mabel caught the secret glance of intelligence which passed between Paul and Margaret and interpreted it correctly. She was in her best mood, sensitive as the most delicate instrument in a physical laboratory to everything about her; but the Bishop touched the wrong chord when, bidding her good-night, he said, with a playful smile and admonishing shake of the head, "You made sin very attractive."

She blazed up at once.

"There is n't enough blood in my veins for two," she replied, "but I

would give the last drop — for one I loved." The sentence began in deadly earnest, and ended in such an uncertain mixture of seriousness and mockery that the Bishop could not choose between them.

After a function of any description Mrs. Frazer liked to talk things over, and with Paul and Margaret was waiting for Dolly to finish her last words with her scattering guests, when Mabel joined them as though she were one of the family and privileged to remain.

"Did you see Mr. Heald to-day?" asked Dolly, coming up. "He said he would write."

Helen was saying good-night, but the question made her linger, ostensibly for Mabel, as was natural.

"Yes," said Paul. "I met him by chance down town."

"When is he coming back?"

"I don't think he will come back at all."

Helen listened intently.

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Frazer, "I cannot tolerate him."

"Why Laurinda!" said Dolly reproachfully; "you should not speak so of my guests."

"You need not defend him," interposed Mabel. "I am responsible for him. I asked you to invite him."

"He needs no defense here," said Dolly, with dignity. "Mrs. Frazer does not mean what she says."

"I should be willing to put my opinion to vote," persisted Mrs. Frazer.

Paul set his foot on the threatening blaze by saying that the weather in New York was detestable, and that he was glad to get back from fog to sunshine. Then Helen withdrew and was presently followed by Mabel, and Paul had at last the opportunity to tell his news.

"No one knows," he said in finishing, "what Jack has made out of this, — millions, perhaps. As for Heald, Mrs. Frazer, I rather agreed with you this morning. But he's not such a bad

fellow after all. He 's in luck to have Jack Temple instead of you to deal with at any rate."

He did not feel at liberty to relate his conversation with Mr. Heald, but to Margaret, after the others were gone, he told the whole story.

Helen went to her room with bitterness in her heart. *He was not coming back at all.* And he had not said or written a single word.

In the happiness of his first approaches she had felt that new joy of being sought for, which came into her lonely life, telling her that it had been lonelier than she knew, lifting her out of nothingness into the consciousness that she was worth seeking. Happiness had almost passed her by. It were a thousand times better it had never found her if it were to forsake her now. She tried hard not to doubt it, to silence her misgivings, but she kept stealing back to it in thought, as a mother steals to the cradle of her sick child to search its face for reassuring signs, and when she went to bed she held it in the shelter of her arms.

Was it doomed to die? What, after all, had he said or done? He did not love Mabel, — that he had said. And Mabel had said she would be delighted if he asked her — Helen — to marry him. At the time this had given her unfeigned happiness. It gave her none now. He had not asked her. The thought that Mabel should ever know that choked her. Why had she allowed Mabel to get even a glimpse of her heart so soon? And why had she trifled with fortune when it looked her way? Because she was not sure of herself, because it was so sudden, because the infinite greatness of Love when she looked into its face frightened her, and, worst of all, because she was not sure of him. No one seemed to like him thoroughly. Would that make any difference if she really loved him? She remembered one of her school friends who had been years making up her mind, who declared she

never had made it up herself, that it had been made up for her when her lover caught her in his arms. All became clear then, and the marriage had been a very happy one. Was that the story of all women? It was not the picture she had drawn. It was the right and glory of a woman to love as wholly, as consciously, as the man who wooed her. Why then had she run away that day in the picture-gallery? She had told him she hated him. She tried to feel that had been a grievous fault. Why had she said so? It was not true. Why had she put him off afterwards? Every barrier between them she had set up herself. Yet in the depth of her heart she knew all this was miserable subterfuge. If he really loved her he would have broken every barrier down. She had wanted nothing less than to feel the arms about her, even when she turned her back and walked away. And they had not come.

A hundred times before she fell asleep she was on the point of lighting her candle and writing him a letter. She wrote it and re-wrote it in thought, always the same, a single word: Come. But he had left her without a word, without a sign a waiting woman might read; and as she went over and over all that had passed between them since their meeting in the Academy, the foolish raillery which had been so sweet in the anticipation of what was to come seemed foolish indeed, and her poor little romance grew more and more threadbare and insincere.

The truth was, and she knew it, she was afraid — afraid of him. She was willing to be a little afraid of the man she loved, but her fear was the fear of mistrust, — a fatal fear for love. Perhaps it was not love of him, but of independence; the longing to escape from the single-handed struggle with the world and the dread of falling back from ease and luxury into the little miseries of life. How willingly she would have undergone the supreme test, the

embrace of the loving arms that should wake her out of this nightmare of doubt with their final Yes or No.

Then, not knowing whether she had been dreaming or asleep, she heard a voice calling: —

“Helen, Helen, are you awake?”

XXVI.

There was a portion of the daily mail of Cedar Hill which did not commonly penetrate beyond the precincts of the servants’ dining-room, for which Dolly had generously provided a sum devoted to the gratification of its literary tastes. It consisted chiefly of publications given up to the record of social events, descriptions of the mode of life and manner of dressing of sovereigns and other distinguished personages, rules for correct behavior in polite society, reproductions of the physical attractions of the stage, and advice suited to a variety of delicate or difficult situations in life.

On this particular morning, however, interest in these things was overshadowed by the lurid account in an evening paper of the tragedy at the Carleton. It was not an altogether correct version. Had it been so it would have failed of its mission, which was, incidentally, to produce the greatest possible effect upon the appetite for news, and thus, ultimately, upon the office receipts. The butler read it aloud in solemn tones to an awestruck audience before the house was astir, and Marie had placed it on the tray with other less interesting mail matter to await the signal for which, for once in her life, she impatiently listened. To her relief it came earlier than usual.

“Something dreadful’s happened, Miss Mabel,” she said, while yet feeling her way to the table in the darkened room. “They’ve shot Mr. Heald.”

Mabel sat up in bed, scarcely comprehending what she heard.

When she fell asleep she was as far

as ever from being ready. She had slept soundly, without a dream, as men will on the eve of execution, and had waked suddenly, every sense wide open, as far from being ready as when she dropped into her leaden sleep. She had had moments of self-delusion, as men will have who are doomed to die, when she could almost persuade herself that it was all a nightmare, that Helen had really nothing important to say, and that when she rang her bell Marie would come and open the shutters to the light and happiness of her old, every-day life. Then she fell back into the darkness of reality, groping feverishly for the door which she could not find, lying very still the while, as a man bound fast hand and foot must lie, though he wrestles in mind with the suffocation and oppression of his helplessness. Then, as men will do who must move forward into the unknown whether they wish to or not, she rang the bell in sheer exhaustion — to end it all.

“They’ve shot Mr. Heald!” It was not the door she had been groping for. It was the unexpected, undreamed of door. Marie’s announcement was a lightning flash, but its import came slowly, gathering force little by little, as the following thunder does.

“Open the blinds, Marie,” — she said it from force of habit, — “and put the tray here, on the bed. Now you may go.” She saw the paper, but she would not touch it till she was alone. “Is Helen awake?”

Marie said no one was up yet. It was only seven o’clock. Should she get the bath ready?

“No.”

It was the no of dismissal, and Marie reluctantly withdrew.

“Awful tragedy at the Carleton. Mr. Reginald Heald, the well-known Wall Street operator, assaulted by a victim of the Argonaut deal. Condition serious, but not desperate. The would-be assassin surrenders himself. Revenge said to be the motive. Suspi-

cious check found on his person. The mystery being probed by our special reporter," — and so it went on in leaded type for several columns.

The details were nothing to Mabel. There was only one fact for her, — this was the man she loved. And all the rights and privileges of love became instantly hers. There was no other love besides hers in the world. She got up, holding the paper tightly in her hand, slipped into her dressing-gown, and went to Helen's door: —

"Helen, Helen, are you awake?"

Without waiting for an answer she drew back the curtain from the window and let in the gray morning light.

"Is that you, Mabel? What is the matter?"

For answer Mabel put the paper into Helen's hand and sat down on the edge of the bed, possessed by one thought only, — this was the woman in the way. She had stood so long between the two impossibilities of self-effacement and self-assertion that any door, though it opened upon another agony, was a relief.

She watched Helen's face breathlessly. There was a scared look in her eyes. Was it possible they saw no opportunity? Were they blind, or dead? And instantly, out of the night in her heart, something, which was not yet hope, shone like a light glimmering far away in the darkness. It was all she could do to keep it out of sight, out of her own eyes, hidden, where it burned in the depth of her heart.

"Helen, Helen," she said, "do you love him enough to go to him?"

All her soul was in the question and all her fate in its answer.

"Helen, dear," she repeated, bending over the head buried in the pillow, and laying her hand on the shoulders shaken with sobs, "that is your place."

"My place," cried Helen, — her face was hidden from sight, — "oh no — no — it was never mine."

"Do you mean" — The words died on her lips.

"He never loved me — it was all a lie, a cruel lie" — the words came fast with her tears — "a cruel, cruel lie."

There was silence.

"And *you*?" It was almost a whisper.

Helen raised herself with a sudden energy. The question almost stopped the tears.

"I should hate him if he were not dying."

"He is not dying," said Mabel gently. Not all the newspapers in the world could make her believe that. She was growing calmer. The light in her heart burned stronger and steadier. But she made one more effort to put it out.

"Helen dear, Helen, you may be wrong. It would be terrible now — when he is in trouble — is there no pity, no forgiveness, in your heart?" She took the swaying figure to her breast and hid the light in her own eyes in Helen's hair.

"It might have been once — it is too late — it is dead — he has killed it — killed it! Oh, why was it ever born!" She held her stricken Love in her arms as a mother holds her dead child.

"But Helen, nothing is too late for love" — she was speaking wildly, but she went steadily on. "It costs nothing to forgive the man you love — it's joy" —

Helen freed herself from the encircling arms and looked into Mabel's eyes. Her own were dry now.

"Do you mean you would throw yourself into the arms of a man who had mocked you — insulted you?"

"Yes."

"Who had — I don't know what he has done — but who has done enough to drive his victim to murder?"

"Yes."

"Mabel, you love him."

"I refused him — once."

"And now?"

"If you do not go to him, I shall."

"Does he love you?"

"Yes."

"He has told you so — again?"

"Yes."

"Here, since we came?" The last poor remnant of her romance was shriveling up like a bit of paper in the flames.

"Yes, I refused him again."

"For my sake?"

"No, for my own."

"Then he has always loved you," she said slowly.

"I do not ask," said Mabel in a low voice. She was thinking of what might have happened if she had never invited him to Cedar Hill, or warned him in the train not to play with Helen.

"And you think I could love a man who played fast and loose with two women, who" —

"Take care, Helen!" But she repressed the rush of feeling and humbled herself again. "Remember, I have been loyal to him and to you."

"Go — go" — It was the cry of the heart that wants to be alone.

Mabel rose from the bedside and went slowly to the door. Her fingers were on the handle before she turned.

"If I go out of your room now — so," — her voice began to quiver, then steadied again, — "I go out of your life. Is that what you wish?"

Helen sprang from the bed and caught her in her arms.

"No, oh no! but go — go." And then the door was shut and Mabel was alone.

She knew it was better so, that she had no words of healing to give. Her mind was fixed already on other things. She went down the long hall resolutely till she came to Mrs. Frazer's door, knocked, and without waiting for an answer went in.

Mrs. Frazer was still in bed; her breakfast, untouched, was on the table beside her. The open paper which fell from her hand as Mabel entered explained why. One glance at her visi-

tor's white face was sufficient to tell her that the shot fired in New York had struck two.

"Will you do something for me?" said Mabel.

"What is it, dear?" said Mrs. Frazer, forgetting even that her wig was on the dressing-table.

"I want you to go to New York with me."

"To New York!" gasped Mrs. Frazer.

"There is a train at nine o'clock."

"But my dear child" —

"If you will not come with me I shall go alone."

Mrs. Frazer glanced at the clock ticking on the table. Questions were needless and expostulations vain — that was clear.

"I do not want to see any one. You can tell Mrs. Kensett," said Mabel.

"You realize that every one will know?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Frazer took one of the cold white hands and pressed it gently.

"Ring my bell," she said quietly.

"I will meet you on the piazza in half an hour."

"I shall be at the gate," said Mabel simply. Her gratitude was in her eyes.

Three quarters of an hour later they were driving through the morning mist to the Westford station.

There was one item in Mabel's account with Mrs. Frazer for services rendered which was never set down, and whose magnitude she never appreciated: the work accomplished in the half hour before they started for New York. "I did not dress," Mrs. Frazer used to say in relating the events of the day, "I was harnessed. I hope the Lord will forgive me for the things left undone. It worries me now to think of them. But dear me! nothing is important in itself, not even the getting on of one's wig straight."

She had sent for Dolly at once, and in such gaps as her toilet allowed had

explained the situation, and made some suggestions. They were suggestions in form, but in fact were decrees of law. Dolly was overpowered by the rush of events and the number of her instructions. She was to order the sleigh at once. She was to get from Paul the receipt Jack had signed for Mr. Heald, — it might prove useful. She was to say anything she pleased in explanation of Mabel's departure, — it did not matter much what she said, — and she was to accept the slightest intimation on the part of her guests that the house party should come to an end, — she was to intimate it herself if necessary. She was to see that Marie packed Mabel's trunks and went to New York that afternoon, — for Mabel, of course, could not return. Above all, she was to keep out of the way. In addition to all this she was constantly called upon to assist Mrs. Frazer's maid, a silent, middle-aged woman, incapable of doing in the half of one hour what had always required two. The purse was in the back corner of the upper drawer; the flask of whiskey was vaguely indicated as "somewhere in the closet;" there were her smelling salts, and handkerchief, and spectacles, — the lorgnette could not be found, being on the bed under the newspaper, — and at last Mrs. Frazer, wrapped in her cloak, marched down the stairs. As she got into the sleigh waiting for her she laid her hand impressively on Dolly's arm, and said: —

"To think that of all this we saw nothing!"

There was a slim figure in a dark gray dress at the gate. Not a word was said as they drove down the Westford road, except once when Mabel asked if there was plenty of time. The night express was an hour late. It was the long weary hour with which Fate sometimes mocks us, when the wheels of Time stand still at the wrong moment. Mrs. Frazer said it was the longest hour of her life. She looked up the track

to where it curved out of sight, as if looking would bring the belated train; and then they walked up and down, up and down the platform, white with the night's frost, till the cold drove them into the dismal room again and its close hot air drove them back into the cold. At last the welcome roar came down the valley, the mighty engine panted in, and the engineer in his cab, seeing a white face staring into his as he went by, thought of wife and children at home, and said to himself that if the signals showed a clear track he could make up half his lost time.

At the Grand Central Station Mabel led the way. Almost anything became her, but Mrs. Frazer thought she had never seen her so beautiful in spite of the paleness and dark-circled eyes — or so faultlessly dressed. And being a woman, she sighed and wished she was young.

The boy with the morning papers had passed through the car before they reached New York. Either Mabel had not seen him, or did not dare to. She sat still, her gaze fixed on the flying landscape, one hand fast in Mrs. Frazer's under her cloak, repeating to herself, "If the need came to me, would any barrier keep you away?"

"The Carleton," she said, as they got into the coupé.

Mrs. Frazer stood in no great awe of the proprieties. She had scoffed at the conventional all her life. Still, as the coupé rolled on, she began to think what was to be done. She concluded to cross no bridges till she came to them, and to do as far as possible what Mabel wished. They stopped at the ladies' entrance, and a hall-boy came to the carriage door as they drove up, looking, as all the rest of the world did, as if nothing had happened.

"Show us to Mr. Heald's room," said Mabel.

The boy's face betrayed immediate interest and hesitation.

"Do you hear what I say?" said

Mrs. Frazer, who had said nothing. "Show us to Mr. Heald's room."

"The doctor's up there," replied the boy confusedly.

"So much the better," said Mrs. Frazer tranquilly. She had taken command again.

"This is his parlor," said the boy after they had left the elevator and traversed the long hall. "Who shall I say?" —

Mrs. Frazer waved him aside and opened the door. The emergency doctor, summoned in haste the night before, seeing a woman enter so unceremoniously, jumped at the probable.

"Mrs. Heald, I presume," he said, advancing from the inner room.

"I am for the present," said Laurinda.

"He will be glad to see you, — I was not aware" — He was beginning to grasp the strangeness of the reply.

"Then I may go in?"

"Certainly. I am happy to say" —

Mrs. Frazer turned to Mabel. "Go, dear," she said softly.

Mabel's resolution had vanished. He was alive. She had heard the reassuring words. Her heart was beating so cruelly that she could not move.

"Go, dear, go."

Then she went in, and Mrs. Frazer closed the door behind her and shut out the world.

"It was an ugly wound," explained the doctor, "but nothing dangerous. A man does the right thing instinctively. He put out his hand. That probably saved his life, Mrs. Heald."

"I am not Mrs. Heald," said Laurinda sharply, "I am Mrs. Frazer." The doctor smiled discreetly. The smile irritated Mrs. Frazer, and she went on tartly. "The young lady" — she motioned to the closed door — "is Miss Temple."

"Yes, yes, I know her father."

"Very likely, Mr." —

"Drummond," said the doctor.

—"Mr. Drummond, and you will

know nothing of what I tell you till I authorize you. Have you a nurse here?"

"She is at breakfast, Mrs. Frazer."

"Very good, I will remain till she returns. Meanwhile will you have the kindness to send this card to Mr. John Temple of Gramercy Park. The coupé at the door is mine." She took a card from her chatelaine bag, wrote a few words in pencil, and inclosed it in an envelope from the desk by the window. "You have no directions to leave before you go?" she asked.

"None. You may count upon my discretion."

"There is no discretion needed," said Mrs. Frazer, unbending. "It is quite sufficient that I am dealing with a gentleman."

The doctor bowed and withdrew. Mrs. Frazer followed him to the door and rang the bell.

"Bring me some breakfast," she said to the waiter; "a bit of broiled steak and some coffee, and a baked apple, with cream. Is there a telephone in the house? Well — send for Mr. Temple's carriage — of Gramercy Park."

She was taking off her cloak and arranging her wig before the mirror above the fireplace when the door opened and shut, a pair of arms were flung about her neck, and a face sobbing with joy was on her breast.

"He wants to speak to you," said Mabel. "I must see papa at once."

"Now listen to me, child. Have you eaten anything this morning?"

"No."

"I thought not. You cannot subsist on air or happiness."

"But I must see papa at once. It is absolutely necessary."

"You will eat first. I have ordered something for you, and I have telephoned for your carriage. Here is the breakfast now. The carriage will be here before you have finished. It's not proper for you to be driving about alone in a cab."

"I cannot eat here," said Mabel. "What do you think papa will say?" She was excited, eager to go. "You think of everything. Oh, how good you have been to me!"

"I have n't the least idea what he will say," Mrs. Frazer said, moving toward the door. "I have known people to be very nasty under such circumstances. I left word with Marie to come down this afternoon. I shall get you home and return by the three o'clock train. Sit down now and eat your breakfast like a sensible girl." Then she went in.

Mr. Heald was sitting in a chair by the window, his bandaged arm in a sling.

"I want to thank you for your kindness to Mabel, Mrs. Frazer," he said, making an effort to rise.

She waved him back and sat down. "One does what one can with a runaway horse, Mr. Heald."

"She is a noble girl, — it is more than I deserve."

"I have heard that remark from men before," said Mrs. Frazer freezingly. "You seem to have succeeded in making her over; perhaps she may do the same for you. I shall take her to her father, and then wash my hands of the whole business."

Mr. Heald smiled. "You have been very good," he said, "but I have one more thing to ask of you. I have some business to settle with Mr. Temple of which I have said nothing to Mabel. If he would be so good as to come here before he sees his daughter, — do you think you could arrange that? I *must* see him before she does. It is a question of honor."

"I know all about it," said Laurinda, enjoying the stupefaction which spread over his face. "Mr. Graham has been made referee. He told me so last night."

"You seem to know everything, Mrs. Frazer."

"On the contrary," she replied grim-

ly; "so much has gone on under my eyes which I never suspected that I believe I am in my dotage."

"But I must see Mr. Temple," he repeated earnestly. "You would be the first to say so if you knew all."

"Why? Mr. Graham has his instructions from Mr. Temple. Would you like to look at them?" She took a paper from her bag and handed it to him.

He read it slowly, twice.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "I can't accept that, — it is impossible."

"You won't get any better terms out of John Temple," said Mrs. Frazer. "Moreover you are not in a position to exact them."

He passed his unwounded hand over his forehead in a dazed sort of way.

"Will you call Miss Temple, please."

Mrs. Frazer went to the door.

"Mercy!" she cried, "the child's gone!"

XXVII.

Jack was sitting at the head of the long table in the directors' room on the first floor when Mrs. Frazer's message was brought in from the office. The word *urgent* was a familiar superscription, generally indicating something of more importance to the writer than to the reader, and he twirled the envelope between his thumb and forefinger till the speaker, who was stating his views on the reorganization scheme before the Board, had finished; then, while talking with his nearest neighbor, he took up his heavy scissors and cut the edge. Mrs. Frazer's card fell out.

"Mabel is here. I have done what I could. You had best come and attend to the rest yourself."

It was not a very explicit message. It was not intended to be. It was hopeless to attempt an explanation on a visiting card, it was considerate not to excite undue alarm, yet it was imperative to excite enough to tear Mr. Temple away from less important business.

Jack's mind reviewed all the possibilities and settled upon illness as the most probable. Mabel was a nervous, high-strung girl, always well to be sure, but certainly not used to surgical operations. Something serious it must be to make her abandon a house party at Cedar Hill. Yet the tenor of the message as he re-read it did not exactly fit the illness theory, and there was no address. "Here" must mean home, he thought.

He asked permission to state his views on the question before the Board, expressed his approval of the plan submitted by the Committee, suggested an adjournment in case of any divergence of opinion, requested the Vice President to take the chair, and excused himself on the ground of an unexpected and pressing private call. He went upstairs with Mrs. Frazer's card in his hand, preoccupied and uneasy, less and less satisfied with his first conjecture. Mabel had never justified the anxiety with which he had watched her development. As he had said to the Bishop in all sincerity, she had been a good girl. She had often threatened to be what she never was and to do what she never did, and he remembered with satisfaction that she had always stopped short of precipices with a surprising display of prudence and sense of responsibility. Still, he would have felt less concern if he were dealing with a boy. He knew what boys might do, — but a woman!

He left word for Mr. Brown that he could not see him that afternoon about the superintendency of the Argonaut mine, and would arrange for an interview later. Then he glanced over a litter of papers and documents on his desk, closed the rolling top, and was putting on his coat when the door opened and shut quickly and a pair of arms were flung about his neck. It was a moment before he could disengage himself, a moment in which he realized that it was not illness, but the other thing — what-

ever that might be. No, she was not ill, she was ominously well.

"Mabel!" he said, half-suffocated, "what is it? What brings you back?"

She was sitting now, not in the visitor's chair, but in his own, radiant with everything foreign to "down town." He loved her, he was proud of her, — he could not help it.

"Take off your coat, papa. I have lots to tell you."

Jack hung up his coat and sat down in the visitor's chair.

"First — do you love me?" She was on his knees now, looking into his eyes.

He admitted that he did. "But what does this mean, Mabel?" he said, halfway between sternness and relentment.

"It means this, papa: I am going to be married." And then came the real surprise. Mabel, who was never silly or hysterical, burst into tears. "I want you to be pleased, papa," — and that was all she could say.

Jack's face had relaxed. So she wanted to be married! Was that all? He did not believe in interfering with affairs of the heart. He knew that when men try to dam the waters of love they are generally swept away. He kissed the tear-stained face and irretrievably committed himself to this view by saying he was pleased. At the same time with the relief came a disturbing sense of helplessness. His child was never so near or so dear to him, yet he was abdicating. Who was taking his place? He realized the enormous difference between theory and practice when Mabel first pronounced Mr. Heald's name. It was impossible to conceal the fact that this was not the man he would have chosen. Mabel could read that in his silence and in the shadow of disappointment on his face. But nothing daunts love at the flood.

"Papa dear, it had to be — I could not help it" — and then, between tears and kisses, she told him all she chose

to tell. He listened patiently, sympathetically, more helpless than ever before the confidence and serenity of love. She could not help it — nor he! It was all settled, fixed, consummated. She made that clear, not arrogantly, but with sweet conviction. It had to be! He was thinking meanwhile that after all the Argonaut mine was not likely to change hands.

"But Mabel," he said, at the first pause, "why should you come to New York in this way? Could you not wait — did not Mrs. Frazer?" —

"Papa dear, you must n't try to understand everything." She was quite calm now. "Can you explain every single thing you do?" Jack's thoughts went back into the past. No, he certainly could not do that. "Mrs. Frazer has been very good to me. I think I love her next to you." She looked up suddenly into his face. "I want you to do something for me — promise me you will — without asking what it is — will you, will you?"

"I suppose I must promise you anything to-day, Mabel."

"Would you go and thank her for me? She is to take the three o'clock train for Westford. She ought not to go alone, do you think so? Is there anything to prevent you from going with her? You might bring back Marie, you know, — and explain to Mrs. Kensett," — she paused, then added, "I would rather be alone to-day."

Jack took out his watch. "There is n't much time," he said.

"There is time enough, papa. You can telephone to the house and have your things sent to the train. You can't get back to-night, you know."

"You think it would gratify Mrs. Frazer?"

"It would gratify *me*, papa, to have your open approval — at once — with every one."

That seemed reasonable. His finger was on the bell and he was about to ring, when Mabel spoke.

"Wait a moment, papa; I have another reason. I have quarreled with Helen."

"Quarreled with Helen!" It was a day of surprises. He turned, waiting for her to explain. She had gone to the window, the window out of which he had so often looked away from care into another world, and was silently putting on her gloves. "I hope you are not to blame, Mabel."

"I am not solely to blame."

"Do you wish me to take her any message?"

"No."

He was completely at a loss to understand. "If you are to blame at all, Mabel, would n't that be better — before she comes back?"

"She will never come back."

"What!" said Jack sharply. "Never come back?"

She turned now, and he saw there were tears in her eyes again.

"I cannot explain, papa. You must not ask. If there is any explanation to be made she will make it. But she never will." The logic was hard to follow. "I thought you ought to know before you saw her. She will probably wish to go home." He went over and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Don't ask me any questions, please, papa," she said, forestalling the one on his lips. "She will not come back. I would not if I were in her place."

"You cannot tell me what this means?"

"No. She would not wish me to." How mercifully dull men were!

He could make nothing out of it. He took a turn across the room and came back again.

"You must be acting hastily, Mabel. Helen has been a faithful companion and friend to you."

"Yes, but it is finished. She will tell you in her own way. I should have left her to speak, to make her own explanation, as is her right, but I was afraid you would offer her money."

He was more bewildered than ever. "Money? I should certainly never allow her to leave us without *some* acknowledgment of my appreciation of her services. You would wish that too, Mabel."

"Yes, I could wish it—but you must not dare—all the money in the world"—she stopped short. "Papa, you must go, or you will be too late for the train. Some day," she said, as she kissed him good-by at the door, "I will tell you—not now. It is her secret, not mine."

Jack pondered without result over the matter all the way up town. His man with his bag caught him as the train was moving out. He walked through the cars in search of Mrs. Frazer, and found her sitting wrapped in her cloak, with her back to every one in the car.

"Well"—he said, dropping into the chair beside her. She did not seem surprised to see him, and made no reply at once. She was in the stage of reaction, not altogether sure whether she approved of herself and the world in general or not.

"John," she said at length piteously, "I knew no more of what was going on than a blind puppy." Then she proceeded to tell him her story, in which were certain particulars Mabel had omitted from hers.

"You did quite right," he said soothingly. "There was nothing else to be done."

"Nothing," said Mrs. Frazer emphatically. "We did not know but the man was dead. She would certainly have gone without me."

"I think she would," assented Jack. "I am very grateful to you, and you may be sure Mabel is," he added warmly. "It was she who insisted upon my going back with you." Mrs. Frazer's mouth opened with attentive surprise. "You may feel assured of that," Jack continued; "her heart is sound."

There was a long silence during which

something seemed to be slowly taking shape in Mrs. Frazer's mind.

"I think it will be best to send a telegram to Dolly, to let her know we are coming," she said at length.

Jack called the porter.

"Bring me a telegraph blank," interposed Mrs. Frazer. She took a pencil from her bag and wrote the message herself.

"John and I arrive by three o'clock train."

Her pencil hesitated at this point and she looked out of the window before resuming.

"Don't be a goose. We have made no mistakes. LAURINDA."

Then she folded the blank and gave it to the porter.

Dolly received it about five o'clock, as the depleted household was gathering around the tea-table. It had been an exciting day for Dolly, and although the machinery of Cedar Hill ran on with its accustomed smoothness, she was tired, and glad to be alone. It had not been necessary to intimate her preferences. Amusement being the *raison d'être* for the convocation, when amusement was not to be thought of its dispersion became a matter of course. Mabel's abrupt departure was a subject of subdued comment, but was tacitly left in the background of silence. Dolly was never ready with off-hand or specious explanations, designed for smoothing over rough places or veiling what could not be concealed. She would have been glad to shield Mabel if she had known exactly what to shield her from, but she did not. Beyond some discreet expressions of surprise, no one increased her difficulties by awkward questions.

Before tea-time every one had gone except Helen, who, as Dolly explained to Margaret and Paul, was very naturally much distressed by Mabel's conduct. Dolly was not devoid of curiosity or interest, and after the sleigh disappeared with Mrs. Frazer under the

trees of the avenue she had gone to Helen's room for further light and information. But Helen was evidently as completely taken by surprise as she was herself. She was so much older than Mabel, and took so much more serious a view of life and of her responsibilities that Dolly quite pitied her. She told her very sweetly, in her effort to comfort, that she had no reason to blame herself, and that she was sure Mr. Temple would not hold her accountable for anything which had happened. She advised her not to worry, — as one always advises those who do, — and opposed with all the arguments at her command Helen's decision to make a visit to her home in Boston. If she did not feel like going to Gramercy Park, the next best thing to do was to stay quietly at Cedar Hill till she heard from Mr. Temple. Dolly was always hopeful, and did her best to persuade that all would end well. But Helen seemed benumbed by what Dolly thought an altogether exaggerated idea of her responsibility. She wanted to go to Boston, and she wanted to go at once. Poor Helen! it was her one refuge, — and how she dreaded it!

Paul was called upon to consult the time-tables. It was found impossible to reach Boston without passing a night on the way. There was nothing to do but to wait till the following morning.

"I don't see," Dolly was saying as she poured the tea, "why Helen should feel so terribly cut up. She is not in the least to blame. How could she know anything? I have tried to induce her to wait at least till Laurinda comes back. There may be nothing to blame any way. But she has been so close to Mabel for so long a time that I suppose" — and Dolly left her sentence unfinished, as her wont was.

"Isn't she coming down to tea?" asked Paul.

"No. She is to have her dinner in her room. She has been helping Marie with Mabel's packing all the morning, and says she is tired."

Mrs. Frazer's telegram was brought in while Dolly was speaking.

"Mr. Temple" — she could not read it "John" as it was written — "'and I arrive by three o'clock train'" — Then she stopped short.

"Is that all?" said Paul. "She is not very explicit, is she."

Dolly thought she was explicit enough. Her heart was beating furiously. She said she would go and see if Helen had had her tea. Instead of which she went directly to her own room, locked and bolted the door, sat down before the mirror over her dressing-table, and took one long look at herself, stretched out her hands with a little cry of happiness, and then buried her face in her arms. It could not, could not, could not be! Yet it was the surest, truest, dearest thing in the world.

Mrs. Frazer and Jack arrived at six o'clock. Paul went down to the station, and Margaret and Dolly met them at the door. They sat down before the fire in the breakfast-room where tea was served again for the travelers, and talked the whole situation over, including the Argonaut mine. Jack seemed to take things very quietly. He had no blame for Mabel, and apologized for being there at all. He said he felt he ought to have remained with her, but she would not listen to it. She had insisted upon his coming back with Mrs. Frazer. But he would go down in the morning train. Where was Helen?

Dolly got up abruptly and said she would go and see.

She did not return, however, and finally Margaret went in search of her. Then Paul had to go and find Margaret, and Mrs. Frazer was left alone with Jack in the firelight.

"There was one matter of which I have said nothing as yet to any one," said Jack, walking slowly back and forth before the fire; "something which has disturbed me a good deal. Mabel told me she had quarreled with Helen."

He stopped and looked inquiringly at Mrs. Frazer. "Do you know anything about it?"

"I seem to know nothing about anything," she replied a little tartly. "Quarreled with Helen! about what?"

"That is what I do not know. She would not say. She was strangely reticent. She said Helen would make her own explanations — and then again that Helen would not."

Mrs. Frazer listened in silence, her eyes fixed on the slumbering fire, while Jack repeated his conversation with Mabel.

"I cannot understand why she should not wish to go back to Gramercy Park. Do you think you could find out what the trouble is?"

"I think the less said about quarrels the better, John."

"Yes, that was my own thought at first. But it must be something serious. Have you no idea what it can be?"

Mrs. Frazer looked up from the fire into his face. What fools men were, — and women too!

"Mabel has no further need of Helen."

"No," replied Jack, "but it is a pity things should end in this way. It has always been a question with me what would become of Helen. Mabel has not needed her, strictly speaking, for some time. But she would never listen to her going. I hoped she might marry. She would make some one a good wife."

"Have n't we husbands enough on our hands for one day, John?"

"If Helen were really to leave us," he continued, "I should like to — to" —

"To what, John?"

— "to show her in some substantial way our appreciation of all she has done for Mabel. You know she has been with us since Mabel was ten years old. I supposed that would be Mabel's wish too."

"Well, was n't it?"

"She declared it was impossible."

Then silence fell upon them.

"What would you do?" Jack asked at length.

"I should go and dress for dinner," said Mrs. Frazer.

The conversation at the dinner-table was intermittent and constrained. Jack was thoughtful and quiet. Dolly was nervous and tranquil at intervals. Scarcely a word could be extracted from Mrs. Frazer. She looked very much like a bombshell on the eve of explosion.

The explosion came later in the evening when Paul had gone off with Margaret and the three were alone in the room which had been so gay with laughter the night before.

"John," said Mrs. Frazer, looking up from her finished solitaire and putting the cards away in their leather case, "to-day is Wednesday. You are going to New York to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Jack.

"Could I trouble you to engage my passage on the Saturday Cunarder? I am going to Cairo."

'Laurinda!' exclaimed Dolly.

"This climate depresses me, — I need a change" —

"But Margaret is to be married in the spring!"

"Well, I am not going to marry her, am I?" said Mrs. Frazer.

Dolly was dumfounded.

"It's a doleful business, traveling alone," Mrs. Frazer said with a sigh.

"I wonder if I could persuade Helen to go with me. I think I will go and see."

She had gone before there was any opportunity to comment upon her suggestion, leaving an almost oppressive silence behind her. The inclusion of Helen in her plans, coming so unexpectedly after the abrupt intrusion of the Saturday Cunarder, afforded, Jack thought, abundant material for conversation.

Yet Dolly was silent. Nor did she rise, although it was getting late. She

was sitting in the angle of the deep corner divan, altogether absorbed in her embroidery, and looking, so it seemed to Jack, younger than he had ever seen her look before, — almost girlish.

It was not a passive thing, this silence; but something positive, aggressive, gathering volume like a rising flood. It did not occur to him that she was in any way responsible for it. On the contrary, she appeared to be its victim, and he felt he must get it under control at once. The unforeseen had brought him to Westford, and left him alone with the woman who had said No. How much more embarrassed than even he was she must be!

He did not see any embarrassment, however, when she lifted her face to his. It wore only an expression of deep and tranquil content. He had gone

over to where she sat, to take his leave, and stood looking down at that something so profoundly peaceful yet appealing in her eyes.

"Are you going off in that horrid early train?" she asked, letting them fall.

"I must," he said, as he had said it once before. But she did not rise, as then, or say good-night.

"I suppose there is another directors' meeting."

"No, not this time," he said, sitting down beside her on the edge of the divan; "but there's Mabel, you know."

He was beginning to lose control of the silence, and of speech. He *must* go.

"Yes, there's Mabel," — and then she laid her hand on his arm, and smiled, "Mabel — and I."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*The end.*)

THE ATAVISM OF ALARAAF.

I.

"BUT you might uv known somethin' o' the sort would happen when you took him from the porehouse, Ellen. All uv 'em was the same." Mrs. Conder paused to match two quilt pieces, curling her fat foot about the hind leg of her chair. These signs betokened embarrassment on her part, for the worried pucker on Mrs. Jenkins's lips went to her good-natured heart. Still, as Mrs. Conder was one who emphatically believed in "speakin' in open meetin'," she pursued, taking hasty stitches in her work:

"Back in mother's time, and before, I reckon, the Pointres had the name uv takin' things that didn't b'long to 'em. Nobody 'ld have 'em for renters. They come out uv the porehouse and died in the porehouse."

"He's never took anything from us," Mrs. Jenkins put in hesitatingly, "leastwise if he has it ain't come out. What could I do, Jane?" she appealed to Mrs. Conder, turning from the cabbage she was washing. "The porehouse was overrun. Mr. Murray he said Alaraaf 'ld have to go. He, nothin' but a child, looked like I could n't bear the notion uv 'im wantin' for somethin' to eat when we had plenty an' to spare. I just thought, s'posin' me an' Mr. Jenkins was dead, — of little Katharine, an' Polk, an' Abraham wantin' for somethin' t' eat, an' everybody shuttin' their doors on 'em."

Mrs. Conder spluttered indignantly.

"Land alive, Ellen! We'd all jump to take yore be-utiful children. Why, ever'body 'ld want such little fellers as Abe an' Polk, an' they'd fight over little Katharine."

Mrs. Jenkins's face cleared, and was illumined by the mild glory of motherhood. She put her head out of the kitchen window, and looked with a swelling heart at the group of young things in the yard. The season, which was late, had burst from spring into summer. The sun had almost a sickening heat, but there was the ecstasy of new life in everything.

Alaraaf lazily weeded the rows of vegetables, and examined the curled leaves of young lettuce with painful exactness. There was more than a suspicion of indolence in every motion. The other children followed him along the rows, or fell into by-play with the clumsy grace of young lambs. On a rug of springing grass an old worthless dog disported herself among a vibrating litter of awkward puppies. A masculine-looking hen, toned down by a following of fluffy chickens, pecked and scratched in the grass, near the complaisant dog, and occasionally raised a fierce yellow eye with a warning word to her biddies, as a bird's shadow crossed the sunny yard.

Mrs. Jenkins's glance fell on the bare, bright head of little Katharine, pressed near the dark, tumbled hair of Alaraaf. They had found a "juny-bug."

Presently the whole troop of children came clattering into the kitchen after a string for the juny-bug, and Mrs. Conder looked disapprovingly at Alaraaf lounging in the door, holding the bug; but the mother smilingly broke off a long thread for the children, and they frolicked into the sunshine.

"He's so no-count," Mrs. Conder exclaimed acridly, as she cut pieces for her quilt with fierce scissors. "Ellen, you do spoil 'im. Look at 'im!" — she glared through the door, — "playin' with them triflin' puppies."

"You Alaraaf!" Mrs. Jenkins admonished; "look at the hen scratchin' up the strawberries. Oh, sakes!" she cried despairingly, "I do have more trouble 'n my sheer. There's that miserable old dawg gone an' got puppies.

I just been tryin' to get spunk enough to have Mr. Jenkins put her out uv the way, easy-like. Pore thing!" she said, with a catch in her voice, "there she looks so happy among 'em, an' me talkin' 'bout killin' her. She loves 'em, too. Jane, jus' tell me one thing," she demanded with a note of defiance: "do we have any right to kill anything?"

"Ever' time Mr. Jenkins takes off the little lambs and calves to town to sell 'em to the butcher, I jus' have a good cry." She put her apron to her eyes, and said in muffled tones behind it: "One time I seen one uv the little calves pokin' its little shiny head through the slats uv its box, lookin' back, an' — it — must 'a' seen its mammy, for it let out a bawl that 's in my ears yet. It wanted to live, too. What right was ourn to take the pore thing from its mammy — outer the green medder — so somebody could have their delikit eatin's" —

She turned away, and looked with blinded eyes at the worthless dog, tumbling with her foolish babies in the sunshine.

Mrs. Conder felt reproached somehow, and sewed with energy during this appeal, which was too ethical to be comfortable. She felt that a diversion must be created to dispel a constraint in the atmosphere.

Mrs. Jenkins was cleaning a smoked jowl to go with the cabbage, with hands that trembled. Her eyes were red with tears.

"I tell you what ails Alaraaf," Mrs. Conder said, reverting to the original topic, "he's a klip-to-maniac!" Her eyes started out, and she became apoplectic at the extent of her own knowledge. Mrs. Jenkins hastily brought water to her, and handed her a fan. When her visitor had somewhat recovered, she asked timidly the meaning of the word.

"Can't naturally keep his hands off uv nothin' he hankers for," Mrs. Conder explained in a deep voice, with the weariness of a savant. "As I was tellin' you, it comes straight from his granddaddy.

If he had n't died in the porehouse he would 'v' in jail."

"Air y' shore he took 'em?" Mrs. Jenkins asked tremulously, her mind on her troubles.

"Who?"

"Alaraaf. Could n't — they uv gone some'rs else?"

"*He* took 'em," Mrs. Conder answered with emphasis. "Now Ellen, don't you go to shelterin' 'im. There ain't no religion in it. They was a dozen uv as fine aigs as a hen ever laid. He did n't touch the common uns. Mr. Jackson up to the store bought 'em from Alaraaf. He was the one told me." She saw the ready tears gathering in her friend's eyes, and added hastily: —

"Don't worry, Ellen. I ain't goin' to say nothin' if it don't happ'n again." She rose, her awkward errand dispatched, and stuffed her work into her black crocheted bag. She bade Mrs. Jenkins good-morning, and had reached the gate, when she came waddling rapidly back, and said in a low, deep voice: —

"Ellen, just take 'im into the back shed, and tell 'im I found out about his thievin', an' then larrup 'im good. It's better 'n the gallows," she finished sharply, as she saw Mrs. Jenkins start and frown with pain.

All of the brightness had gone out of the sunshine for the tender-hearted woman. Even the shrill sweetness of her children's voices as they romped in play did not lift the burden from her mother-soul. She had to punish the bound boy. If it had been possible, she would have postponed the evil hour, but she could not for fear her husband would whip him, and she knew that he would be so much more severe than herself.

She put on her brown sunbonnet, pulling it far over her face, and stepped out into the yard. She saw Alaraaf sprawled on his back at the end of the strawberry-bed, his hat over his eyes, apparently asleep. Instead of hardening her, this only aggravated her pity. She called as

firmly as possible to him, and as he struggled stupidly to his feet she waved him toward the back shed, and moving with nervous velocity, snapped off a syringa branch, and stripped it of its leaves as she almost ran after him.

She shut the door, casting out the sun, and said breathlessly, —

"Alaraaf, Mis' Conder has told me ever'thing about you takin' them aigs o' hern and sellin' 'em to Jackson's store, an' she says if I give you a whippin' she won't let on to nobody else. She's mighty clever 'bout it. If Mr. Jenkins or her husbin found it out, they'd 'a' most kill y'." She broke off, a sob in her voice, and shutting her eyes tightly, she began threshing the air wildly, sometimes getting the boy, but oftener missing him.

When she had worn herself out, she threw back her bonnet fearfully and looked at her wreck. In the dim light she distinguished him wiping one eye with a ragged sleeve. The end of the switch had taken him in the corner of it. She thought him struggling with grief, and drew his head on her arm, uttering consolation, weeping herself, and wiping his large, tearless eyes with her apron.

When the door was thrown back, and the sun again admitted, Alaraaf lounged across the yard sulkily, while Mrs. Jenkins disappeared into the kitchen.

"Did ma give y' a lickin'?" Polk asked morbidly. Alaraaf looked scornfully down on the smaller boy, and with a disconcerting gesture went to weeding strawberries.

II.

The circus was coming to town on the morrow. There had been tidings of it, — delicious mutterings on the horizon for weeks; hints sufficient to make every youngster for miles around yearn for its unguessed allurements.

Since the first intimation of its invasion, little Katharine Jenkins had clam-

ored to go. This was of course unthought of by her parents, for, like many country people, they had an abundance of good food and comfortable clothing, but a silver dollar looked as big as a cart-wheel to them. And it was so hard to deny their baby Katharine anything. Everybody loved her, she was such a darling. It almost tore her mother's heart in twain to have the dimpled hands plucking at her apron, to hear the persistent, husky little voice, —

"But mammy, I 'ant to go — I 'ant to go, mammy!"

And her father's sharp blue eyes grew misty when she clambered to his knee, and put her wooing, baby fingers on his brawny neck, and iterated with passionate pleading: —

"Pappy, I 'ant to go — I 'ant to go, pappy."

"But, honey, pappy just can't take his lovey," he would say hoarsely, and kiss her velvet lips gently into silence.

Of an evening, when Alaraaf went to the pasture to drive up the cows, she would skip along beside him, her beautiful little bud of a hand clasped in the dark calyx of his palm, and would chant, —

"I 'ant to go, don't you? I 'ant to go, don't you?"

Then a look of poetical beauty would fill the dark face with light, and his scornful, morose eyes would grow tender with rare tears.

That night before the circus he was milking the cows, and Katharine stood beside him.

"I 'ant to go," she whispered in a hoarse little voice to herself. The boy put aside his pail, and timidly drawing her close, he returned in a shaking voice: "You're goin', Katharine, but don't say nothin' to yo'r pappy or mammy."

She began to dance about him, but seeing his look of warning, she whispered, her eyes overflowing with awed joy: —

"I 'on't tell."

The circus came into the town at ten o'clock the next morning. Mr. Jenkins

had driven the children over to see the parade. At first he intended only taking Polk, Abraham, and Katharine, but Mrs. Jenkins had pleaded for Alaraaf to be taken too.

Little Katharine could scarcely be kept in order when the procession of wonderful things began. She shrieked, clapped her hands, and laughed so at the clowns that even their jaded, daubed faces lighted up, and she strained her eyes after the great, plodding elephants, — the restless tigers glaring at the heat and commotion, — the yellow, bearded lions swinging forth and back on their noiseless, cushioned feet, — at everything so intoxicatingly strange to her fresh understanding.

There were to be two performances, — one at two in the afternoon, and the other at eight o'clock at night.

After the noon dinner on the farm, Mr. Jenkins had to finish some late planting, and wanted Alaraaf to help him. The boy complained of being sick. His face was flushed, and he had eaten nothing at dinner. Mrs. Jenkins pleaded for the boy, saying he was not strong, and that he had a fever. So her husband, grumbling, consented to do without him.

The farmer's wife was busy cleaning house that afternoon, and sent the children out to play. She did not see them any more until supper. When Polk and Abraham came in alone, she asked them anxiously where their little sister was.

They did not know, — had not seen her all the afternoon. She ran to her husband, who was watering the horses at the well, and asked with ashen face if Katharine had been in the field with him. He looked at her blankly, his tired face paling under the dust.

"How long have y' missed her?" he demanded with a dry throat.

"Oh, sakes!" she sobbed, "I ain't seen her since dinner at twelve. Whur's Alaraaf? maybe he knows." A gleam of hope came into her convulsed features.

The farmer, a look of pain hardening his face, searched through the outhouses without success, then went off toward the cow-pasture. The horses, still with the gearing looped up on their sweating sides, fell to grazing the stunted grass about the trough.

Mrs. Jenkins ran aimlessly into the house again, and told the frightened boys that their sister was lost, then fled up into the hot little garret. A wasp whined against the one tiny window, and a bar of sunshine struck across Alaraaf's unmade pallet. The distracted woman pressed her hands to her forehead, and began pacing about the desolate place, uttering short sobs. It seemed to her that she had been hours up there with her agony, when across her distress rippled a baby's chuckling laugh — downstairs. In a minute she was down the ladder, and had little Katharine in her arms.

To her mother's wild inquiries, and her father's sterner demands, she gave no satisfaction, but only gurgled excitedly, and the expression of transcendent happiness on her infantile features made her cherubic.

The next morning, before Mrs. Jenkins had put her house in order, Mrs. Conder came heaving in at the gate. She barely paused to greet her friend, before bursting out in invective against Alaraaf.

"After ever'thing, me lettin' him off so easy, come an' stole a settin' — a settin', mind y' — uv aigs from the Black Spanish. Land alive! they was more 'n half addled," she said angrily.

"It can't be!" protested her friend faintly. "I a'most killed 'im before. I jus' can't whip 'im no more."

"Then my husbin will, or Mr. Jenkins, or he'll go to jail. I'm a 'terminated woman, Ellen," Mrs. Conder answered inflexibly.

"Oh, sakes!" moaned Mrs. Jenkins in sore distress. "Whur did he sell 'em this time?"

"That's what I can't find out. I want to get 'em back, an' put 'em under

the old Black. She's jus' wild. They ain't no manner o' good to nobody, now. I tried up to Jackson's store this mornin'. I only noticed last night when the old Black acted so queer. He ain't been to any o' the neighbors as I can find out."

The other woman's face cleared, and a look compounded of relief and sorrow came into it, as she said in a broken voice: —

"Well, it ain't Alaraaf this time, Jane; I know it. — It's that dawg of ourn" —

"Why, Ellen!"

"Yes, Jane, I 'lowed never to tell y', but she's an aig-suckin' dawg. I thought she was broke uv it, but when they start it you can't stop 'em. They have t' be killed. I've been missin' aigs the last week, an' I know Alaraaf ain't taken a one. Mr. Jenkins'll have to kill her." The eyes of both women followed the mother-dog, encircled by a straggling ring of puppies, as she gamboled ungracefully over the grass.

Mrs. Jenkins turned away hastily, and her neighbor saw her apron furtively lifted.

Alaraaf was visible through the window, making a seesaw for the children at the barn.* Mrs. Conder espied him, and said vindictively, —

"But I don't trust that Alaraaf!" She lowered her voice, and grew apoplectic:

"He's a Latin!"

"A what?" her friend gasped, her cup of distress indeed full.

Mrs. Conder fanned awhile, took several slow sips of water, and explained languidly: "A Latin; you know the breed, — such as Eyetalians, Frenchers, and so on. He's one o' that kind. I ain't got no manner o' use for Latins myself."

That day at noon, as the farmer watered the horses, and Alaraaf eased the harness on them, Mrs. Jenkins told her husband that the dog must be killed, — she had been stealing eggs from Mrs. Conder. He was for promptly shooting her, and knocking the puppies in the head; but with tears she persuaded him to get

some chloroform at the town, and kill them in that way.

When her husband had gone back to the field, and she was busy baking in the kitchen, Alaraaf came slowly to the table where she kneaded bread, and said in a surly voice, —

“Don’t kill the dawg. It wa’n’t her took the aigs. I done it.”

“What?” She dropped the dough, and looked stupidly at him.

“I took them aigs from Mis’ Conder, — an’ from you. The ol’ dawg ain’t sucked n’ary a one. You tell ’im, an’ *he’ll* whip me.”

She did tell her husband, and when she had finished, ran into her bedroom, and clenching her eyes tightly, crowded her fingers into her ears.

That night she was putting little Katharine to bed, and the child said suddenly: —

“Mammy, I wented to the circus.”

“Baby!”

“He took me,” she continued in a drowsier voice. “He toted me pick-a-pack *all* the way — an’ — we saw — ever’fing.”

“Who took you?” her mother gasped; and baby murmured, as she was sucked into the soft whirlpool of dreams, “Ala’af.”

It took the mother a long, painful hour to realize everything. Now how plain it all was at last, — baby’s disappearance on the afternoon of the circus, and Alaraaf’s plea of sickness. He had carried the great fat girl two long miles through the sunshine and dust, and he was not strong. But overshadowing everything else, casting a shadow on the mother’s heart, he had stolen so that he could take sweet, selfish little Katharine to the circus. Of course it was very wicked of him, but —

He lay supperless in the stifling garret, smarting from a severe flogging.

Mrs. Jenkins took up the candle, and climbed the ladder. She paused at the top, and cast a light on the boy’s pallet. He lay facing her, asleep. She could see his features swollen from secret weeping, and her mother-bosom shook with sobs, but even as she looked, his face was crossed by a defiant smile, and he gave a disconcerting, Southern gesture.

Lydia T. Perkins.

THERE IS PANSIES.

TAKE these memories sweet scented,
Gathered while the morning dew
Drenched the silver of the cobwebs,
Heartsease, picked at dawn for you.

Yellow for the days of sunshine,
White for days of peace and rest,
Purple ones for feasts and high days,
Wine-red for the days love blest.

For myself, I keep the black ones,
Memories of grief and pain,
Keep them hidden lest their shadow
Fall across your heart again.

Mildred Howells.

THE CULT OF NAPOLEON.

HALF a century ago if you had said that there could be no real greatness without goodness, you would have been uttering a commonplace. Times are changed, and encomiastic biographers of Cecil Rhodes tell us that Rhodes was not a good but a great man, with a pretty plain intimation that a man of spirit would rather be great than good. Of men who were great without being good Napoleon is the paragon. Transcendent in genius and energy, raised by Fortune to the most dazzling height, he has hardly been surpassed in disregard of moral ties or in the evil which he wrought his kind. It is not wonderful that the interest in him should now be revived, or that Napoleonic literature should blossom anew. We have had the very interesting work of Lord Rosebery. We now have a *Life of Napoleon* by Mr. Rose, also extremely interesting, and though perhaps rather Napoleonic in its leaning, generally in fact, and always in intention, fair.

The French Revolution, having devoured all its best children, put Bailly to death on a dunghill, guillotined the Girondists, guillotined Danton, whatever the author of the September massacres might be worth, and ended in a paroxysm of sanguinary madness, found itself, that paroxysm over, in the hands of a majority of the Directory, Barras, Rewbell, and La Réveillière, scoundrels all, and of the lowest kind, corrupt as well as murderous, while the private vices of Barras, the head of the gang, were unspeakably scandalous even in that corrupt age. These men were regicides, in constant fear of their heads from monarchical reaction. They were thus obliged to shrink from the moderate party, to persecute violently everything suspected of monarchical tendencies, and to lean for support on the Jacobins. It was with manifest reluctance that they defended public

order against the anarchism of Babeuf. The blood of Louis XVI., put to death, not like Charles I., from a misguided sense of justice, but more from lust and vanity of regicide, was thus avenged. The laws against the *émigrés* and the priests were made more frantically cruel than ever, and formed a fatal bar against national reconciliation. The executive government and administration were as bad as possible; life and property were unsafe; crime and disorder stalked unpunished; communications were broken up; mails were robbed; commerce and prosperity could not revive. The Chouans were still active. Government was bankrupt, and its finance was plunder. Only in the army, which, remote from the intrigues of the capital, was fighting the coalition, patriotism and Republican enthusiasm survived.

By the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Fructidor the Triumvirate pretty well cleared public life of probity, independence, and genuine Republicanism, sending them to die in the murderous climate of Cayenne. The military instrument of this coup d'état was Augereau, called to Paris for that purpose. But behind Augereau was General Bonaparte. Thenceforth the chief of the army was virtually master of France. The confusion which follows a revolution naturally calls for a "constable;" but Cromwell had to "plough" his way to power. The victorious chief of the French army had only to step into the place which Fortune had made for him. It was wonderful that when there was nothing to oppose his bayonets, his nerve should have failed him in the critical moment, so that he had to be pulled through by his brother Lucien, who, being a sincere Republican, afterwards repented of what he had done.

Napoleon evidently had administrative and business faculties of the very

highest order. His powers of work were unrivaled. His memory was capacious of any amount of details. He could pass rapidly from one subject to another, completely concentrating his attention upon each in turn. He had also an insight into men and a power of using them as his instruments, each in the place for which he was fitted, such as can hardly be realized by an ordinary intelligence. His power of keeping at once before his mind's eye a multitude of agents and a multiplicity of different affairs was almost miraculous. As First Consul he unquestionably did great service. He restored order in France, thereby giving to commerce and industry a fresh life, which was soon, however, to be again thrown back by his ceaseless and reckless wars. Material improvements of every kind, such as roads, canals, and harbors, he promoted with beneficent energy, though in all that he did military objects were sure to predominate. How much he had to do with the Code which bears his name seems matter of conjecture. That he would follow its composition with intelligent interest, especially where law bordered on politics, cannot be doubted. But though supremely able, he was not inspired, and without inspiration a son of the camp could not be an authority on jurisprudence. The principles of the Code were those which European jurists had been previously evolving, with some help from social philosophers such as Voltaire, and which had been approved in the course of the Revolution; so that it is with some justice that the Code is said to have been found in the Revolutionary bureau. Cambacérès and other professed jurists no doubt were the framers. But valuable as a code may be, respect for justice is more valuable still, and respect for justice, when it stood in his way, Napoleon showed none. Not under his rule could a community be imbued with reverence for the supremacy of law.

Attached to no party, though he had

been originally patronized by the younger Robespierre, and was ready to accept help from any political quarter for his designs, Napoleon enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a neutral position, with large powers of arbitration. Under him an end was put to the frantic persecution of royalists and priests, and national unity was as far as possible restored. Royalism was congenial to him; so, as presently appeared, was aristocracy; and his sagacity soon discerned that a Jacobin liked violence of whatever kind, and could presently be turned into a courtier. The only objects of his political enmity were rivals or critics of his own sway. So far his elevation to power was a relief and a blessing to France.

The monarchist and religious party Napoleon could propitiate honorably by the remission of sentences of banishment against emigrant nobles and priests, and by the repeal of the vile hostage law. The Jacobin party, which he seems most to have feared, and which suspected him of monarchism and of a design of restoring the Bourbons, was propitiated by the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, upon which the Jacobins joyfully exclaimed, "He is one of us!" It is not unlikely that this was the chief motive for the crime. Napoleon must have known that to do an act which would awaken the most intense feelings of vengeance, both political and personal, was not the best way of securing his own life. His moral callousness prevented him from estimating the force of the recoil.

As a moulder of institutions, on the other hand, this man was merely a reactionary autocrat, inspired solely with the desire of concentrating, and at the same time mechanically perfecting, government in his own hands. To call him a child of the Revolution and a propagator of its principles is absurd. He restored in his own person hereditary monarchy with all its paraphernalia, with all its pomp and etiquette, and with adulation outvying that of the Court of Louis

XIV. He allied himself by marriage with the most feudal and reactionary of all the hereditary monarchies of Europe. He restored aristocracy, the special object of Revolutionary antipathy, with entail. His institution of the Legion of Honor has been called democratic, but was really autocratic, as all institutions must be which make reputation dependent, not on the verdict of the people, but on the fiat of the Crown. He restored the State Church in its worst form, destroying its freedom, making himself a French Pope, and using the hierarchy and the priesthood as satellites of his rule. Though he did not venture frankly to abolish legislative assemblies, he reduced them to mere ciphers and vehicles of his absolute decrees. He killed public opinion and political thought by waging war against the freedom of the press, which in the end he completely extinguished. Public education he reduced to a mechanical system centralized in his own hands. He wished even to suppress philosophy and the study of humanity, leaving nothing but positive science, as he called it, which could breed no political or social aspirations. The most familiar agencies of his government were espionage and secret police. Nor is there the slightest ground for saying that all this was provisional, and intended, when order had been thoroughly restored, to give place to more liberal institutions. The tendency was all the other way, though in the Hundred Days Napoleon found it necessary to purchase popular support by concessions which, had he won Waterloo, would soon have been withdrawn. His marriage with an Austrian princess showed that he had completely broken with the Revolution, and had linked himself to the old régime of which Austria was the special type. This and his creation of a new hereditary aristocracy in France are the answer to the constant pretense that he was bestowing on the nations equality while he deprived them

of freedom. Centralized despotism was from the first, and remained, his ideal; he looked upon men as beings to be governed, not to be trained and guided to self-government. He would only have sneered at Pym's saying that the best form of government was that which actuated and disposed every part and member of a state to the common good. His institutions, therefore, neither took, nor deserved to take, root. On hearing of the extraordinary, though momentary, success of Malet's fantastic conspiracy, he exclaimed in astonishment, "Did no one think of the institutions of the Empire?" The institutions of the Empire were in the tent of the Emperor in Russia, not in the French heart.

Two historical ideals apparently floated before Napoleon's mind, both of them manifestly false and anachronistic: that of the Empire of the Cæsars, and that of the Empire of Charlemagne. In preferring the title of Emperor to that of King, he was looking to the realization of a plan of conquest which should turn the states of Europe into provinces of an Empire having its seat at Paris. This purpose he in fact avowed. The vision was preposterous; but the attempt to realize it by the use of an army then far superior in quality to any other army in Europe cost Europe, and France especially, very dear.

Had this man been good, had he even not been very bad, had his heart been open to noble emotions or aspirations, though he could not exactly have played the part of Washington, the material with which he had to deal and the situation not being the same, he apparently might, with the power which Fortune had put into his hands, have founded liberal institutions, and thus have saved France from the century of revolutions and counter-revolutions through which she has since passed.

Peculiarly odious and noxious was Bonaparte's treatment of the Church. He was himself absolutely devoid of re-

ligion. He said that if he had turned his thoughts to such subjects he would have been prevented from doing great things ; and if the story of his rebuking the atheistical savants on the voyage to Egypt, by pointing to the starry firmament, is true, his words must have been merely a jibe. He looked upon religion simply as a force to be brought, like other forces, into servitude to his policy and power. "With my prefects, my *gens d'armes*, and my priests," he said, "I can do anything I like." Utilizing everything, he determined to utilize God. He was, no doubt, right in saying that the French people craved for a religion. The simpler sort of them at all events did. But the right and obvious course was to allow them to follow their bent and to give them, not a state church, but a free church in a free state, such as Italy now has. This, however, would not have served his purpose of making the Church and religion political engines at his command.

His statecraft was successful. The Church, under the Concordat, groveled at his feet, sanctified his buccaneering ambition with her prayers and *Te Deums*, and taught youth The Catechism of the Empire.

"Q. What are more especially our duties towards our Emperor Napoleon I.?"

"A. We owe him especially love, respect, obedience, fidelity, and military service ; we ought to pay the taxes ordained for the defense of the Empire and of his throne, and to offer up fervent prayers for his safety and the prosperity of his State."

"Q. Why are we bound to perform these duties towards our Emperor?"

"A. Because God by loading our Emperor with gifts, both in peace and in war, has established him our sovereign and His own image upon the earth. In honoring and serving our Emperor thus, we are honoring and serving God himself."

"Q. Are there not particular reasons which should attach us more closely to our Emperor Napoleon I.?"

"A. Yes, for God hath raised him up to reestablish the holy religion of our fathers, and to be its protector. He has restored and preserved public order by his great and active wisdom ; he defends the State by his powerful arm ; he has become the anointed of the Lord by the consecration which he received from the sovereign Pontiff. . . . Those who fail in their duties towards our Emperor will render themselves worthy of eternal damnation."¹

Napoleon apparently played with the thought of giving himself out as a divine person, like Alexander, who proclaimed himself the son of Jupiter Ammon. He repined, at least, at having been born in an age when such things were out of the question. A pretty near approach to his deification, however, was made, when on a canopy over a chair of state prepared for him was inscribed, "I am that I am."

In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican, and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fulcrum of his power, his throne, and the recruiting-ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously, as a people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domiciled in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as profligate as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with

¹ See Larousse's *Grand Dictionnaire Universel du XIX^e Siècle*, iii. 566.

which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty. The incidents of his history show that there was no crime of any sort which he would not, when interest or passion moved him, commit without compunction. He murdered the Duc d'Enghien, committing a gross breach of the rights of nations at the same time. He murdered Toussaint-Louverture; he murdered Hofer. Pichegru died "very suddenly and very opportunely" in his hands. He massacred in cold blood at least two thousand prisoners of war at Jaffa, because it was inconvenient to keep and feed them. This he afterwards admitted was "rather strong." The poisoning of the sick is less clearly brought home to him, nor would it have been so criminal if it had been; though he did or said something which called forth a noble protest from the head of the Medical Staff. He left a legacy to Cantillon for having attempted to assassinate Wellington. From fabrication and forgery he shrank no more than from murder. To further his designs against Venice he, as a favorable biographer states,¹ suborned a scoundrel to issue a fabricated proclamation, purporting to come from the Venetian authorities, and urging the people everywhere to rise and massacre the French. There is no doubt that he fabricated the famous dispatch which he pretended to have sent to Murat in Spain, exonerating himself in advance for all the miscarriage and disasters there. He habitually fabricated news. "The notes which you have sent me, upon the powerlessness of Russia," he says to Fouché, "are written by a man of sense. . . . Publish them in a newspaper, as translated from an English paper; choose the name of one that is little known." He fabricated a false account of the battle of Marengo, and put it, instead of the true account, into the archives. When he wanted an heir to his empire he sounded his physician on the subject of introdu-

¹ See the Life of Napoleon I. by John Holland Rose, i. 144.

cing a supposititious child. Evidence has now been produced that he embarked in an extensive scheme, to be carried out through infamous agencies, for forging the bank-notes of hostile powers in order to throw their finances into confusion. His own finance was unscrupulous plunder of every State that fell under his power. He was utterly regardless of truth; the falsehood of his bulletins was proverbial, and not the smallest credence could be attached to anything which he said where his interest or reputation was concerned. Once only he felt, or affected to have felt, remorse. It was when he had brought on a needless engagement in which some of his men fell, to indulge with the spectacle of war ladies who had visited him in his camp.

Talleyrand advised the Emperor to retire from Spain, telling him that it would not be deemed a base act (*lache*). "'A base act!'" replied Bonaparte; 'what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one, if it were useful to me. In reality there is nothing really noble or base in the world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, opposed to certain affectations of greatness with which I have to adorn myself, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides,' he added (said Talleyrand), with a satanic smile, 'whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step.'"

Madame de Rémusat, to whom we owe this anecdote, was deeply disappointed in Napoleon, but she did not regard him with malevolence, nor was she likely to traduce him.

Napoleon's marriage with Josephine having, at the Pope's instance, been repeated with religious forms before their coronation, it was necessary to have recourse to a most wretched quibble for the purpose of invalidating the marriage and opening the way for a divorce. The Pope was at the time under duress, yet his conduct in failing to protest against this evasion of the laws of the Church, like his conduct in coming, immediately after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, to crown the murderer, was hardly Hildebrandic or highly creditable to the pontificate of morals. Josephine, as we learn from her friend Madame de Rémusat, when her spouse first intimated his intention of getting rid of her, knowing that she could not be lawfully divorced, did him the honor to suspect that she would be quietly put out of the way.

Even writers favorable to Napoleon admit that his conduct in craftily ensnaring Venice and selling her to Austria must excite our loathing. Excite our loathing assuredly it does, and it is to be noted that the man who deliberately planned and artfully carried into effect this deed of perfidy was still young, and might have been expected, if he did not retain the trace of youthful enthusiasm, at least not to have become a callous villain. But the climax was the scene enacted at Bayonne, where this demigod and would-be Emperor of the West, like a common sharper, kidnapped the King of Spain and his heir, in order that he might rob them of their kingdom. Coleridge has noted the advantage which perfect wickedness enjoys in its absolute singleness of aim. Happily for mankind, it at the same time labors under a peculiar disadvantage in its inability to understand moral forces and make allowance for their resistance to its designs. Napoleon, when he trampled the King of Spain and stole the kingdom, had evidently no conception of the moral forces which he was calling into play among the Spanish people, or of the resistance which

they would offer. There are few more instructive episodes in history.

Napoleon's perfidy, as he showed in his proceedings at the time of the Peace of Amiens, was boundless. No promises or treaties could bind him. Great Britain's war with him was a war to the knife for her own independence and that of Europe. Fox, who had opposed the war against the French Revolution, could not help seeing this, and ultimately, after Pitt's death, coalesced with Grenville to carry on the war.

Thiers, in his History, worships Napoleon as the god of war, which Thiers was always wanting, and at last got. In private, he said to Mr. Senior: —

"Napoleon's wars had so brutalized him that he never even took into account the human suffering through which his objects were to be obtained. If Prussia was troublesome, he determined to efface her from the map. 'It will cost me,' he said, 'only two hundred thousand men.' Berthier was one of the best of the marshals of that period. Forbin, my intimate friend, was his aide-de-camp, and told me many stories about him. He seemed to think men born in order to be killed. In one of the battles of the first Russian campaign a post had been furiously contested between us and the Russians. Berthier came up and saw the field covered with dead, each man lying in his place. 'Ah,' he said, 'que ça est beau. Tout le monde est à sa place. Il faut faire voir cela à l'Empereur; cela lui fera plaisir.' Ten days after the beginning of the campaign of 1812 Berthier called together Napoleon's aides-de-camp. 'How is this,' he said; 'we have been ten days in the field et pas un de vous ne s'est fait tuer? Est-ce ainsi qu'il faut servir l'Empereur?'" Napoleon himself said to Metternich that he heeded little the death of a million of men.

The field of Eylau strewn with forty-five thousand dead and wounded, "all," as Ney said, "to no purpose;" the sight, in the campaign of Friedland, of a mile

of ground covered with a sheet of six thousand naked bodies stripped by camp followers, and some of them still writhing and imploring relief; even the unspeakable horrors of the retreat from Moscow never touched the conqueror's heart. His bulletin announcing that his army had perished in Russia showed not the slightest feeling, and wound up coolly with the words, "The Emperor never was in better health." Not only was he utterly unfeeling, he seems to have been actually possessed by the passionate love of war, and almost to have reveled in carnage. Berthier's remark, in short, that the sight of the crowd of dead, each man lying in his place, would give pleasure to the Emperor, appears to have been no mere jest. Yet we are expected to feel very indignant about the martyrdom of this man at St. Helena; the martyrdom consisting in the denial of a title of which his own Legislature had deprived him; bickerings with his keeper, caused mainly by his own peevishness; and a confinement which was alleviated by the enjoyment of every luxury, and was absolutely necessary to prevent him from enjoying, at the expense of his kind, such spectacles as fields of battle covered with carnage and agony. What were the most awful sufferings of the race compared with slight annoyances inflicted on one great man who had brought them on himself by making his confinement indispensable to the peace of the world? Is there any limit to the servility of mankind?

The revolutionary ardor which had fired the army when Napoleon took command presently expired, and gave place to mere service of its chief's ambition, rewarded with a share of his glory, and more substantially by the plunder of conquered countries; while its generals, instead of militant Republicans, became marshals and princes, owing to their Emperor, with their titles, wealth showered upon them out of the fruits of his rapine. At the same time the quality of the army was being constantly lowered, and every

vestige of patriotic spirit in it was being smothered by the increasing infusion of forced levies from the foreign countries under the Emperor's sway.

Napoleon's supreme military genius has been contested by nobody, except perhaps by the eccentric Colonel Mitchell, on whom Napier, the incarnation of professional militarism, falls with the fury of a devotee, the divinity of whose idol has been questioned. Yet in estimating military success the measure of the opposing forces must be taken, and Fortune must receive her due. Napoleon started on his Italian campaign with an army formed, not of social refuse such as was sent to Marlborough and Wellington, but of the best material called out by forced levies; ragged it is true and unpaid, but full of revolutionary fire and eager for the conquest of rich provinces. The brethren of these men, and probably some of the men themselves, had already conquered under other Republican generals: Pichegru, Jourdan, Marceau, and Moreau. Opposed were the armies of a coalition, Austrian and Piedmontese, whose diversity of territorial interest interfered with the unity of military action. The Austrian troops were devoid of national spirit. They surrendered in masses when they were beaten. They were commanded by generals of the old school, who moreover were trammelled by the interference of the Aulic Council. Alvinzi might have held his own pretty well if the Aulic Council had let him alone. Suppose Napoleon had been pitted at the outset against Wellington or Suvaroff, with the troops which they commanded: he would have been superior, no doubt, to either of them; but would he have had so easy a game, or have so readily established his military prestige? At Marengo he was beaten, till Desaix came up and old Melas was compelled by his infirmity to leave the field. It was necessary afterwards to cook the record of the battle in order to show that it had been won by Napoleon himself.

The political element is an important factor in war power. Marlborough was trammelled by political party at home, which robbed him of his final triumph, and by the nervous interference of the Dutch. Wellington had his difficulties at home as well as difficulties of a most trying kind with the provisional governments of Spain and Portugal. Patronage deprived him of free choice of officers. He said he had not power to make a sergeant. Napoleon had from the first practically a free hand, the finance of the Directory depending on his Italian plunder, and as Emperor he disposed at will of all the forces of the Empire, promoted the men of his choice, and had to answer for no miscarriage. Perfect unity was thus given to his operations. This was what Wellington meant when he said that the presence of Napoleon in person would be worth forty thousand men.

Napoleon's sanguine temperament, sustained by his marvelous physique, led him to dare immense risks. So long as the resistance was senile and spiritless, the results of his ventures were immense and splendid; an Austerlitz or a Jena. But when the spirit of the nations had been roused by insufferable oppression and insult, the results were no longer the same. Eylau was a drawn battle; almost so was Borodino. The campaign of Aspern and Wagram against Austria, some national spirit even among the Austrians having been awakened and their army having been reformed by the Archduke Charles, was very different from that of Austerlitz. The Spaniards, though easily beaten in the field, were never subdued. Then came the general uprising of the trampled nations, and thereupon the end.

Was there ever anything more insane than the Egyptian expedition? Europe had been alarmed and roused to arms by the raids made on Switzerland and Rome to provide the bankrupt exchequer of France with the means of fitting out the expedition. War was evidently impend-

ing. In face of this, Bonaparte carried away the best army of France and her best officers to be locked up in Egypt. The French admiral Brueys said that if the expedition had fallen in with the enemy on the voyage, ten British ships would have sufficed for its destruction. The British navy had shown its decisive superiority on the first of June, at Cape St. Vincent and at Camperdown. The result was, as it was sure to be, the annihilation of the French fleet and the capitulation, after some easy but useless triumphs over Mameluke or Turkish mobs, of what remained of the French army, left by its commander to its fate. So palpable was the error, that it has even been ascribed to a perfidious intention on the part of Bonaparte to denude the French government of its forces and expose it to defeat, in order that he might more easily become its master. Of this Napoleon may be readily acquitted. Wild dreams of dominion in the East combined with insane hatred of the power which then reigned there were the probable sources of the aberration.

Another instance of supreme folly surely was the projected invasion of England, inspired by the same insane hatred as well as by devouring lust of dominion. If the flat-bottomed flotilla could have effected the passage, an idea which naval authorities derided, the army, landed in England, would at once have been cut off by Nelson's fleet, and even if it had won a battle, its ultimate fate, in a desperately difficult country, and in face of such national resistance as it would have encountered, could hardly have been doubtful. In fact, it is rather to be deplored that Napoleon did not land in England, where his unmeasured ambition would almost certainly have found its grave. So wild was the scheme, that some have questioned whether it was really intended to be carried into effect, or was merely a pretext for raising an immense force to be employed in more hopeful ways. Such doubts are

set at rest by the existence of Napoleon's medal representing Hercules crushing Antæus, with the inscription, "Descente en Angleterre — Frappée à Londres."

Moreover, a part of the enterprise actually took effect, and with signal results. By the Emperor's cruel and unjust taunts the brave and devoted Villeneuve was goaded, against his own opinion and that of the other naval authorities, into giving battle to Nelson, the certain issue of which was Trafalgar. "I could not be everywhere," was Napoleon's ejaculation on hearing of the destruction of his fleet. But, in truth, he had been at Trafalgar, driving his admirals and fleet by his blind will to assured ruin. He had framed for the enterprise an arbitrary plan, assuming complaisant delays on the part of Nelson. He might surely have known that on the part of Nelson there would be no complaisant delay.

But of all Napoleon's insanities, for they were nothing less, the climax was the invasion of Russia. What motive can he have had for this, saving delirious ambition, and what was also undoubtedly strong in him, sheer love of the bloody game of war? He evidently reckoned on encountering the Russian army of defense nearer the frontier, winning an Austerlitz or a Jena, dictating terms as he had dictated them to Austria or Prussia, and returning to Paris in triumph. He was deceived in the character of his enemy. He tried in vain to force a battle at Smolensk. The Russians, instead of fighting him near the frontier, retreated before him, gave up their country to his ravages, compelled him to make a march in which he lost a great part of his enormous host, and after handling him very severely at Borodino, evacuated Moscow, leaving it in flames. They then refused to treat with him. He had consequently to decamp without having provided for retreat or subsistence. He lost almost his entire army in the wintry wastes, and but for the extraordinary conduct of Kutusoff in letting him and

his guard pass unopposed, would himself have fallen into the hands of the enemy. This error was on a far more imposing scale and more tragical than any blunder of Beaulieu or of Mack. But was it less of a blunder, or less of a detraction from the reputation of the man of action, or even from that of the commander? It is frightful to think what power a despot has for evil. There was probably not a soul on either side, saving Napoleon himself, who desired the Russian expedition.

At Leipzig Napoleon allowed himself to be held at bay by a greatly superior force, while he neglected the obvious precaution of throwing bridges over the Elster for his retreat, causing thereby a hideous catastrophe. His conduct in this case was severely condemned by Wellington, a perfectly fair critic of opponents. "If Bonaparte," wrote Wellington, "had not placed himself in a position that every other officer would have avoided, and remained in it longer than was consistent with any ideas of prudence, he would have retired in such a state that the allies could not have ventured to approach the Rhine."

Soldiers say that no two battles ever were worse fought than Borodino and Waterloo. Hannibal found his Waterloo at Zama; but he had there only a remnant of old soldiers with a large body of raw levies to oppose to the tried legions of Scipio. Napoleon, with seventy-four thousand French soldiers, most of them tried, since he had got back his garrisons from Germany, encountered an army of which only twenty-four thousand were British, the rest being of different nationalities and in part untrustworthy. He had also a very great superiority in artillery. True, Blücher came up; but that was the game; and Wellington's acceptance of battle under such conditions was notice that Blücher was at hand. On the morning of Waterloo Napoleon spoke with utter contempt of the English general and his troops; as did the French commander on the morning of Agin-

court. His army was not only beaten but destroyed. He seems himself to have fled from the field without making any attempt to organize and direct the retreat.

It has been truly remarked, as a qualification of Napoleon's extraordinary success in war, that he had often to deal with coalitions whose action was more or less wanting in the unity of a single will. In the Campaign of Miracles he had to deal with a very cumbrous and disjointed coalition, one member of which, Austria, was half-hearted, while its armies were commanded by Schwarzenberg, who was irresolute as well as second-rate. It is doubtful, even, whether the coalition would have held together, much more whether it would have pressed on to the goal, had not Castlereagh's force of character prevailed.

Cæsar's career was one of unbroken success, with the inconsiderable exception of his repulse at Dyrrhachium, where he encountered a first-rate general in Pompey. Marlborough serenely commanded victory to the end, and had not party at home betrayed him, he would probably, after Bouchain, have brought the war to a triumphant close at Paris. Wellington failed only in his attempt to take Burgos without a siege train. Napoleon's military career closed in utter and redoubled disaster.

Napoleon on his way to Elba had to disguise himself as a courier to escape being torn to pieces by the people. Such was the verdict of France herself on the effects of his rule so far as the happiness of Frenchmen was concerned. In that infuriated crowd there would be few whose young sons or relatives had not been torn from them as conscripts to feed the cravings of a perfectly selfish and insane ambition. Drafts indorsed by a servile Senate, and forestalling the regular conscription, had, during the last years, been sending to the field of slaughter immense levies of mere boys. The stature of the nation had been

stunted, and its physique had been impaired by the drain. The wars were represented as waged for the purpose of feeding the appetite of the French for glory, and thereby securing their allegiance to Napoleon's throne. But the best evidence tends to show that the people had long ceased to take an interest in the distant conquests of the armies, or to sigh for anything but peace. To peace, though repeatedly tendered on terms more than satisfactory to the nation, the despot obstinately refused to sacrifice the dictates of his personal pride. To him it was nothing that France was being desolated by invasion. Like a desperate gambler throwing his last piece of money on the board, he staked his last conscript in the game of war. Then, instead of facing defeat with dignity, and doing what he could in extremity to save the interests of the people who had done and suffered so much for him, he attempted suicide, from which he was saved, once more to break his plighted faith and deluge the world with blood in the interest of his chimerical ambition.

At the point at which France put herself into Napoleon's hands, had he been honest and patriotic, Republican institutions, so far as we can see, might have been founded. The fever fit was over, and everybody was sighing for stability and peace. Indeed, there was not much fault to be found with the framework of the existing Constitution, consisting of an executive Directory and two legislative chambers. The fruit of Napoleon's betrayal of his trust was a century of revolutions and convulsions, some of them bloody, all of them disastrous to political character and the foundations of the State. In the series was included a revival, under Napoleon's reputed nephew, of his despotism, with all its iniquity and corruption, with another outbreak of militarism and another cataclysm of military disaster. Nor is it possible at once to work off all the noxious elements which have been generated in the

process, and from the disturbing influence of which the French Republic is even now not secure.

There is a vague idea that the French armies by their occupation of conquered countries inoculated the nations with valuable ideas in compensation for all that they carried away or consumed upon the spot. When the French armies, their revolutionary enthusiasm having expired, had become hosts of disciplined marauders, the sole idea which they universally created among the nations was burning hatred of their insolence, rapacity, and lust. The immediate consequences of the struggle for freedom from French domination were monarchical ascendancy and the Holy Alliance; the nations having been fain to rally round their hereditary governments in their struggle for liberation from the foreign oppressor. If afterwards there was a general outburst of European liberalism, no credit was due for it to Napoleon or his system. It was the resurrection of that spirit of progress which had been killed for the time by the extravagances and enormities of the French Revolution, though combined no doubt with the impulses of nationality and liberty generated in the

effort to cast off the French yoke. Napoleon III. had studied the policy of Napoleon I., and aped it in everything to the utmost of his power. What he did with liberalism was to clap its leaders into prison-vans, shoot it down in the street, or deport it to Cayenne.

The world at large owes to Napoleon a vast recrudescence of militarism, with all the destructive barbarism attendant thereon; Cæsarism, with its glittering autocracy and its offer of a dead-level equality beneath the Cæsar as compensation for the loss of freedom; above all, a most dazzling example of immoral success and renown. One lasting benefit, however, he did, though involuntarily, confer on Europe. By the conquests of the Revolutionary armies the territories of France had been so far extended as to endanger the balance of power and threaten Europe permanently with French domination. Napoleon I. in the end lost these extensions with his own acquisitions, and brought French power again within safe bounds. Napoleon III. improved upon the work of his predecessor and prototype in this respect by resigning, after his defeat in the war with Germany, the territorial plunder of Louis XIV.

Goldwin Smith.

THE GLAMOUR OF A CONSULSHIP.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-CONSUL.

FORTUNATE indeed is the American citizen who has never been afflicted with the itch for government office. I must confess I fell an easy victim to this complaint in my senior year at college when first I began anxiously to plan for the future and to cast about for a suitable occupation. Then it was that Cæsar's sententious phrase, "Let the consuls see to it that the Republic suffer no harm," rang in my ears and solved the

problem. Yes, I would be a CONSUL, a name to conjure with, evoking the majestic shades of Cæsar and Napoleon and visions of imperial grandeur. The moment for action was certainly auspicious: the Republican party had just returned to "its own" after four lean years of bitter exile; the inauguration was over, and already the consular plum tree was being vigorously shaken at the behest of an army of eager patriots.

I promptly decided upon a certain consulate in Europe, and sent my petition to the President of the United States, laying stress upon the desire to continue my studies abroad as the motive of the application. The circumstance that I was not yet of legal age by a few months caused me no little uneasiness, but I considered it a good beginning in diplomacy not to obtrude that fact upon the attention of the President. In support of the application I secured and forwarded several choice testimonials in the form of letters of recommendation from the president and professors of the university. I was especially proud of the president's letter, superbly couched in exquisite language, and quite what one would expect from the noble pen that revised a standard dictionary and bequeathed to the world *The Human Intellect*. These precious papers filed, I waited several weary months, vainly seeking my name from day to day in the list of presidential nominations. Graduation came and I returned to my home town and its peaceful routine; not hopeless, — office-seekers very rarely become that, — but quite reconciled to private life. Suddenly — really unexpectedly — I was appointed consul at Ghent, Belgium.

How well I remember the day I was struck by government lightning! It was the manner of my notification that was so delightful. Unconscious of the momentous event, I was at home poring over the intricacies of Blackstone, when an aggressive ring at the door-bell interrupted my train of legal thought and in a moment a reporter on *The Daily Record* stood before me with a telegram announcing the appointment. He had been sent to interview me about myself and Ghent and Belgium and international relations. Verily I had been magically transformed into a personage whose opinions were in public demand! In gratitude for the joyful tidings, I responded glibly to the journalist's interrogatories, and he went on his way con-

tented. When the door closed I threw Blackstone into the corner with a shout of triumph.

But it was a mistake. In the light of experience, let me earnestly advise any ambitious youth face to face with the alternative that confronted me that day not to drop his law books for the siren call of a consulship, unless, perchance, the pending Lodge Bill, or some other equally meritorious measure for the reorganization of the consular service, shall meantime have been enacted into law, whereby that branch of the government shall afford a permanent tenure, adequate compensation, and regular promotion as a reward of merit. Only on that condition can he afford to abandon a career of usefulness at home to enter the consular service; but if there shall be no radical reform, and he fail to take my advice, he will surely live to rue it, just as I have done and hundreds before me and scores since. He will waste the most potential years of life in a more or less remote place, amid more or less uncongenial people, out of touch with American institutions and progress, and almost forgotten by friends; and when finally his precarious tenure of office is terminated, he will return to find himself outstripped by his contemporaries, demoralized for competitive work, and a laggard in the race. This applies to the favored sons of fortune as well as to those who must "keep the pot boiling," but, of course, emphatically to the latter.

Shortly after the visit of the journalist, I received the official notification of appointment, with instructions respecting the formalities of qualification, and hastened to Washington, where I presented my formal acceptance, took the oath of office, and filed a goodly sized bond to protect the official fees belonging to the government. Then followed the usual "instruction period" of thirty days, with salary, which, by the way, begins with the oath of office and continues until the consul leaves the service

on completion of the homeward journey. The salary was small and the additional income from notarial fees inconsiderable enough to modify my transports, but all financial misgivings were swallowed up in the honor of being incorporated into the foreign service of the United States; then there was always the possibility of transfer to a more lucrative post, — every little consul has nursed that illusive hope, — and, most important of all, a vague, half-formed belief that I was entering the service at the opportune moment for a life career. At the previous session of Congress some wise statesman had introduced a bill to reform the consular service along the lines of the classified service in the executive departments at Washington. The proposed legislation perhaps raised scarcely a ripple at the Capitol, but it certainly elicited widespread favorable comment in the press of the country, and I began to assume the certainty of its adoption. Fortunately for those now embraced in the consular service, the present movement for its reorganization on a solid foundation has advanced too far to fail so ignominiously as did that to which I clung as to an anchor of hope.

At Washington I paid my respects to President Harrison, who inquired if I had read *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, and to Secretary Blaine, and then spent a few days in the department looking over the official dispatches on file from my predecessors. The chief of the Consular Bureau at that time was Dr. Francis O. St. Clair, a most efficient and sympathetic official. His principal instruction to me was to apply myself diligently, yea, with religious fanaticism, to the study of the Consular Regulations, a fat little volume of some seven hundred pages. I took this cheerful injunction literally, and supplemented it by consulting works on international law treating of the functions and duties of consuls, their rights and privileges un-

der the law of nations and by virtue of special treaties. At the outset the information was disappointing in one respect: it was emphatically stated that consuls have no diplomatic functions nor representative character as regards the government to which they are accredited (excepting under certain conditions which did not concern me), but are merely the official representatives of the commercial interests of their country. I derived no little comfort, however, in the distinction so finely drawn by one writer, that while the diplomatic agent represents his government at the seat of government of the foreign country and is therefore an envoy of one government to another, the consul is the official representative in the consular district of the individuals of his own country. This was a just source of pride: I was to represent some sixty million sovereign American citizens, including Alaskans, in the provinces of East and West Flanders, wherein dwelt no less than two million thrifty souls. Could I have foreseen the present epoch of national expansion, how I would have envied the American Consul of A. D. 1903, who represents nearly ninety millions of people living under the protection of the Stars and Stripes in lands upon which the sun never sets! (This is astronomically true of the summer sun.)

I was highly gratified to discover in the Consular Regulations that consuls of the United States rank with colonels in the regular army, or captains in the navy, although, even before learning this, I felt quite as important as any colonel. The chapter on the Official Relations of Consuls to Naval Officers was also pleasant reading. Whenever an American war vessel (or squadron) visits a port where a United States consul is stationed, it is the duty of the commander to send a boat ashore with an officer, to visit the consul and tender him a passage to the ship. The consul must accept the invitation, visit the commander, and tender him his official ser-

vices. While the vessel is in port the consul is entitled to a salute of seven guns (nine for a consul-general), which is usually fired while he is being conveyed from the vessel to the shore. The official etiquette requires the consul to face the ship, and at the end of the salute acknowledge it by raising his hat. All this has practical significance to our consuls at Mediterranean ports, but none whatever in the case of Ghent, situated some twenty miles inland. But, nevertheless, Ghent is technically a "seaport," thanks to a ship canal to Terneuzen, on the lower Scheldt, admitting vessels of eighteen or nineteen feet draught. My vain hope was that some inquisitive man-of-war of the United States would manage to penetrate to Ghent; whereupon the seven guns would boom forth, shaking the dust of ages from the ancient belfry, and reverberating through the ruins of the mediæval castle of the counts of Flanders. This, of course, was a mere dream.

The scales have long ago dropped from my eyes, and, looking back through the years, I realize that I was afflicted with an insidious malady very common — almost universal — among newly appointed consuls, and which we may appropriately call consular megalomania. It appears at once on appointment, increases in intensity throughout the instruction period, reaches the crisis on shipboard, — where the consul sits in the seat of honor at the captain's table and receives the homage of his compatriots, — and then gradually abates until the temperature of self-esteem is normal.

On arrival in Belgium I paid my respects to the United States Minister at Brussels and proceeded to my post, where, on the receipt of my exequatur from the Belgian government, and completion of the inventory of official property, I relieved my predecessor of his "public trust," inheriting a native Belgian as vice-consul, a British subject as clerk, and a room in the aforesaid Belgian's counting-house as the office of the

consulate, — three flies in the ointment of our present consular system.

In pursuance of custom I made ceremonious calls upon the governor of the province of East Flanders, who is the local representative of the king, and upon the burgomaster of the city. I also left cards at the homes of all the members of the Consular Corps, forty in number and representing thirty-six nations, including every European power with the exception of Switzerland, nine countries of South America, all those of Central America, Persia, Hawaii, Liberia, and one or two other petty governments. Of course, the great majority of these offices were only titular, and, in fact, all but three of the consuls, vice-consuls, and consular agents composing the corps were native citizens of Belgium, who had sought appointment on account of the social prestige conferred, or (formerly) in order to secure exemption from service in the *garde civique*. The exceptions were the consul of the United States, the German consul, and the British vice-consul in charge.

We were all embraced in an association styled the Cercle Consulaire, whose constitution contained the following article: —

"Il a pour but d'offrir à ses membres un centre de réunion pour poursuivre la réalisation des progrès reconnus favorables à la prospérité et à la dignité du Corps Consulaire."

It was presided over by a dean, the consul longest in commission, and in its relations with the local authorities and with official society closely resembled the diplomatic corps. We addressed one another as "mon cher collègue," and, once a year, held a banquet, where the nations of the earth met to exchange toasts in grandiloquent sentiments, and each worthy Belgian, laying aside petty business rivalries and for the nonce denationalizing himself, strove hard to uphold the dignity of his appointing government. At ceremonious functions,

such as the celebration of a Te Deum in the cathedral, we followed close at the heels of the governor, passing between long lines of saluting soldiery, every consul, except myself, resplendent in a uniform prescribed by the government he represented.

Much might be said of the multitudinous duties imposed by our laws upon consular officers, and hence the importance of the appointment of men of irreproachable character, intelligence, and education, resourcefulness, and sound judgment; but I need not dwell on these matters. My routine duties consisted in certifying invoices of merchandise exported to the United States, making commercial reports, performing notarial services, and replying to letters of inquiry relating chiefly to the extension of American trade. American vessels coming but very rarely to Ghent, I had not the police control to exercise over shipping which is an important function of the consul at a large seaport, and only infrequently had occasion to intervene with the local authorities in behalf of the personal rights of American citizens.

Ghent being to one side of the beaten highway pursued by the restless army of tourists, I met comparatively few compatriots traveling for pleasure, and hence was but rarely called upon to cater to the whims and fancies of the unreasonable, as is the lot of the average American consul in Europe. As a rule, the Americans who sought me out belonged to the class which every consul dreads: the stranded and the importunate, as well as the tricky and the unscrupulous. Perhaps as many as two thirds of all the Americans who set foot in the consulate during my four years came to solicit a "loan" of from five to twenty francs to enable them to continue their homeward journey. Sometimes they had drifted on the waves of charity from consulate to consulate, from as far eastward as Berlin. By the time they reached Ghent they had become past masters in the art of wheedling

money out of the consul; their stories were gems of pathos and their acting creditable to any star of the footlights. Many of the applicants appealed to me as a matter of right, and displayed astonishment, if not unbelief, when informed that the government of the United States makes no provision for the relief of its destitute citizens other than seamen, when stranded abroad. But, fund or no fund, it is quite natural that distressed American travelers should turn in their trouble to the official representative of their country, and in meritorious cases it was a pleasure personally to extend some slight measure of relief.

But for self-protection against bankruptcy, I had a hard-and-fast rule of action in these cases. The third-class railway passage to Antwerp with its boundless sailing possibilities cost about half a dollar. To every applicant who was not manifestly a downright fraud, I offered this aid from my own pocket-book, and whenever accepted sent the clerk with the person to the railway station, with iron-bound instructions to purchase the ticket and speed the parting stranger on his way. This was policy as well as humanity, for if the unfortunate remained without resources in my district he might be landed in jail as a vagrant or for doing something desperate, and might then invoke consular intervention, thus involving more or less thankless labor.

I remember one instance rather out of the usual order. A fashionably attired young man, of commanding presence and polite manners, called at the consulate one day in a cab. He stated that he was a resident of Boston and on the way home from a tour of the Continent. After chatting interestingly a full hour, he turned to leave, but suddenly wheeled about and said in a *blasé* tone: "Oh, by the way — hem — hem — such a *trifling* matter, I hate to mention it, but I find myself deucedly short most unexpectedly. Instructed

my father to send my usual remittance of a thousand to me at my hotel here — has n't come — some mistake. If you let me have, say, twenty-five francs, I'll try to make ends meet until I get to Antwerp, and remit you double from there to-night. Thousand pardons for bothering you for such a trifle." His final acting had the consummate touch of a professional dead-beat and swindler, and so I promptly declined, and then unfolded to his crestfallen majesty my relief plan. Rising to his full height, and withering me with a scornful look, he spurned the offer, and left the office in wrathful indignation. But an hour or so later he returned — still in the cab — and humbly applied for the ticket-money, which was given him without the usual formality of sending the clerk to purchase the ticket. That same evening the cabman in question drove up and announced that "my friend" had swindled him out of three hours' fare. He had driven his passenger to a hotel on a corner near the station, and the latter entered to get his baggage; this was the last he had seen of him. All that the hotel proprietor could say by way of enlightenment was that a stranger had come in the front door and, after setting his watch by the clock, had passed out the side entrance. That cabman thinks to this day that he has a strong case in equity against me for his lost fare.

The most peculiar individual whom I served in an official capacity was an American who called one day to secure the authentication of a document to be used in court in the United States. This service duly performed, he inquired the fee, and, learning that it was two dollars, looked troubled, and alleged that he had expected to pay only about twenty-five cents; but after fumbling in his pockets for some time his face brightened, and he offered an extraordinary compromise. He was, he said, a "glass-eater" by occupation, and temporarily out of employment after filling engage-

ments at the annual fairs in several towns of France and Belgium. In discharge of his obligation he proposed to give me a special performance of his art. Believing him to be one of the numerous fakirs who rely on sleight of hand in so-called glass-eating feats, I expressed incredulity. "Gimme a thin goblet," said he, "and I'll eat it all up." I complied. Grasping it firmly with both hands, as a boy would a big apple, he unhesitatingly munched off a large piece, the fragments crackling horribly under his massive teeth and disappearing down his throat. He was precisely what he claimed to be, — a human ostrich; but it was not a pleasant way of receiving a notarial fee, and I hastened to inform the glass-eater that his debt was discharged.

Soon after my arrival, an American negro, who had formerly been employed as barber on one of the transatlantic liners, drifted to Ghent with a little capital, and blossomed out as the proprietor of an *estaminet* at the docks; the sailors patronized him and he flourished. Although there was a resident English colony, this lone negro was, for a long time, my only compatriot in the city of Ghent. Aware of that fact, he called frequently at the consulate to greet his consul, whom he insisted on addressing as "Your Excellency." No self-ex-patriated American whom I ever knew was more patriotic than he; it was touching to see the fervent admiration with which he gazed up at the coat-of-arms on the façade of the consulate, and I doubt not he was made of the same heroic stuff as the gallant troopers of the Tenth United States Cavalry, whose devoted lifeblood stained San Juan hill. It therefore grieves me to reflect that I was obliged to deny the only favor he ever asked of me. It was this way.

Shortly before the Fourth of July he presented himself, all excitement and enthusiasm, and announced that he was making preparations to celebrate our national holiday in handsome fashion at his place of business. His saloon would

be decorated with evergreens and bunting, and the first free lunch in the history of Ghent would be served to all comers; he begged me to be present on the festive occasion, and to loan him the consular flag, which, he assured me, would be draped in the post of honor *over the bar*. It was easy to dispose of the flag question: it sufficed to explain that it must fly from its own staff on that Day of all Days; but the matter of personal attendance required the exercise of diplomacy, even of the Machiavelian brand. He had gone to the expense of having cards of invitation printed, and it was with intense dismay that I read at the bottom thereof: "The American Consul will be present." To avoid hurting the poor darky's feelings I am afraid that I may have given him the impression that the Consular Regulations require every consul to remain in retreat at the consulate throughout Independence Day. But it was quite as well that I did not attend the celebration at the estaminet, for I afterwards learned that the news of the free lunch attracted such a large rough crowd, and the scramble for food was so eager, that the police had to be summoned to quell an incipient riot.

The years rolled by and the political complexion of the Administration changed. New officials took charge of the Department of State, and then en-

sued a consular Reign of Terror unsurpassed since the foundation of the government, the apotheosis of the spoils system. Just as St. Bartholomew's Day stands out in ghastly prominence in the history of the Huguenots, so does the year 1893 in the annals of the consular service of the United States. Within a period of less than ten months exactly thirty consuls-general out of a total of thirty-five, and 133 consuls of the first class out of a total of 183, besides the great majority of the minor consuls, were superseded, and their places hastily filled by persons belonging to the dominant party, to the disorganization of the service and consequent detriment to the business interests of this country. After all, however, it was nothing more than an unusually drastic exhibition of the time-honored practice following a change of administration involving transfer of partisan power.

My turn came at last, and, rather curiously, it was the press again that gave me the first intelligence; for one evening I read in the list of appointments by the President simply this: "Mr. So-and-so, Consul at Ghent, Belgium." A few weeks later, stripped of my consular halo and shorn of power, I began my homeward journey, convinced for the first time that the spoils system is brutal and barbarous. *Sic transit gloria consulis.*

John Ball Osborne.

BARATARIA: THE RUINS OF A PIRATE KINGDOM.

FOR the last three hundred miles of its course the dark old Mississippi ploughs through a land of swamp and bayou, cypress and water oak. There comes a point as we go southward where the swamps are penetrated by tide water and the bayous widen out to rival in breadth even the Father of Waters himself. At last these bayous, great cur-

rentless swamp rivers, merge into Old Ocean as wide bays, or as lakes cut off from the sea by narrow little strips of reed-covered sand, rising as islands from the alluvial marsh. Some of these swamp-locked bays are deep enough to sail a good-sized schooner. Wilderness, whether mountain or forest or swamp, is ever a preserver of primitive condi-

tions, and it is not strange that when the high seas became too thoroughly civilized for the freebooter, piracy should make its last stand in the place where progressive Old Ocean gives way to the conservative marsh. Neither was it strange, when the law stepped in to blot out freebooting forever, that the swamp closed up to hide its own, and that conditions prevailing in pirate days should be preserved like some prehistoric monster sunk in a bog of peat, or like a city covered with the ashes and lava of a spurting volcano.

The student of American history knows that among the defenders of New Orleans in 1814 was Jean Lafitte, the pirate, with some hundreds of his men who came from their settlement on the islands and *cheniers* about Barataria Bay; he knows that when the city had been saved these men were granted a full pardon, and that many returned to civilized life. But the fate of the Baratarian settlement, — that was left to the student's guess. So completely was the region forgotten that the average New Orleans citizen to-day has little or no idea of the route to be pursued in reaching it. Inquiries at hotel and steamer offices gave me very little help when, one day in April, I went to and fro about the Crescent City, asking a way to reach the country of the pirates. At last I bethought myself of the French Market, whither go the shrimp, fish, and turtles from Barataria. There, among dark-haired Hungarians and fat-faced French madames, I learned the name of a little steamer which plies back and forth in the Barataria trade.

The boat would leave in two days, said the kindly old gray-haired captain, and would arrive at Grand Pass, between Grande Terre and Grande Isle, on the second day out. When I asked how far that might be, he answered, —

“Fifty-four miles, if you mean the way the duck flies. Fifty-four thousand, if you want to communicate with any one who lives there.”

The vessel lay at the head of Harvey's Canal, one of the little channels by which luggers make their way to the swamps and bayous and back again to the river. The steamer had a stern wheel, and drew so little water that the shallow bayous and receding tides offered no great menace. Its little cabin was saloon, bar-room, clerk's office, and sleeping quarters all in one. Its crew consisted of an engineer, a cook, and three colored deck hands. The engine gave forth a puff-puff, puff-puff-puff, and we started southwestward from the city, disputing the passage with a raft of cypress logs, which persisted in crowding our steamer into the bank. Slowly the raft yielded to the little vessel's prow, scraped along the port side, and left its length behind us as we pushed down the canal. The reed-covered marsh gave way to dense cypress swamp, cypress whose limbs were draped with long festoons of gray Spanish moss. Turtles scurried from every fallen log. Water snakes swam lazily along the shore. Huge garfish jumped like trout, splashing the water in our front. The huts of moss gatherers, with their adornment of stupid, wondering black faces, passed. Then we issued upon an almost currentless stream of brackish water, — a stream half as wide as the Hudson at Albany. This was the Bayou of Little Barataria.

Now we are approaching the country of the pirates. The bayou branches and branches again, and at one forking place there is a high shell mound, and about its foot a modest extent of land that rises always well above tide water. Here in the old days was Lafitte's chief distributing point. By a dozen routes contraband could be brought from the Gulf to one of the cypress-shaded passes that led hither. And from here to the portages leading into New Orleans the way was safe to follow and easy to guard. Here was the palace royal of the buccaneer chief. Here it was that Lawyer Grymes, invited to Barataria

to receive his fee of \$20,000 for the defense of the younger Lafitte, was wine and dined by the "most polished gentlemen of the world." It was back through the same bayou by which we came that he went with his gold, in a splendid yawl. It was at plantations whose charred ruins we have seen that he met hospitable planters, and played sinful games that left him to arrive in New Orleans penniless and in debt.

From here to the Gulf of Mexico extended the rule of Lafitte. The shell heaps were his stations. The higher land was settled by his followers. The bayous were his routes of travel and places of hiding. When piracy ceased with the battle of Chalmette, his people improved the plantations that existed, and made new ones on every bit of land that rose high enough for tilling. The old civilization was continued on a new basis, only a little more in touch with Louisiana laws, and far less in touch with Louisiana people, than in the days of the freebooter.

It is thirty-five miles by the most direct bayou route from this point to Grande Terre, on the Gulf Coast. Yet over the whole persists the personality of Jean Lafitte. It is a strange thing, this immortality of strong characters. One who has visited Mount Vernon feels that Washington still lives. At Monticello one finds Thomas Jefferson alive in the traditions that connect him with every object. So lives Lafitte on Barataria bayous and on Barataria Bay.

Here, at his old headquarters, we see the pirate collecting and disposing of his plunder. We look in upon the feasts as he entertains his friends over a heavy silver service and with costly wines. Below, we catch him burying his treasure in shell heaps, or sinking it in the bayous at spots marked by crossing chains whose ends reach out to trees upon the bank. Always he leaves with four negroes who pull the yawl, always seated in the stern with a musket in his hands and his belt bristling with pis-

tols. Invariably we see him returning alone, and imagine the last terrors of the four blacks whose bones rest where the alligators left them.

Yonder is a shell heap covered with trees. Beneath a huge live oak that once grew there, tradition tells us that Lafitte stood while a storm was raging. Lightning struck and shattered the tree, but Lafitte was left unharmed. The atmosphere is charged with pirate personality, and every time the long dark skiff of a negro moss gatherer comes silently out of some cypress-draped bayou, we start, half expecting to see the handsome, heartless outlaw king sitting in the stern.

Elements of the supernatural mingle in the tales of pirates. Many years ago New Orleans sent men out for shells to pave her streets. A certain steamer captain came hither with a tug and barge. He tied to a live oak on one of the cheniers near Little Temple. Next day his tug steamed back to the city towing an empty barge. During the night the captain declared that the ghost of Jean Lafitte had come to his cabin, and with drawn sword demanded the surrender of his vessel, only to fade away and leave the terror-stricken steamboat man bathed in perspiration.

The men who recall these tales are mainly dark-faced, handsome planters of the swampy bayou farms. But sometimes they are native fishermen or grizzled shrimp catchers. Now the storyteller is of pure Spanish origin, again of pure French. Sometimes there is a dash of color in the blood, indicating almost certain descent from some old pirate and his colored mistress.

They are men who believe in dreams and spells and supernatural apparitions. There would seem to be some ground for the belief that their land is accursed. Time after time tidal waves have swept the portions nearest the Gulf Coast, and in the middle days of the last century, when the more enterprising Baratarians had flourishing plantations and hoped

to grow as rich as their freebooting ancestors, a crevasse opened in the western bank of the Mississippi, and the plantations were flooded so that cane grew no more. Then the factories turned into picturesque ruins, which stand today, the remnants of a lost civilization.

At the old distributing point near Lake Salvador is a prehistoric shell mound, and on this, beneath the live oaks, lie two brothers, sons of a follower of Lafitte, who even as late as the civil war ruled over Barataria. In the ruins of the old slave hospital lives an ancient negro who served the brothers as a slave. He brings them to life, and lets us see them in one phase of their piratical character.

"Dey both had niggah wives," said he, "an' yallah chilluns. De younges' he die first. We all niggahs hab to go to de funeral. De odder brudder he read de sermon out'n a book. He read awhile, an' de li'l' yallah chilluns ob de dead brudder all cry an' say, 'O daddy, daddy!' Den he stop readin' an' say, 'Shut up, you damn li'l' niggahs!' Den he read some moah. Bimeby de chilluns cry ag'in an' say, 'O daddy, daddy!' Den he stop readin' ag'in an' say, 'Shut up, you damn li'l' niggahs! Cain't you alls lemme read dis here sermon fur you all's damn noise?'"

From a scene like this it is not far to transport ourselves to the day when religion and freebooting went hand in hand; when a buccaneer captain would compel his crew to attend divine worship on Sunday; when he asked the blessing of heaven upon every voyage, asked that his prizes might be easily captured and heavily treasure-laden, and, the conquest complete, read services of thanksgiving.

A little below this point with its graves, we come to the "peach orchard," a live oak forest, where in the days of piracy peach trees flourished. In the decade following the war of 1812, the land fell into the hands of a Spaniard, who found upon it a jar of Spanish

doubloons that made him immensely rich.

Here a passenger comes on board our little vessel. He is a man of more than fifty years, tall and straight, and dark as an Indian. He is a pleasant man of Spanish descent, and owns one of the rice farms on this bayou. His father was here before him, and his conversation is as full of the strange atmosphere of Barataria as of the quaint accent of the bayous.

"One time," he says, "my god-fah'r out on Lake Salvador in evening. He see boy come in boat. De boy seem all tired out. He say to my god-fah'r, 'You take me to Company's Canal.' God-fah'r say, 'No, boy. I no time take you Company's Canal. You come home wi' me an' stay all night.' De boy say, 'You take me Company's Canal an' I give you t'ree hundred dollar'.' My god-fah'r say he do it. He fasten de boy's topline to his lugger an' start. Right away dat boy fast asleep for he all tired out. Bimeby my god-fah'r say, 'Here, boy. We at Company's Canal.' Boy get up an' say, 'See what I got.' He had a bag an' dat bag was full of gold pieces shape' like hearts. He say his fah'r been wid Lafitte, an' tell him when he die where money was hid. He had work t'ree day to fin' it. He live 'way down on Lower Coast, an' god-fah'r never see him again or know his name."

Some thirty miles below New Orleans, Bayou du Pont branches off to the eastward, Bayou Barataria turns into Bayou Rigulets, and we continue southward through this into Little Lake, a sheet of water some fifteen miles across. Flocks of ducks and pelicans rise from marsh and water. Fishing luggers manned by Hungarians or Malays, or the mixed breed of Barataria, are left behind. We pass Grand Bayou and steam out among the channels, shoals, and bird-covered islands of Barataria Bay. Before us, a low stretch of marsh grass, rising from the waterline, is an

island, beyond which we see the great blue Gulf. On the island's extreme western end stand an abandoned fort and two lighthouses. One of these latter is deserted, and the other marks Grand Pass, the channel between Grande Terre and Grande Isle, the pass by which the schooners of Lafitte sailed from Gulf to bay and back again from bay to Gulf. This low-lying island is Grande Terre. Just westward across the pass is Grande Isle. Here, beyond low stretches of marsh and spits of sand projecting westward, rises a higher bit of land covered with live oaks. Amid the trees, in a spot as fertile and as beautifully flower-covered as any on earth, dwell sons of the Baratarian pirates. On the bayous above we have met children from the same ancestors, but among them are men of a more recent importation, so intermarried and assimilated to the community that it is difficult to tell where the relationship begins or ends. But here the descent is clear and direct.

Grande Terre has been more intimately connected with the name of Lafitte than has the higher island to westward. It was there that he had his fort, — a fort not designed to guard the pass against incoming vessels, as many have supposed, but made to cover the bay and sink any schooner on which a slave cargo might break its bonds or a crew become mutinous. The pirate fort was washed away many years ago, but the channel whereby yawls approached may still be seen. The homes of Barataria were chiefly built on Grande Isle and Chenier Caminada, — the latter a low spit of land projecting from the marsh on the island's westward side.

In early days there came to be a strange line of demarcation between Grande Isle and the Chenier. The pirates and smugglers who made homes in the bay took unto themselves wives. But like the early Romans they found eligible sweethearts scarce. Some therefore chose the handsomest women from

cargoes of negro slaves, which the repeated raids upon plantations in the West Indies gave to Lafitte, and these became mistresses of most Baratarian homes. Others had wives of their own color, — women who left civilization to share the fortunes of pirate lovers, and perhaps other women who, torn from their early homes, became, like the Sabine women, reconciled to their masters.

Gambia, one of the lieutenants of Lafitte, became the nucleus about which clustered the pure white blood of Barataria. He and his descendants lived on Chenier Caminada. Rigault, another lieutenant, manager of transportation, who handled the goods that went from Barataria Bay to the points above, became the leading figure on Grande Isle.

Little by little a caste line grew up between the children of Grande Isle and those of the Chenier. The two communities were friendly. They ate and drank together, and visited at one another's homes. But it became a rule that no one of colored blood could live on the Chenier.

The sons and daughters of Grande Isle were just as handsome as those of the Chenier, which is saying a good deal, for the tall, straight, active bodies and well-modeled, sun-blackened faces are full of a beauty peculiarly their own. True, too, Grande Isle men and women were just as intelligent and just as well to do. The two peoples were shriven by the same priest when the latter made his periodical visit from a station of Bayou Lafourche, and gathered in the same little chapel to say their prayers. They had the same teacher, and went to the same balls and the same quaint celebrations of the holidays. But parents of pure white origin drew the line at the marriage of their children with those of far-off colored ancestry.

Yet the youths of the Chenier have persisted in loving the handsome daughters of the island, and the daughters of the Gambia faction have not disdained

the sons of Rigault's clan. So the sons and daughters of the Chenier have married the daughters and sons of Grande Isle.

Parents have opposed, pleaded, threatened, and cursed. To the Baratarian a parent's curse is something dreadful. In a community where men put out to sea in little boats, where tropical storms rage and sweep island homes to sudden destruction, where death is ever lurking in a hundred forms, the man accursed stands an excellent chance to meet an untimely fate. And when such an one dies, it is easy to remember that he was under a curse, and to forget that many others died in the same manner. It may be, too, among men who believe in the weird and supernatural that the dreaded parent's curse serves as a handicap. Perhaps in the critical moment of danger the belief in a certain doom furnishes just sufficient force to take away the trifle of strength and courage that makes the difference between life and death. At any rate, many a son and many a daughter have been crushed when an angry parent upon the Chenier called down evil from heaven to rest upon a child that must from now on live upon Grande Isle with a parti-colored mate.

One of my first acquaintances among the pirate people was a man who had been so accursed. He is Mandeville Marques, a Spaniard by descent, some sixty years old, and grandson of a follower of Lafitte. I had left the little vessel, and with the ancient trader in command had landed and was walking about Grande Isle. The Marques home lay in the midst of gardens where roses bloomed amid cauliflower, cabbage, and cucumbers. Like all Grande Isle houses, it stood on posts some four feet high, to guard against any sudden tidal wave. It was made of unpainted cypress boards. Oak and banana trees gave shade. Young orange trees flourished in front, in the place of older ones, which succumbed to the cold of '98. A line of coops containing gamecocks stood

just westward of the house. It was these that brought my escort to the place. For Marques is a breeder of cocks as well as a professional hunter. The owner stepped from the house. He is something more than six feet in height. His shoulders set well back, and his head is proudly poised. A red bandana, knotted in cowboy fashion, is his only neckwear, and furnishes contrasting background for a grizzled beard. We must step inside and have a drink of wine or milk or coffee. The room is bare save for a bed, chairs, a long-barreled duck gun, and a stand on which are glasses and bottles of wine. The bed has high posts and is hung with mosquito netting.

"Blank says you have some gaffs for him," began the trader.

"Not so," shortly replied Marques.

"He said you promised him some gaffs to go with the chicken you sent him last week."

"Never say it. Never say it. Not got gaffs to give away. I sell cocks. I sell gaffs."

Then followed the sale of two murderous-looking gaffs made by hand, according to the rule handed down through generations of cock-breeding Spanish ancestors. Leaving the house, we met Madame Marques. Her age was not far from that of her husband, but one could see signs of a handsome girlhood. Her head was tied in a colored handkerchief. She spoke no English, but when she saw us look at a specially beautiful rosebush she came forward and insisted on cutting a bouquet for each.

Marques comes from a family of pure Spanish blood. His wife has a fraction of color. His father opposed the marriage, and pronounced a curse upon all children of the union. Might none ever grow to manhood to disgrace the name of Marques. Sure enough, of the two sons born, one was killed in childhood, while the other grew to be a man in body, but remained a child in mind.

The oldest man on Grande Isle is

Victor Rigault, son of the Rigault who served Lafitte as lieutenant. We came upon him kneeling in his garden among beds of early cucumbers. His beard was white, and his shoulders stooped. He wore a broad palmetto hat, and arose on our approach to greet us with "bon jour." Born in 1823, he remembers the time when his father's comrades discussed their adventures beneath the black flag. But he is shy of the subject, and is not proud of the fact that his fathers were freebooters. He has seen the storms that have swept the region during seventy-eight years, and tells of them in Baratarian French.

In that time many have been the vicissitudes of his family. Down by the bay, on the spit of land where our skiff approached the island, stand the ruins of the first Rigault home. A great brick cistern and the foundation posts of a house are all that remain. Victor tells us that these are the ruins of his father's home, long ago swept away by storm. The foundation was laid for another, and part of the building was complete, when a second storm came and swept this also away. A house was then built back from the beach among the orange trees, but this was destroyed by fire. Now Victor lives in a little low frame building. His wife came down from the house as we approached. She is very dark save for her snow-white hair, and wore a curious brown sunbonnet with triangular flaps sticking out on each side, giving the impression of wings. In her ears were plain gold rings.

In early days the Rigaults were rich. They owned a sugar plantation on the island, and Victor and his brother did an extensive business in the city. Defying custom, they deposited money in New Orleans banks. Then came the civil war: the banks failed. A tidal wave ruined the plantation, and the family went back to depend upon fishing luggers, duck boats, and gardens for income, and on shell heap and chimney for places of deposit.

This latter method of saving is almost the only one in Barataria, and for this reason coin is much more popular than paper in the trade. It is asserted by those who have long traded here that an immense amount of old Spanish coin is still in the possession of Baratarian families. However true or false the tales may be, it is certain that in two instances, at least, the great storm of '93, which tore down houses and cut channels through the levees, did reveal the hiding-places of Spanish doubloons.

Chenier Caminada is some inches lower than Grande Isle, and has less protection from trees. As a result, almost its entire population perished in the last great storm. Many valuable relics of the old days were lost. One family, according to an old resident, had some wonderfully fine oil paintings, handed down by fathers who had snatched them from heaven knows where. These went tumbling into the sea with the house and its inhabitants. Others had old guns, swords, and divers relics, all of which were lost. Grande Isle is fortunate in having oak trees, many of them, in its settled portion. When waves came up over the land these broke the force. Several men lived through that night of awful storm in treetops. Others escaped because their houses were held by trees and prevented from going out to sea.

It is on an occasion such as that of the last storm that the pirate blood in the Baratarians shows itself. One whose house was blown from its foundation, who spent part of the night clinging to the roof, and saw at daybreak a steamer stranded in his own front yard, tells me that next day the younger generation broke forth in acts of lawlessness, running here and there, from ruin to ruin, plundering every house, and looking in tumble-down chimneys and beneath brick foundation posts for hidden gold. Not content with this, they carried away boards from houses, and every bit of furniture or other property that could

be useful. This was not the work of the older ones, but of the youngsters, whose inherited love of loot had not been suppressed by years of discipline.

The population of Grande Isle is something like twelve hundred persons. The life is an easy one of plenty. Never have I seen such fruits, such vegetables, and such flowers. On the April days spent there we found blackberries, half as large as a man's thumb, growing in every spot which cultivation had not claimed. The gardens were full of the finest peas, beans, cabbages, tomatoes, and nearly every other vegetable that is prized in the early market. The poorest is never hungry. Besides the garden produce, which he may gather every month in the year, he has oysters for the taking, and a single cast of the net will always yield a mess of fish. Crabs and turtles are likewise plentiful at all times.

The land was early apportioned among the families by common agreement, and remains to-day practically as thus divided. The Rigault estate belongs to the Rigault family, and on the west gives way to the land of the Ludwigs. Narrow little lanes, whose bordering live oaks intertwine their branches above the way, separate farm from farm. The low ground where marsh grass thrives is a common pasturage for cattle.

Attempts have been made by outside parties to invade the island. Years ago planters from Bayou Lafourche and the Lower Coast of the Mississippi resorted hither in summer for the fishing and fine sea bathing. But their hotel was wrecked in the storm of '93, and those who went through that awful night of tidal fury have not cared to return to a resort so exposed to wind and water.

The loss of the hotel brought little sorrow to the Baratarians, for they have fought unceasingly to preserve their island as it was in the old days. Once a planter from the Lower Coast undertook to purchase a large interest in the

island, but the older heads, led by René Rappellet, opposed the sale, declaring that the life Baratarians were living was far better for them than the life that would follow the coming of men from the outside world, with strict views as to the association of whites and men of color. The deal was not made.

Similar has been the fight against any change in the face of the island. Some years ago a movement was started among the younger men to clear away the live oaks and make larger truck gardens. But the older ones placed a veto on the scheme. Honore Coloun, one of the second generation from piracy, a man whose boyhood had been spent on the Chenier, and who had left it with a father's malediction on marrying a Grande Isle lass with a trace of color, declared that the trees would be the salvation of the island and its people. When the storm came it was seen that his reasoning had been sound.

The storm of '93 has left its traces over the whole region, not only in the desolation produced, but in the traditions, superstitions, and miracle tales of the people. The wind had been blowing very strongly from the Gulf for several days. Water had been forced into Barataria Bay through the passes, and the bay had risen several feet. One night, at ten o'clock, water had reached some of the gardens, and men believed it was at its worst. At one o'clock the wind changed, and the water which had been piling up in the bay was suddenly forced seaward. The narrow passes could not empty it fast enough, and the masses of liquid, literally piled up by the hurricane, went tearing seaward, through pass and over island alike.

Then men were wakened by the moving of their houses as they rocked in the torrent. Over and over went the smaller structures, and hundreds of the inmates were drowned at once. Some stood the first shock, and families climbed to attic and roof to go floating away: a part to the sea, and a part to the treetops.

Many, finding their houses held by the live oaks, remembered the prophetic advice of Coloun. Since that time the live oak has been a sacred tree in Barataria.

Over on the Chenier, where the land was lower and the trees very scarce, the desolation was something awful. Old chimneys, broken and crumbled, told where homes had been. Great pools and ditches showed where whirlwinds and water spouts had torn their way. A few men and women had time to get into their luggers. Some of these came straggling back to look upon the wreck and wait about, hoping the sea might give up their friends.

Those at sea in luggers fared little better than those on shore. One old fisherman told me his story: —

“Dere were twelve luggers where I be. De wind came stronger and stronger. De waves very bad. Den de wind turn and de waves come both ways at once. Whichever way we head we in de trough. Den de boats fill an’ de men drown. Ten of dose twelve boats all gone. When I come back to Chenier, pier gone, house gone, wife gone. It seem like de en’ come to de world.”

One tale of the weird will serve as an example of many. It is a tale that Baratarians tell in all the faith of their simple, quiet lives. Gilbau, a resident of Chenier Caminada, had invited his friends to a feast on the night of the storm. Rare old china was laden with the finest of game. Old wine sparkled in cut glass goblets. Roses and oranges adorned the table. Gilbau arose at the opening of the feast and said in Baratarian French: —

“My friends, I want you to have the best dinner I have ever given you. Later I will tell you why.”

At the close of the meal he arose again and said: —

“I asked you to have the best dinner I could give. I hope you have enjoyed it and will remember, for this is the last

night of your neighbor Gilbau. I am going to die to-night. I do not know how, but I know that to-night I shall surely die.”

When Gilbau’s body was washed up by the tide, those of his guests who were alive remembered his words, and another tale of mystery had been added to the many which are handed about in Barataria.

The storms have carried away most of the relics of pirate days. The character of old Barataria is preserved mainly in the conservatism of a quiet, kindly, handsome people. The remains of the old are the strange intermixture of races, the quaint jumble of French, Spanish, and Portuguese tongues, the superstitions, the love of wine, and the fearless seamanship.

Down near the bay, on the shore of Grande Isle, by the old cistern of Lafitte’s day, stands a little collection of brick tombs, that have resisted wind and decay and wave. In one of these lies the body of Rigault the pirate. Once Rigault manned the sloops and yawls which carried slaves and goods from the buccaneer schooners to distributing points above. Once he confounded revenue officers and dealt with polished men, who deemed it no crime to buy in the cheapest market. Now his dust lies on the shore of the bay where formerly his yawls were laden. A dozen little ivory images, a rosary, and a cross are there for the good of his soul. An orange shrub and a thorn bush strive with each other for the honor of giving shade. Harsh Spanish daggers present their sharp, piratical points to the visitor. A mocking-bird sings a song of multitudinous notes. Cardinals whistle and flash in their spring love-making. Now and then a flock of awkward pelicans will circle near, and a great white gull bend his flight close down, as though keeping watch over the dust of a sea-rover once as free and careless as himself.

Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.

LULLABY.

At sunset our white butterflies
Vanish and fold and creep,
Where now the golden daylight dies,
Out in the field to sleep ;
Among the morning-glories furled
They furl their drowsy wings,
Forget the sun upon the world,
And what the sparrow sings ;
They will not know what dews may kiss
Nor what stars vigil keep ;
Fold up, white wing, and be like this
All in the twilight deep ;
With every thing that pretty is,
My little lady, sleep !

Joseph Russell Taylor.

A SUMMER MORNING.

AMONG her mountain solitudes, sought only of bird and beast, netted roots send up from the shadowed mould the product of their secret forces, pale blossoms, leaf-encircled, coming forth for their brief manifestation amid the myriad life of the world ; one pure corolla after another to droop back from the summer air into the earth, but leaving a likeness of itself within the brown seed lodged in the lichened cleft of the rock. And in places scarcely less lonely are her sons and daughters, with needs beyond the flowers', bitter and unsupplied, their poignant beauty hidden from the eyes of men ; sweet but unnourished lives, falling at last into darkness, leaving somewhere among the whirling atoms of Time the essence of their unregarded years.

Hewn logs made the walls of the low room ; overhead was the framework of rafters, poles of pine, the bark still clinging to them in places, outlined against the gray shingles of the roof with their

black rain marks. A partition of upright boards shut off the other half of the garret ; a steep stairway of three-sided steps came up from the room below ; in the western wall was a window with four small panes of glass. The furnishings of the room were as old and plain : a high, four-posted bed, painted an orange that had grown brown through the years, was covered with a woolen counterpane, hand-woven in a pattern of blue and white wheels ; there was a pine table with a little black-framed looking-glass slanting above it, a washstand that matched the bed, and two trunks, a zinc one, new and cheap, the other of hide studded with round brass tacks worn thin and shiny ; a chair was set stiffly against the wall, a low white-oak rocker stood under the window. There was neither fireplace nor stove, but the December sun shone boldly into the chill atmosphere, even as the perfect cleanliness and order of the apartment triumphed over its poor belongings, light of another sort from a luminous soul.

A woman came up the twisted stairs, an elation in her face and manner, and stood for a minute at the foot of the bed as if planning the details of some task. She was less frayed than women in surroundings like hers are wont to be. Somewhere within her was a counter-vailing force to poverty and isolation, but it was volant rather than resistant, of the bird and not of the rock. Her hands and face showed marks of toil and weather, but her slim figure had bowed but little to either, and her cheap calico dress and the little sack of coarse brown jeans only emphasized the clearness of her features and the youthful poise of her shapely head with its crown of soft abundant hair. As she stood there in thought, glancing about the room, her blue eyes softened, their look seeming to embrace one familiar object after another with the unpremeditated tenderness of farewell.

She turned and began to remove from their nails her own and her husband's few garments, brushing and folding them carefully. She took down with pious respect a picture of Washington in a flat wooden frame that hung above the bed, and from its shelf the pointed mahogany case of a clock which had long ceased to run. Her mother's grandfather had brought both with him when he journeyed southward between the ranges of the Blue Ridge in search of fresh land, finding the land, but never the people who should make of solitude a society, and furnish to his descendants the incentives and surroundings necessary to progress. Nevertheless there had been transmitted to this youngest child of his blood one precious tendency; within her also was an impulse that reached forth along unexplored paths for some higher good than the visible things of her poor environment.

To this instinct, which so differentiated her from those whose humble histories were lived so close to her own, the circumstances of her married life had given a definite aim. Seven years before, she

had come to this house a bride; a few days later her husband's father had lost his right arm in a gin. Alvin Hollis as the eldest son had remained in the home to be the provider for the family till the younger boys should grow up, and his wife became daughter and sister to his people. At first she took her share in the household tasks with not a thought beyond the happy sense of being equal to love's demands. Then there was the slow coming of dissatisfaction and the slower shaping of discontent into desire; and even while her feet continued willing and her hands busy, she kindled and kept alive in her husband's duller nature the purpose to have some day a home of their own. Working constantly with him to that end, she could have told at the end of each succeeding year how every dollar of its painful savings had been made. To-day Alvin had gone to the village recently laid out on the new railroad, to pay over those few hundreds for the four-roomed cottage, with its acre or two of land, which she herself had selected two months before.

"Hideous little cheap wooden houses with not a tree to hide their ugliness, — a thousand times more depressing than the old towns dead years ago!" a woman on her way back to New York had said to her companion when their train stopped at the village station. But to the seeing eye this crudeness was not without its pathos and its promise. To Dora Hollis "a town" represented forces that appealed to her imagination because of their vague greatness, and the white cottage day and night was before her eyes. Since visiting her sister, whose husband was getting good wages in the city, she had had a new ideal of what a home might be; but Annie's house had been bought ready furnished; the things that should go into her own would be the precious acquisitions of years, each with its separate history of willing toil and sacrifice.

As she bent now over the old hair

trunk, taking out and rearranging its contents, her mother-in-law came up from the room below, and drawing the rocker to Dora's side watched her movements with serious intentness. She was a tall, spare woman, and there was a definite correspondence between her clean faded garments, unmitigated in their subserviency to merest necessity, and the knotted, sinewy frame. It was beyond imagination to recall in that furrowed brown face the possibilities of youth; narrowing circumstance had reshaped every lineament after its own likeness. But there is something that lies too deep even for circumstance, and back of the lines on cheek and brow was the impress of the mystery of human relations, birth and death and marriage, the suffering with and because of another.

As she sat there, the thought of the change that lay ahead of her daughter-in-law seemed a bright contrast to her own monotonous years. "I reckon you 're right glad you 're going away," she said, but with no suggestion of complaint in her slow voice.

"Glad, glad," Dora's heart repeated, but her perceptions were quick and her sympathies tender. "I am not glad to be leaving you, mother," she answered.

There was a long silence. Mrs. Hollis's spare form drooped forward in its faded raiment, her chin sank into the palm of her long wrinkled hand. The unusual stimulus of the occasion had sent her mind on a train of reflection, but only its closing inference found brief expression.

"It's not best for us to set our hearts on anything in this world," she declared, raising her face to Dora's.

The dictum glanced aside from the young heart, impervious in its confidence of hastening good. There was a moment of stillness. Then Dora laid a blue gingham skirt across Mrs. Hollis's lap. "You might make this over for Ida in the spring," she said.

The elder woman was not diverted

from her thought. Ignorance limits the range but perhaps not the acuteness of moral perceptions. Conviction was as deep in the dim eyes looking out from their withered sockets as if their owner had beheld all the pomp and glory of the earth, and had measured their emptiness. She spoke with solemn concern, albeit the words at her command were few. "I don't want you and Alvin to set your heart on the things of this world, Dora. I'm afraid of worldly-mindedness."

In her anxiety to make a reply of some kind, Dora confided one of her happy secrets. "These are to plant in my front yard," she said, taking the top from a small tin box, and holding it out for her mother to see.

"English peas in a front yard?"

"They are sweet peas," Dora said. "Flowers."

"Did Annie give them to you?"

"When I was there last summer." Dora held the box as an empress might hold a case of jewels. "Would you like to have some of them, mother?"

Mrs. Hollis shook her head. "I would n't have time to work with 'em," she answered. "I'll have less time than ever, now that you are going, Dora."

The words were the first spoken recognition of her daughter-in-law's faithful service, and the quick blood rushed to Dora's face. "You've been good to me, mother," she said; "don't you think I'll ever forget it."

But when she was alone, and the brief winter sunshine had faded out of the room, a sudden revulsion of feeling, common to timid humanity on the brink of a long deferred happiness, came over her, a dim twilight of the heart, and her mother-in-law's exhortation returned like an indictment.

She went to the little window and looked westward to the bar of purple cloud, back of the fine tracery of the bare trees. "Seven years without our own table, without so much as a fire to sit down before together," she argued with

her self-accusings. "Is it wrong to be glad now?"

A disappointment hidden through the years, and keener than any pang of poverty, asserted itself in sudden, sharp vindication of her innocence.

"I am not worldly-minded," she whispered. "I do not want the house too much" — She looked up at the wintry sky and her eyes filled with tears. Her childlessness had been a bitter thing to her.

She was eager that night for Alvin to relate the details of the purchase. Her active mind had gone over it all, — the dingy room at the back of the store, the counting over of the six hundred dollars, Miller Boyd's sharp eyes peering out covetously from under his shaggy eyebrows, his hard exactions, her husband's slow remonstrance and final yielding of the points at issue, as all men yielded to Miller Boyd, the transfer of the deeds, — and yet she wanted to hear it put into speech. But for some reason Alvin would not talk. The next morning, during their slow ride in the heavily loaded wagon, her heart was too tender over the parting from the old home and its inmates for her to care for conversation, and she scarcely noticed his silence. But when they had reached the village, instead of driving to the white cottage quite at its upper end, her husband turned his team into the lane leading to the old brick house, a landmark for half a century, and occupied by Miller Boyd before the coming of the railroad had given his lands an undreamed-of value.

"What are you driving down here for, Alvin?" she asked in surprise.

"Because it's our house," he said gruffly. "I bought it yesterday."

He got out of the wagon and walked by the side of his mules, and she sat white and still, like one overtaken by some calamity too sudden and terrible to be apprehended as a reality.

It was with the same cessation of feeling that she suffered him to lift her down

from the wagon, and began to assist him to unload and carry in their things. At first they carried them only as far as the piazza; it was when Alvin unlocked the doors and she went inside, that the sense of what had happened came upon her. There were two large rooms on the first floor, the light coming in garishly through the blindless windows, and a half-story above. The shed rooms had been taken away, but the body of the house was firm, and it was less its decay than its squalor that affected her with a confusion of painful impressions, of which the only distinct one was that the ceiling and high chair-boardings were evenly marked with curling black spots, which some one had laboriously made by holding against their dingy white a lighted candle. The place had been rented since Miller Boyd had moved to his new house across the railroad, and the last tenants had left the floor and stairs littered with broken pieces of shabby furniture, bits of crockery, and cast-off clothing. The air was heavy with odors as old as the house.

To Dora, immaculately neat in all her being, there was the immediate necessity of attacking that which was so repugnant to sight and smell. When she had produced a semblance of cleanliness, she sat down with her husband to the dinner which she had providently brought with her, and when he had appeased his hunger, her question came: "Why did you do it, Alvin?"

He was on a sorry defensive. "Because I got this house and ten acres of land for what I would have had to pay for the cottage and one acre."

"There are more than ten acres in this place."

"There are twenty-five. I've got five years to pay for the other fifteen in."

"With interest on your note?"

"Of course," he replied with irritation. "You didn't expect he'd let me have 'em any other way, did you?"

"The land is worn out, Alvin, nearly all of it."

"It's land," he said doggedly.

She was silent.

"You might count that the house was just thrown in for nothing," he argued. "The land by itself is worth what I paid for it."

A sick depression came over her face.

"These two rooms are a good deal larger than any of the rooms in the other house," he suggested.

There was nothing to be said on a point so obvious. Their few pieces of furniture seemed lost between the wide spaces of dingy floor, worn in uneven ridges by the tread of many feet. She wanted to say something, but a numbness that was not that of anger held her in its grasp.

He cast himself upon history. "That's the way Miller Boyd first got his start," he said, "taking care of travelers in this very house. I've heard people say that sometimes there would be a dozen men here to stay all night at one time. That was in the old days when people used to wagon it from the up-country down to Athens and Augusta."

"Yes, this is an old house," she answered with an effort.

"It's old, but it will last as long as you and me will ever have need of a home."

The depression on her face deepened. Yes, it would last.

During the weeks that followed, rainy and cheerless for the most part, her mind turned wearily back upon itself. She had never minded hardships, but her intelligence shrank from futile labor. She wished for the simple conveniences of life, not to spare her strength, but that she might be satisfied with the reasonableness of her toil. And she craved something of grace and beauty to enoble the sordidness of a mere keeping the body in life. The house into which they had come answered few of the requirements of a home; but worse to her than its inconvenience was its ugliness, an ugliness which she knew could not be mit-

igated until the land was paid for. But she felt no ill-will toward Alvin. Better than he could tell her, she guessed how little of Miller Boyd's cunning had sufficed to entrap him in the poor trade. She could understand that to her husband land represented a good so supreme that her own preferences were as nothing in comparison. And she found no fault; even the unwonted quiet of her manner did not affect him as a reproach. For him the situation resolved itself into very simple elements. He had the land; he was going to own it, if not in five years, then in ten. That he had an incentive for his daily toil, and that his wife had been suddenly deprived of all purpose in life, he was not subtle enough to discover, much less to reason upon.

On a morning early in March, as she returned from one of the village stores, she looked over the fence into Mrs. Boyd's vegetable garden and saw something that set her slow blood beating with its oldtime quickness. Protected by a covering of light brush were two long rows of light green leaves showing evenly above the dark soil, and the seeds of her flowering peas were still in the tin box, — so much imprisoned life which she herself might set free in the awakening world!

She hastened home and regarded with new interest the open space before her door. Semblance of flower or shrub there was none; the bare red earth trodden almost as hard as stone. Before it could be ready for planting, the ground needed to be ploughed, but she knew Alvin would not consent to be hindered from his crop, and she determined herself to loosen the soil with the hoe. She worked at it in her spare time for a week, drawing away the heavy clods, and bringing fresh black earth from the woods a few hundred yards away; and while she toiled with tired back and limbs, a song fluttered from her lips. Once more a heart had thrown itself on the eternal promise and was saved by hope.

The appearance of the first green tips along the even rows was the banishment of all her heaviness. She watched for every new leaf and tendril, and shut in her dingy rooms; the consciousness of the lovely miracle just outside was vividly with her. The same miracle indeed, multiplied infinitely, was over all the land. She watched with hushed spirit—the old, old longing tenderly subdued within her—the rising tide of life spreading away from her lowly doorstep, over hill and valley to the far horizon. She marked it with wordless questioning in the grass at her feet, in the springing corn and cotton, in her husband's patient tillage, in the orchard trees, in the distant landscape, with its infinite gradations of delicate color. Then she turned from a beauty that was more than she could endure to the vines which her own hands had planted, feeling for them a bond, not of possession, but almost of kinship, as she bent over their fresh growth. Moreover, the spring had brought to her a human friendship, as unexpected as it was sweet.

On the Sabbaths when there was no preaching in the village the men would congregate in a shady spot near the post office in comfortable companionship. Alvin returned one Sunday morning from this interchange of opinion and information, alert with interest. After his thirty years in the country the opportunities he now enjoyed seemed to him the opulence of social privilege. "Myrtis Boyd is going to marry that young man she walks with so much," he announced.

It was like having a rude hand brush carelessly aside some treasured mystery, but Dora recognized the kindly intent and smiled.

"Have you ever seen them together?" he asked.

"Sometimes."

"Didn't she stop in to see you yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And one day last week?"

"Yes, she comes in often."

"Has she ever told you she was going to marry?"

"Not in words." Dora was thinking of the light in the girl's eyes, of her little wayward impulses to speech, ending only in a happy silence.

"I heard all about it up town. They are going to have a fine thing of it I reckon."

He waited a moment and then spoke with some hesitation. He was beginning to discern dimly what his wife had never put into words. "Do you know where they are going to live?"

She had not heard, but his manner told her. Her disappointment, quiescent for weeks, assailed her fiercely, bitter with a sudden jealousy toward the young life which, finding some secret sympathy, had turned clingingly to her own. "In our cottage?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily. And then he fell back, in his desire to comfort, upon one of the few generalizations which had come to his limited understanding, he knew not from what teacher. "Some people can have all they want in this world," he said, "and some can't have anything."

The door was set wide to the fresh air of early summer. In the sunlight just beyond, the sweet peas lifted their first few blossoms, pink and white, above the green tendrils clasping them.

"We all have something," Dora answered; and the shadow lifted from her face.

A week later Mrs. Boyd came down to invite them to the marriage. Social amenities were still too undeveloped in Brandon for any class distinctions to have originated on their account. Myrtis herself came soon after and took Dora back with her to see the pretty clothes spread in state in the upstairs chamber.

The girl touched a dress of fine white muslin and blushed rosily. "You will come and see me in it to-morrow," she

said. And then she caught Dora's worn little hand and drew it in a sudden caress to her own soft cheek. "There is no one like him in the world," she whispered. "You have only just seen him; you cannot think how dear and perfect he is until you know him as I do."

Everybody in Brandon rose earlier than usual that Tuesday in June. Myrtis Boyd's wedding was the one point of significance in the day. Household duties lost their importance, the counters in the little stores were deserted, even the school was dismissed an hour before the time, and, for all the good that was done, need never have been assembled.

Dora's heart awoke her an hour before the early summer dawn. She had for Myrtis a gift which no one else had thought of for her, which no one else indeed could bestow. She gave Alvin his breakfast, and then, while the dew still lay on leaf and petal, she despoiled her vines of their bloom, and bore the white clusters, glowing here and there with pure rose, like the blushes of a bride, to Miller Boyd's house and up to his daughter's door.

As she returned through the shining air she was unconscious of a step that she took over the moist earth. The fullness of the summer morning swept through her heart. And there entered with it a gladness unrelated to herself, — the happiness of the young bride, the charm of the cottage which was to be her home, the large promise of a wedded joy which her own mind had not before conceived of, — all the wide bliss of earth, overflowing personal ends and

sorrows. She walked past the dewy hedgerows of the lane with uplifted head, and stood looking on her despoiled vines in exultation. All her past years seemed to have been gathered up in this splendid moment; the future would be only the lengthening out of this sweet present. Suddenly her husband's voice, guiding the horse with which he was ploughing, came to her ears, and all her heart flowed out to him. Who was she to have so much, so much, and apart from him!

She turned, and walking swiftly through the damp grass waited at the rail fence until he should reach the next furrow and face her. He saw her standing there and hurried his horse a little.

"Did you want anything, Dora?" he asked, leaving the plough and coming to where she stood leaning toward him. He could not understand the look in her eyes.

It is hard when the soul is called to give account of herself, as though she belonged to time and earth. The more when the body has never learned even the poor language of gracious speech and unabashed caresses. Dora's could only look through a pair of stainless eyes, and call yearningly to another soul back of the dull, poverty-smitten face turned to her own.

A sudden tenderness rose tremulous to her husband's eyes, like the vibrant glow in a cloud far to the north, when across the paling sky the setting sun has sent into its shadows a beam of light.

He stretched out his arms to draw her to him, bewildered at his own emotion.

"Dora, Dora!" he cried gently.

Mary Applewhite Bacon.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF THE GRAPE VINES.

THERE are still some places in the West where the quail cry, "*Cuidado*;" where all the speech is soft, all the manners gentle; where all the dishes have *chile* in them, and they make more of the Sixteenth of September than they do of the Fourth of July. I mean in particular El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas. Where it lies, how to come at it, you will not get from me; rather would I show you the heron's nest in the Tulares. It has a peak behind it, glinting above the Tamarack pines; above, a breaker of ruddy hills that have a long slope valley-wards, and the shoreward steep of waves toward the Sierras.

Below the Town of the Grape Vines, which shortens to Los Vinos for common use, the land dips away to the river pastures and the Tulares. It shrouds under a twilight thicket of vines, under a dome of cottonwood trees, drowsy and murmurous as a hive. Hereabout are some strips of tillage and the headgates that dam up the creek for the village weirs; upstream you catch the growl of the *arrastra*. Wild vines that begin among the willows lap over to the orchard rows, and take the trellis and roof-tree.

There is another town above Los Vinos that merits some attention, a town of arches and airy crofts, full of linnets, blackbirds, fruit-birds, small, sharp hawks, and mocking-birds that sing by night. They pour out piercing, unendurably sweet cavatinas above the fragrance of bloom and musky smell of fruit. Singing is in fact the business of the night at Los Vinos, as sleeping is for midday. When the moon comes over the mountain wall new washed from the sea, and the shadows lie like lace on the stamped floors of the patios, from recess to recess of the vine tangle run the thrum of guitars and the voice of singing.

At Los Vinos they keep up all the good customs brought out of Old Mexico, or bred in a lotus-eating land: drink and are merry, and look out for something to eat afterward; have children, nine or ten to a family; have cock-fights, keep the siesta, smoke cigarettes, and wait for the sun to go down. And always they dance, at dusk, on the smooth adobe floors, afternoons, under the trellises, where the earth is damp and has a fruity smell. A betrothal, a wedding, or a christening, or the mere proximity of a guitar, is sufficient occasion; and if the occasion lacks, send for the guitar and dance anyway.

All this requires explanation. Antonio Sevadra, drifting this way from Old Mexico with the flood that poured into the Tappan district after the first notable strike, discovered La Golondrina. It was a generous lode, and Tony a good fellow; to work it he brought in all the Sevadras, even to the twice removed, all the Castros, who were his wife's family, all the Saises, Romeroes, and Eschobars, the relations of his relations-in-law. There you have the beginning of a pretty considerable town. To these accrued much of the Spanish California float swept out of the Southwest by Eastern enterprise. They slacked away again when the price of silver went down and the ore dwindled in La Golondrina. All the hot eddy of mining life swept away from that corner of the hills, but there were always those too idle, too poor to move, or too easily content with El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas.

Nobody comes nowadays to the Town of the Grape Vines except, as we say, "with the breath of crying," but of these enough. All the low sills run over with small heads. Ah, ah! There is a kind of pride in that if you did but know it,— to have your baby every year

or so as the time sets, and keep a full breast. So great a blessing as marriage is easily come by. It is told of Ruy Garcia that when he went for his marriage license he lacked a dollar of the clerk's fee, but borrowed it of the sheriff, who expected reflection, and exhibited thereby a commendable thrift.

Of what account is it to lack meal or meat when you may have it of any neighbor? Besides there is sometimes a point of honor in these things. Jesus Romero, father of ten, had a job sacking ore in the Marionette, which he gave up of his own accord. "Eh, why?" said Jesus, "for my fam'ly."

"It is so, Señora," he said solemnly. "I go to the Marionette; I work, I eat meat — pie — frijoles — good, ver' good. I come home Sad'day nigh'; I see my fam'ly. I play a lil' game poker with the boys, have lil' drink wine, my money all gone. My fam'ly they have no money, nothing eat. All time I work at mine I eat good, ver' good grub. I think sorry for my fam'ly. No, no, Señora, I no work no more that Marionette; I stay with my fam'ly." The wonder of it is, I think, that the family had the same point of view.

Every house in the Town of the Vines has its garden plot, corn and brown beans, and a row of peppers reddening in the sun, and in damp borders of the irrigating ditches clumps of *yerba santa*, horehound, catnip, and spikenard, wholesome herbs and curative, but if no peppers then nothing at all. You will have for a holiday dinner in Los Vinos soup with meat balls and chile in it, chicken with chile, rice with chile, fried beans with more chile, enchilads, which is corn cake with a sauce of chile and tomatoes, onion, grated cheese and olives, and for a relish chile *pepinos* passed about in a dish; all of which is comfortable and corrective to the stomach. You will have wine which every man makes for himself, of good body and inimitable bouquet, and sweets that are not nearly so nice as they look.

There are two occasions when you may count on that kind of a meal; always on the Sixteenth of September, and on the two-yearly visits of Father Shannon. It is absurd of course that El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas should have an Irish priest, but Black Rock, Min-ton, Jimville, and all that country round do not find it so. Father Shannon visits them all, waits by the Red Butte to confess the shepherds who go through with their flocks, carries blessing to small and isolated mines, and so in the course of a year or so works around to Los Vinos to bury and marry and christen. Then all the little graves in the Campo Santo are brave with tapers, the brown pine head-boards blossom like Aaron's rod with paper roses and bright cheap prints of Our Lady of Sorrows. Then the Señora Sevadra, who thinks herself elect of heaven for that office, gathers up the original sinners, the little Elijas, Lolás, Manuelitas, Josés, and Felipés, by dint of adjurations and sweets smuggled into small perspiring palms, to fit them for the Sacrament.

I used to peek in at them, never so softly, in Doña Ina's living-room; Raphael-eyed little imps, going sidewise on their knees to rest them from the bare floor; candles lit on the mantel to give a religious air, and a great sheaf of wild bloom before the Holy Family. Come Sunday, they set out the altar in the schoolhouse, with the fine drawn altar cloths, the beaten silver candlesticks, and the wax images, chief glory of Los Vinos, brought up muleback from Old Mexico forty years ago. All in white the communicants go up two and two in a hushed, sweet awe to take the body of their Lord, and Tomaso, who is priest's boy, tries not to look unduly puffed up by his office. After that, you have dinner and a bottle of wine that ripened on the sunny slope of Escondito. All the week Father Shannon has shriven his people, who bring clean consciences to the betterment of appetite,

and the father sets them an example. Father Shannon is rather big about the middle, to accommodate the large laugh that lives in him, but a most shrewd searcher of hearts. It is reported that one derives much comfort from his confessional, and I for my part believe it.

The celebration of the Sixteenth, though it comes every year, takes as long to prepare for as Holy Communion. The Señoritas have each a new dress, the Señoras a new *rebosa*. The young gentlemen have new silver trimmings to their sombreros, unspeakable ties, silk handkerchiefs, and new leathers to their spurs. At this time, when the peppers glow in the gardens and the young quail cry, "Cuidado," "Have a care!" you can hear the *plump, plump* of the *metate* from the alcoves of the vines, where comfortable old dames, whose experience gives them the touch of art, are pounding out corn for *tamales*.

Schoolteachers from abroad have tried before now at Los Vinos to have school begin on the first of September, but get nothing else to stir in the heads of the little Castros, Garcias, and Romanos but feasts and cockfights until after the Sixteenth. Perhaps you need to be told that this is the anniversary of the Republic, when Liberty awoke and cried in the provinces of Old Mexico. You are roused at midnight to hear them shouting in the streets, "*Vive la Libertad!*" answered from the houses and the recesses of the vines, "*Vive la Mexico!*" At sunrise shots are fired commemorating the tragedy of unhappy Maximilian, and then music, the noblest of national hymns, as the great flag of Old Mexico floats up the flagpole in the bare little plaza of shabby Los Vinos. The sun over Pine Mountain greets the eagle of Montezuma before it touches the vineyards and the town, and the day begins with a great shout. By and by there will be a reading of the Declaration of Independence and an address punctured by *vives*; all the town in its

best dress, and some exhibits of horsemanship that make lathered bits and bloody spurs; also a cockfight.

By night there will be dancing, and such music! old Santos to play the flute, a little lean man with a saintly countenance, young Garcia, whose guitar has a soul, and Carrasco with the violin. They sit on a high platform above the dancers in the candle-flare, backed by the red, white, and green of Old Mexico, and play fervently such music as you will not hear elsewhere.

At midnight the flag comes down. Count yourself at a loss if you are not moved by that performance. Pine Mountain watches whitely overhead, shepherd fires glow strongly on the gloomy hills, the plaza, the bare glistening pole, the dark folk, and the bright dresses are lit ruddily by a bonfire. It leaps up to the eagle flag, dies down, the music begins softly, and aside. They play airs of old longing and exile; slowly out of the dark the flag drops, bellying and falling with the midnight draft. Sometimes a hymn is sung, always there are tears. The flag is down; Tony Sevadra has received it in his arms. The music strikes a barbaric swelling tune; another flag begins a slow ascent, — it takes a breath or two to realize that they are both, flag and tune, the Star-Spangled Banner, — a volley is fired, we are back, if you please, in California of America. Every youth who has the blood of patriots in him lays hold on Tony Sevadra's flag, happiest if he can get a corner of it. The music goes before, the folk fall in two and two, singing. They sing everything, — America, the Marseillaise, for the sake of the French shepherds hereabout, the hymn of Cuba, and the Chilean national air, to comfort two families of that country. The flag goes to Doña Ina's, with the candlesticks and the altar cloths; then Los Vinos eats tamales and dances the sun up the slope of Pine Mountain.

You are not to suppose that they do

not keep the Fourth, Washington's Birthday, and Thanksgiving at the Town of the Grape Vines. These make excellent occasions for quitting work and dancing, but the Sixteenth is the holiday of the heart. On Memorial Day the graves have garlands and new pictures of the saints tacked to the headboards. There is great virtue in an *ave* said in the Camp of the Saints. I like that name which the Spanish-speaking people give to the garden of the dead, Campo Santo, as if it might be some bed of healing from which blind souls and sinners rise up whole and praising God. Sometimes the speech of simple folk hints at truth the understanding does not reach. I am persuaded only a complex soul can get any good of a plain religion. Your earthborn is a poet and a symbolist. We breed in an environment of asphalt pavement a body of people whose creeds are chiefly restrictions against other people's way of life, who have kitchens and latrines under the same roof that houses their God. Such as these go to church to be edified, but at Los Vinos they go only for pure worship, and to entreat their God. The logical conclusion of the faith that every good gift cometh from God is the open hand and the finer courtesy. The meal

done without buys a candle for the neighbor's dead child. You do foolishly to suppose that the candle does no good.

At Los Vinos every house is a piece of the earth, — thick-walled, whitewashed adobe that keeps the even temperature of a cave; every man is an accomplished horseman and consequently bow-legged; every family keeps dogs, flea-bitten mongrels that loll on the earthen floors. The people speak a purer Castilian than obtains in like villages of Mexico, and the way they count relationship everybody is more or less akin. There is not much villainy among them. What incentive to thieving or killing can there be when there is little wealth, and that to be had for the borrowing? If they love too hotly, as we say, "take their meat before grace," so do their betters. Eh, what! shall a man be a saint before he is dead? And besides, Holy Church takes it out of you one way and another before all is done. Come away, you who are possessed with your own importance in the scheme of things, and have got nothing you did not sweat for, come away by the brown valleys and full-bosomed hills, to the even-breathing days, to the kindness, earthiness, ease of El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas.

Mary Austin.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

INTIMATE LITERATURE.

No theory is more useful and comforting to critics than the theory of literature as an art. It breaks a road through much difficult country, and keeps the line open between the reconnoiterer and his base. Yet there are moments when he doubts its reliability. He sees here and there bits of pure literature which appear to have been born, not made; they are off-hand and impulsive and altogether lack-

ing in artifice. They offer a most convenient handle to such active uncritical minds as that of Mr. Kipling, who is able to dispose of the whole business of art and criticism in the jaunty announcement, —

"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,

And every single one of them is right."

Of course Mr. Kipling's clever phrase is brought to bear directly upon poetry,

but it is equally true, or untrue, of a good deal of prose. Literature is really produced now and then by a kind of inadvertency; and it is easy to see why. Men who have a taste for that form of expression are likely to get a training in it which they know nothing about. We use paint or clay because we choose, and words because we must. We may, therefore, by the grace of Heaven, stumble upon forms of speech or of colloquial writing so individual and sincere as to be better than anything we could bring forth by a more conscious impulse. A process like this cannot yield sustained flights of prose or verse, but it does yield such masterpieces of their kind as the immortal *Diary of the unliterary Pepys*, and the still famous letters of that author of once famous novels, Frances Burney.

I.

Madame D'Arblay died in 1840 at the age of eighty-eight. Very soon afterward her *Diary and Letters*¹ were published, to be reviewed at once by Macaulay, who, absorbed as usual in the development of a paradox, did them scant justice. His "review" devotes a half-dozen sentences to the *Diary and Letters* and a good many pages to the novels. He is at great pains to show how much better *Evelina* is than *Camilla*, but evidently does not understand that the real classic of his author lies, fresh from the press, in his hands. In order to deepen the ignominy of Madame D'Arblay's later Johnsonian manner, he speaks of the "simple English" of the first novels. The truth is, *Evelina*'s epistolary manner was less stilted than it might have been, without incurring ridicule, in that day. But simple, in the sense in which Miss Burney's letters are simple, it is not. Perhaps Macaulay was not far enough in practice from the formality which he scorned in theory, to keep from thinking the letters a little too simple, not to enjoy, but to

praise as literature. After saying that they are written "in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively," he finds nothing else to say. Possibly nothing else needs to be said, unless that the world which takes delight in this artless record of Johnson's clever and amiable "little Burney" ought to take pride in it, too. The early letters and entries are the best: those which were written before the death of "Daddy Crisp" and Johnson. With the loss of Mrs. Thrale by her second marriage, and the fatal court appointment, Frances Burney ceased to be a demure, independent, engaging little woman of genius, and became a royal appurtenance and a fine lady.

According to her own account, Miss Burney's conversation was not at all brilliant. She records her own trivialities and other people's cleverness with the same candor, and was doubtless consoled by the consciousness that the colloquial flow and humor of her letters in some degree made up for the primness and parsimony of her speech. It was just the other way with Johnson. His style cannot be said to have been his undoing, though it was the undoing of many others. But it did not express him; he wore it like a tragic mask, and it remained for Boswell and Miss Burney, by the record of his speech, to let us know what a good fellow the great man was. Miss Burney gives us the more favorable picture of him as a member of society; indeed, the total impression gained from Boswell is not agreeable. After the familiar accounts of him as a glutton, a sloven, and a boor, it is a pleasure to find him, in the presence of his dear Burney, always considerate, delicate, and chivalrous. In his physical habit she did at first find a good deal that was amusing, and a little that was offensive, but before long the impression of his essential goodness and greatness made her forget all that. There is something very touching in their fondness for each

¹ *The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay*. Revised and edited by

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

other. Here is a bit from the description of their first interview: "Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him. 'Mutton,' answered she, 'so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.' 'No, madam, no,' cried he, 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.'" The meeting took place not long after the appearance of *Evelina*, which Johnson greatly admired, but except for an apparently accidental allusion to one of the persons in the story, he was careful not to bring it into the talk. "How grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson," the shy girl writes in her diary, "for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural." They were soon on terms which made such restraint unnecessary, but in spite of his love of banter he never relaxed for an instant the tender courtesy with which she seems to have inspired him from the first. "The dear Doctor received me with open arms," she writes years later of a visit to Johnson, then not far from death, and sorely oppressed in body and spirits. "'Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!' he cried, and made me sit in his best chair. He had not breakfasted. 'Do you forgive my coming so soon?' said I. 'I cannot forgive your not coming sooner,' he answered. I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented. 'But sir,' quoth I, 'I am in the wrong chair.' For I was away from the table. 'It is so difficult,' said he, 'for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one.'" This may not be in the subtlest manner of gallantry, but it was at least not spoken "like a whale."

II.

There is very little difference between Miss Burney's diary and her letters. The great diarists, in fact, have merely written letters to themselves; so, in a sense, have many essayists and not a few novelists. The habitual tone of Sterne and Thackeray hardly differs in kind from that of Pepys and Montaigne; though the diarist and the letter-writer are in the nature of things less subject to suspicion of "playing to the gallery." Not a few great writers have kept journals which are of comparatively little interest. Hawthorne's notebooks are surprisingly commonplace; probably because his art was massive and deliberate, and he had no faculty for spinning delight out of next to nothing. His personality, too, was of a subtlety and remoteness which could not be interpreted colloquially; perhaps it was only in his rarest creative moments that the man was intimate with himself.

Whether the familiar essayist has been born to his medium or has simply seized upon it can be determined pretty easily by appeal to his letters. Lamb and Holmes stand the test perfectly; they were not more literary, not more colloquial, in writing to a thousand persons than in writing to one. With Montaigne the case is a little less clear; we have not a great many of his letters, and it cannot be denied that most of what we have are reasonably dull. He lived in a formal age, however, and was simply finding his own when, in his essays, he escaped from the trammels of polite letter-writing. The apologist for Robert Louis Stevenson cannot make out quite so good a case. His letters are not in the least like his essays, and, though both have a certain quality of intimacy, neither mode seems to express the man's personality quite satisfactorily. The Vailima letters, with all their cleverness, do not increase one's regard for the writer. They lack the dignity and restraint which

belong to all worthy forms of self-expression. One does not need to be always throwing a chest, but then, one cannot afford to doff his manners with his frock coat. Stevenson thought it rather fun to be — in point of literary taste, let us say — a little underbred with his familiars. Such was the fate of one to whom art was a heaven-blessed “stunt.” What perfect literary breeding there is in all the letters of Cowper or Gray or FitzGerald; here is true intimacy without familiarity, the “ease with dignity” which is the sign of classics in this kind.

III.

The new series of Mrs. Carlyle's letters¹ must interest first of all those who are familiar with the earlier series, and who remember the discussion which followed their publication by Froude. Yet few sensations can hold their own for a quarter of a century; and it would hardly be possible, even among such readers, to galvanize that old enthusiasm of concern into life. They may even peruse with a sort of wonder the vigorous and thoroughgoing denunciation of Froude in which the introduction to the present volumes mainly consists. Perhaps this was the best way of attacking the subject, since, if Froude had done his duty, these Letters and Memorials would have been printed with the others long ago. It is certain that, unlike most introductions, this essay in the course of its ninety pages or so is never dull; it has the frank British animus which may betray criticism into special pleading, but guards it, at least, from degeneration into mere benevolent twaddle. Froude, we learn, could produce a book about Carlyle² “packed full of misquotations, garbled extracts from letters, and fallacious statements of fact, with a running accompaniment of calumny, detraction, and

malicious insinuation.” The history of the Letters and Memorials is simple, from this point of view. Some time after his wife's death, Carlyle set himself the task of reading over all of her letters, journals, and other pieces of writing. “The revisal and annotation of them had been a labor of love, a pathetic pilgrimage through the land that he and she had traversed hand-in-hand. . . . Every step he took was poignant with grief, but soothed with dulcet memories; and as he neared the end he grieved that his grief was over: ‘Ah! me, we are getting done with this sacred task, and now there is at times a sharp pang as if this were a second parting with her; sad, sad this too.’” The whole product of this labor was turned over to Froude, with instructions to make what use of it he saw fit. Froude saw fit to publish less than half of the letters, and, according to the present complainant, to publish them in garbled form. The new series contains the material which he omitted. Froude's choice was not made at random. “It was deeply rooted in his mind that Carlyle had, throughout their whole union, behaved badly to his wife, and had deputed him, as a sort of literary undertaker, to superintend a posthumous penance in the publication of his confessions.”

The present letters refresh rather than alter our conception of Mrs. Carlyle's intellectual character, but do, on the whole, in spite of their harping upon sickroom details, increase our impression of her womanly charm. It is impossible to lay aside these volumes, as one could Froude's, without feeling that the Carlyles loved each other devotedly, and were, like other people, in a human way, content with each other. This is plainly indicated by the following letter which was written after seventeen years of married life: —

¹ *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*. Annotated by THOMAS CARLYLE and edited by ALEXANDER CARLYLE, with an In-

troduction by Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE. 2 vols. New York: John Lane. 1903.

² *Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of his Life*. 1882.

TO T. CARLYLE, AT MR. REDWOOD'S, S. WALES.
CHELSEA, 14th July, 1843.

DEAREST, — Even if I had not received your pathetic little packet [Carlyle had sent her a birthday gift, and, presently dissatisfied with it, had taken pains to send a second] for which I send you a dozen kisses. I meant to have written a *long* letter to-day; but there is one from Geraldine Jewsbury requiring answer by return of post; and it has taken so much writing to answer it, that I am not only a little weary, but have little time left. . . .

Yesterday evening I received a most unexpected visit from — Kitty Kirkpatrick! A lady sent in her card and asked if I would see her, "Mrs. James Phillips;" I supposed it must be some connection of Kitty's, and sent word, "Surely, if the lady can stand the smell of paint;" and in walked Kitty, looking as tho' it were the naturallest thing in the world. . . . Oh, my Dear, she is anything but good-looking! Very sweet, however, and says such flattering things. She told me that two friends of hers, a Mrs. Hermitage and a Mrs. Daniel ("wife of the great East India merchant") were dying to know me (?); they had seen, I think she said, some of my *letters*! (Ach Gott!) and had heard of me from so many people. . . . "But," said Kitty, "what can I say to them? They will take no refusal, and I promised they should make your acquaintance — in fact they are now in the carriage at the door!" A shudder ran through my veins: the fine ladies, the dismantled house, the wet paint; good heavens, what should I do? A sudden thought struck me; my courage rose superior to the horrors of my situation. "Well," I said, "I will go if you wish, and make their acquaintance *in the carriage*!" "Oh, how obliging of you! If you *would* be so good!" I jumped up hastily, lest my enthusiasm of desperation should evaporate, walked along the passage under fire of all the enemies' eyes; peremptorily signalled to

a blue-and-silver footman to let down the steps, and, to the astonishment of the four fine ladies inside, and my own, mounted into their coach and told them here I was, to be made acquaintance with in such manner as the sad circumstances would admit of! Kitty stood outside, meanwhile, throwing in gentle words; and the whole thing went off well enough. I should not know any of these women again; I saw nothing but a profusion of blond and flowers and feathers. It was an action equal to jumping single-handed into a hostile citadel; I had no leisure to notice the details. Mercifully (as it happened) I had dressed myself just half an hour before, and rather *elegantly*, from a feeling of reaction against the untidy state in which I had been Cinderella-ing all the day; it was as Grace M'Donald said when she broke her arm and did *not* break the glass of her watch, "There has been *some* mercy shown, for a wonder!" . . . See what a deal I have written, after all. Again bless you for your thought of me. The umbrella was *no* failure, however — do not think that.

Ever your affectionate

JANE CARLYLE.

The letters are full of little personal touches, trivial items of domestic routine, family jests, deliberately retained by Carlyle, and tenderly annotated for publication; his pride in the woman he loved having overcome his Scottish reticence. It was not, perhaps, a thing which a man of less genius and more formal breeding would have done, but the effect justifies the motive — his confidence that the method would, from its very freedom, produce the best monument of a genius which had never found public expression. The notes in themselves constitute a document of parallel importance, and afford a proof, possibly the best that we have, of the spontaneity and consistency which, with all his oddity, belonged to the prophet's style.

IV.

In the recently published English version of Taine's life and letters,¹ one is a little disappointed by the absence of the purely personal element. It was his express wish that only the impersonal portions of his correspondence should be published. "One of the principal traits of his character," reads the Preface, "was his horror of publicity and of indiscreet revelations concerning his private life, which — noble and dignified as it was — he kept from the outside world with jealous care. . . . And, by his will, any reproduction of intimate or private letters is absolutely forbidden." Most of the letters included in this volume have to do, consequently, with the intellectual interests, rather than with the social or family life, of M. Taine. Fortunately, a few letters are included which, while they make no "indiscreet revelations," do possess the intimate and personal quality. Here is a glimpse at the life of a French philosopher and professor of twenty-three. He is writing to his sister: —

"You ask me for details, my dear girl; they are not very amusing, but here they are: I get up at 5.30, prepare my class till 7.30, give it from 8 to 10, practice the piano till 11, and have lunch from 11 to 12. From 12 to 4, and from 7 P. M. to 10, I work for myself. I give a lecture in College from 4.15 to 5.15, and have some music from 5.15 to 6, when I dine. On Thursdays and Sundays I am free. . . . I am very comfortable; my room is nice, my bed soft; when my head aches with work, I have my piano and cigarettes. I have begun two long papers; ideas run in my head and chatter away all day. I have not a minute to be bored. . . . I could frequent a few drawing-rooms if I liked, but I hardly wish to do so, I revel too much in my solitude and

freedom. My books and music recall so many things, happy talks and conversations by the fireside in the evening! How difficult it is to converse! Stiff common-places with my colleagues, jokes at dinner with my fellow boarders, that is all. Every day the human level seems to me lower. But I bury myself in my philosophy, and (forgive my fatuity) I think myself good enough company not to be bored when alone.

"Uncle Alexandre came on Monday. I took him to the table d'hôte, and we chattered in my room all the evening, before *my* fire, and sipping *my* coffee. I laugh to think of myself as a house-keeper, a host! I assure you, I manage very well. I do not see that any expenses are required; it is pleasure that costs men so much, and I take mine very economically, seated at my writing-table."

An amiable, human young prig, we exclaim. It is a pity that only his boyish letters are here published; it would be a pleasure to know whether in later years the jokes of his fellow boarders continued to make the human level seem lower every day.

The personality of Darwin was, by race and training, less emotional, but more steadfast and simple than that of M. Taine. It altogether lacks the self-consciousness and egotism of the literary philosopher. Darwin could never have thought of stipulating that the data of his personal experience should be kept dark. Naturally the great majority of his newly published letters² have to do with details of scientific research; yet the final impression which they leave is of a man with a cool observing mind, but of a really simple and affectionate nature. The great scientist appears to have had a very modest estimation of his own value as a man, and to have been touchingly conscious of his professional preoccupation. In the lyrical moment which

¹ *Life and Letters of H. Taine*. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. DEVONSHIRE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

² *More Letters of Charles Darwin*. Edited by FRANCIS DARWIN and A. C. SEWARD. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

precedes the marriage of any healthy-minded man, he writes to his betrothed the day after his betrothal, and ten days before his marriage:—

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my Maer visit. I felt in anticipation my future tranquil life: how I do hope you may be as happy as I know I shall be. . . . I think you will humanize me, and soon teach me there is greater happiness than building theories and accumulating facts in silence and solitude. My own dearest Emma, I earnestly pray you may never regret the great, and I will add very good, deed you are to perform on the Tuesday; my own dear future wife, God bless you." Many years later he wrote in his autobiography, "I marvel at my good fortune, that she, so infinitely my superior in every moral quality, consented to be my wife."

In middle life Darwin suffered much from ill health, and had at one time recourse to a water cure. "One most singular effect of the treatment," he wrote, "is that it induces in most people, and eminently in my case, the most complete stagnation of mind. I have ceased to think even of barnacles! . . . I happened to be thinking the other day over the Gamlingay trip to the Lilies of the Valley: ah, those were delightful days, when one had no such organ as a stomach, only a mouth and the masticating ap-purtenances."

V.

Besides letters, diaries, and essays, there are other "human documents" which have the effect of even more direct communication, though, as in reported conversation, the service of a third person may have been required. Our impression of a great personality which has

expressed itself primarily in action is likely to be either rigid or dim. The chances are that with the advance of time, it will have become petrified into a historical relic, or translated into a poetic figure. We are not disturbed by this fact, and may, indeed, recoil from any newly discovered piece of evidence which bids fair to modify an accepted impression. Something of the romantic glamour attaching to the name of the great Jeanne may perhaps be sacrificed by a careful examination of the latest important book about her.¹ Neither in the reported words of the Maid herself, nor in the testimony of her contemporaries, is there anything to encourage a sentimental view of her person or manner. The supposed portrait here given as frontispiece does not suggest the beauty with which painters and sculptors have frequently clothed her. But the book gives plenty of evidence as to her femininity; she regarded her service to France as a temporary sacrifice, and looked forward to marriage as her natural portion when she should be released. "From the first time I heard my Voices," she says in one of the private examinations before the Bishop of Beauvais, "I dedicated my virginity for so long as it should please God; and I was then about thirteen years of age." Even more moving and human is the story of her recantation in the face of death, followed by an immediate resumption of faith and courage which bore her through to the end. In a very remarkable way, this series of legal depositions, with their dryness of tone and form, their inevitable repetitions, their triviality and ingenuousness, gives one the sense of contact with a real and living personality.

H. W. Boynton.

¹ *Jeanne d'Arc: Being the Story of her Life, her Achievements, and her Death, as attested on Oath, and set forth in the Original Docu-*

ments. Edited by T. DOUGLAS MURRAY. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

NEW ASPECTS OF ART STUDY.

TEN years ago the English or American reader who wished to study the history of this or that painter or school outside the pages of a few compendiums was obliged, in most cases, to seek an authority in a language not his own. He had access, of course, to the sterling works of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, — works still indispensable, — and Morelli was available in English. He could find profit in Ruskin, too, as he can find it to-day, if aided by an instinctive faculty for separating wheat from chaff, sound principles from rhapsody. Symonds's pages on the fine arts, in his history of the Italian renaissance, were there to give him much instruction and more suggestion, and he could learn something from Walter Pater. Hamerton, at least in his book on etching, was likewise a guide worth following. But even with these authors, and with certain others figuring honorably in the bibliography of his subject, if he wanted to pursue that subject beyond a certain point, he was driven to consult French, German, and other Continental writers. Since that time things have changed, and at the present moment an extraordinary number of art books exist in English, constituting a phenomenon to which, in my opinion, insufficient attention has been paid. The causes underlying their production deserve examination for the light they throw on the development of mechanical appliances, commercial enterprise, and public taste.

If I mention the mechanical aspect of the question first, it is for the very good reason that without the perfecting of reproductive processes the appearance of these books would have been indefinitely postponed. Though it is many years since the proprietors of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* strengthened their magazine by using, in addition to the etchings for which it had long been fa-

mous, the heliogravures of M. Dujardin, and Mr. Hamerton improved the Portfolio along the same lines, the costliness of these photographic plates militated against their frequent employment in really popular publications. Heliogravures and photogravures of a high quality are still expensive, but they are more accessible than they were, and with the rapid development of the half-tone process, susceptible of yielding remarkably good results, the making of an adequately illustrated book on art became easily possible. Photography having been carried to a high state of perfection by the invention of the isochromatic lens, which assures a faithful reproduction of color values in a print, such a publication is now solidly valuable to the student, which the old picture books were not. To allude to those old picture books is to show where commercial enterprise has found its opportunity. Around the Christmas holidays the serious work on art has taken the place of the cumbrous gift book which for years used to present itself — in all the panoply of ambitious but rarely satisfying engravings, "graceful" text, and altogether appalling binding — as the sole literary "decoration" for one friend to give to another. Publishers have found that a book on art intelligently written, well illustrated with photogravures or half-tones, or both, and printed and bound in good taste, pays quite as well as the monstrosity of a former day, and even better, since its sale is not necessarily confined to the holiday season. The public has promptly shown its appreciation. In the first place it could not but see the improvement lying upon the surface, and, moreover, it has steadily experienced improvement in its taste, owing to the impetus which the half-tone process has given to the publication of

art periodicals and to the treatment of artistic subjects in the miscellaneous magazines.

In England, even before Mr. Hamerton's death, the Portfolio had to be abandoned and the success of the Portfolio Monographs, which took its place, was never what it should have been. But the Studio, which was founded in London some ten or twelve years ago, has been helped, not only by good editing, but by the use of reproductive processes, to great prosperity; other magazines, like the Art Journal, and the Magazine of Art, have weathered periods of depression, and are now very popular; the Connoisseur, started a couple of years ago, is firmly established; and only the other day the first number of a new periodical devoted to the interests of the student and collector, the Burlington Magazine, was brought out in sumptuous form. In Paris, the home of art publications, the Gazette des Beaux-Arts prints more plates than ever, which it is fair to assume it would not do if there were not an increased demand for the magazine; M. Leroi has successfully revived his once famous periodical, L'Art; and a new monthly, Les Arts, remarkable for the size and excellence of its half-tones, has been brought out with the text printed in English as well as in French, and has been running with success for more than a year. American art magazines have in the past come up and flourished only to die from neglect, but there is talk of new and ambitious ventures in this field, and it is probable that if they are controlled by a wise and liberal policy, they will be generously supported. Certainly we have shown the fullest hospitality to foreign publications of the sort, and to more than one series of reproductions such as the Hundred Best Pictures, the Cosmos Pictures, the Riverside Art Series, and Masters in Art. Does not all this show

that a good deal of water has gone under the bridges in the past ten years, and that the literature of art has attained to a standing and an influence in this country which we may fairly call unprecedented? It is safe to say that if we have more exhibitions than ever, if more people visit them, and if in architecture and decoration public taste has markedly improved, the wider dissemination of books on art has had a great deal to do with it.

It is interesting, in a brief survey of some of the more recent of these publications, to consider them with special reference to the foregoing remarks. One naturally is curious to see from just what points of view the makers of art books, authors and publishers, are treating their opportunity. Two points may be indicated in regard to the latter. In the first place, they are practically unanimous in making the most of photographic processes, leaving the engraver, who was once so important to them, to shift for himself. In this, I cannot but feel that they are, on the whole, well advised. The American school of wood engraving has in the past achieved so many fine things that one regrets to see it fallen upon evil days, but the logic of events is indubitably against its rehabilitation, unless its members devote themselves to purely original work, as Lepere has done with so much success in France, or cultivate the art of portraiture on wood as Mr. Gustav Kruell has done in such masterly fashion in this country. For reproductive work — and it is reproductive work that is required in the art book of the day — the wood-engraver is at a disadvantage. Witness the latest of the volumes by Mr. Timothy Cole,¹ brought out after the blocks in it had appeared in the Century Magazine. This collection of engravings after the old English masters testifies to Mr. Cole's individuality and skill as a craftsman, but while

DYKE, and Comments by the Engraver. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

¹ *Old English Masters Engraved by Timothy Cole. With Historical Notes by JOHN C. VAN*
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such a version as he gives you of a masterpiece by Hogarth, Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Constable, or any one of half a dozen others, may be admired for its own sake, as an attractive piece of black and white work, it is not comparable for a moment to a good photogravure as an equivalent in monotone for the original painting. Decidedly the publishers are right in adhering to the photographic process. Whether they are right or not in bringing out some of their art books on a more than luxurious scale, with no edition at a modest price, is an open question. For my own part, I cannot regard a book as really published, in the proper sense of that term, which is printed at anywhere from seventy-five to three hundred dollars a copy in a very limited edition. Books of this sort are subscribed for by wealthy collectors; it is no uncommon thing for the list to be completed before the book is off the press, and when it is at last printed, it passes straight from the publisher to some library not generally accessible. It might as well not have been printed, for all the good it does to the world at large. Here, however, we may take leave of the publisher, and consider the labors of the author.

We go to the author primarily for facts, for accurate biographical narrative and systematic description of the works that illustrate the life of his master. These, be it said, we get in abundance, and set forth in admirable fashion. Fine writing seems, fortunately, to have fallen into disrepute, — not the least welcome result of that reaction against Ruskin which it is impossible to ignore, for all that, as I write these lines, there is issuing from the press of his old publisher, George Allen, a new and uniform edition of his complete works. I rejoice in the appearance of this edition, which, under the competent hand of Mr. E. T. Cook, is to be put together in some thirty volumes containing all the old illustrations and many new ones. It will be a fitting monument to the great critic, and it will

be very useful. There is nothing more foolish than to imagine, because Ruskin fell into more than one error and has been jauntily “exposed” by one critic after another, that he has been permanently invalidated. He is bound to survive among writers on art if only as a source of kindling enthusiasm, as a storehouse of provocative ideas and suggestions, waking in the reader a zest for beautiful things. But by this time the absurdity of trying to use Ruskin’s style without his genius has been pretty generally recognized, and just as the critics of to-day have learned to avoid the whimsical theorizing which he made so popular for a time, so they have learned to tell a straightforward tale in plain language.

As regards the criticism which they bring to the telling of it, it is never inspired, it is often of a decidedly pedestrian order, but in the main it is based on painstaking research, and is trustworthy in a surprisingly large number of its conclusions. It is divided into three schools: the scientific or archæological, founded by the late Giovanni Morelli, whose morphological tests have commended themselves to a vast number of the younger writers of the day; the popular historical and æsthetic, in which the late Eugene Muntz and the late Charles Yriarte were conspicuous exemplars; and the impressionistic, in which the influence of the studio is paramount, fortified by Fromentin in literature, but even more constant in reliance upon the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Whistler and those of his colleagues who would confine the criticism of art to artists. Perhaps the most encouraging fact about the situation is that the first two of these schools are not unwilling each to take a leaf from the other’s book, and both are wise enough to make use of what is good in the third, with the result that there is not much confusion abroad and the public is greatly benefited.

Mr. Bernhard Berenson is the salient

figure in the first of the groups outlined above, important in his own work and as the master of a goodly number of disciples. He is now putting through the press a book which ought to prove more interesting and valuable than anything he has hitherto produced, an elaborate work on the drawings of the Florentine masters. While engaged upon this task he has published two volumes on the Study and Criticism of Italian Art,¹ made up of miscellaneous papers previously printed in periodicals. They present some of the most characteristic studies of an extraordinarily clever follower in the footsteps of Morelli, essentially scientific in spirit. He can put his science to good purpose. The patient ingenuity with which he analyzes the Caen Spozalizio, long given to Perugino, and justifies his attribution of it to Lo Spagna, leaves one not only appreciative of Mr. Berenson, but very favorably impressed by the critical method he has adopted. But that method, even in Morelli's own hands, was always "suspect" as having too much in it of the rule of thumb, which leads to arrogance and stodge. Mr. Berenson has hitherto had far too much confidence in it, and dozens of less experienced writers have threatened to bring it into positive disrepute. Happily, in the second of the two volumes just mentioned, the author shows signs of a change of heart. "In the work of art, at least," he says, "genius is, after all, everything," a broad enough hint, as it seems to me, that there are regions in which science, with its tape measure, cannot offer, after all, the last word of criticism. "The ultimate test," Mr. Berenson goes on, "of the value of any touchstone is Quality. . . . The Sense of Quality is indubitably the most essential equipment of a would-be connoisseur. It

is the touchstone of all his laboriously collected documentary and historical evidences, of all the possible morphological tests he may be able to bring to bear upon the work of art." It is doubly comforting to read this candid admission, because Mr. Berenson is bound to profit by turning his back on what is worthless in the Morellian system, and is not unlikely, by this plain speaking, to keep some of his disciples from going too far astray. They have done a great deal of work for the now voluminous series of popular monographs, edited by Dr. G. C. Williamson, under the general title of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.² These are, in the main, excellent little books, workmanlike in arrangement and style, containing fairly complete catalogues, and often valuable documentary appendices. They are freely illustrated with half-tones, and the frontispiece is always a good photogravure. Not seldom, however, they have been marked by the bumptiousness and erratic judgments which proclaim the amateur, cutting his fingers upon tools forged in the Morellian workshop. I mention the series partly to give it the commendation which in general it deserves, and partly as illustrating the point that the Morellian hypothesis, if it has done some good, has done and may still do harm. Mr. Berenson has discovered its limitations. Perhaps if he continues to make public admission of them, in season and out of season, the half-baked, pseudo-scientific art book will become more and more infrequent. In the meantime other forces are at work, and it is one of these other forces which is productive of the majority of the art books now being placed before the public.

It is well represented by Mr. Gerald S. Davies, whose *Frans Hals*³ is among

¹ *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art.* By BERNHARD BERENSON. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

² *The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.* Luini, Velasquez, Donatello, Wilkie,

Watteau, Memline, etc. Written by Various Hands and Edited by Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901-1903.

³ *Frans Hals.* By GERALD S. DAVIES, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

the important publications of the season. In this book, which is, by the way, a superbly illustrated folio, packed with photogravures and half-tones, an effort is made, typical of recent authorship in this field, to clear up the obscurities in the career of a master, to strip his art of all rhetorical and adventitious accretions, and to put the man and his work before us in the simplest manner possible. Mr. Davies explodes the old conception of Hals as a terrible toper; grants that he was a materialist, who never painted a picture having for its *raison d'être* "either a moral motive or a pathetic motive;" but insists that he painted the life around him with sincerity and truth, as well as with skill, and is to be valued as a consummate master of realism. He scoffs at the idea that the Dutch struggle with Spain had anything to do with the development of Hals's art. On the contrary, he maintains that the painter reflected in his work, as a matter of course, the ingrained thoroughness of his race, whether in peace or at war, and, in short, he brings Hals out into the light of day where one may see him as he was and appraise him as a man of entirely ponderable qualities, not in the least an esoteric figure. It is for this common sense, as I may call it, that I am chiefly grateful to Mr. Davies. He might have gone off at a tangent on the subject of what patriotism may or may not have done for Hals. He might have filled pages with the jargon of the studio, where Hals is exalted as a "painter's painter," — and one might, perhaps, have forgiven him, for painter's painting is undeniably an inspiring theme. But the book is worth having, first and last, because it tells the reader simply what he wants to know, and tells it to him with brevity and clearness. This then is the kind of art book that is most to be desired at the present time, and that, fortunately, is most often published.

¹ *William Hogarth*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. With an Introduction on Hogarth's Workman-

It is for their critical sanity and for their unassuming workmanlike character that I would praise the three stately volumes in which three great English masters have lately been commemorated. The first of these is, in part, an old volume reprinted, Mr. Austin Dobson's classical work on Hogarth,¹ but in its new form this seems almost a new book. The large folio overflows with fine reproductions of the works of the master, so that we have, in addition to Mr. Dobson's minutely historical text, a veritable Hogarth gallery. This means much. The special merit of many of these photogravures consists in their having been made, not from the prints through which the satires are chiefly known, but from the original paintings, and in a prefatory chapter Sir Walter Armstrong re-states the case for Hogarth as a colorist and brushman. I say that he re-states it, because there have not been wanting other critics, at least in the last twenty-five years, to lay stress upon Hogarth's power as a painter. Nevertheless, no book has ever been made about him in which the point has been so well elucidated as in the present publication, or with such an array of really eloquent reproductions. This volume, therefore, like Mr. Davies's, renders a definite service. We all know that Hogarth was a great satirist. Not all of us know that he was, merely as a manipulator of pigment, worthy to stand beside Velasquez or Hals, especially Hals. He lacked, perhaps, the wonderful *maestria* of the Dutchman, as shown in the great corporation pieces at Haarlem, and, with a certain accent of restraint, in the Laughing Cavalier of the Wallace Collection. There is a sharper note, there is a more brilliant virtuosity, in one of Hals's old fish fags, or in the Bohemien of the Louvre, than in Hogarth's Shrimp Girl in the National Gallery. But I have always felt in that enchantingly vivid sketch, in ship by Sir WALTER ARMSTRONG. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

the Captain Coram, in the Mrs. Salter, and in the satirical canvases in the National Gallery and the Soane Museum, a full measure of that instinct for sheer paint and the magical handling of it for its own sake, which one discerns in Hals. Hogarth's repute as a satirist and historian of manners is likely to overshadow, as it has long overshadowed, his repute as a painter, as a purely pictorial designer. Sir Walter Armstrong cannot hope completely to reverse the judgment established by the usage of generations, and, indeed, there is no reason why he should; modification, not complete reversal, is what is wanted. This he seems likely to bring about in many new quarters. By the influence of his introduction to Mr. Dobson's book the prints can lose nothing of their fame, and the paintings promise to have their merits more widely recognized.

Sir Walter Armstrong had a more difficult task before him when he wrote his new book on Turner,¹ another folio like the Hogarth, and, like it, richly illustrated with photogravures. He had in this case to defend his hero from unfair critics and to save him from his friends. Ruskin, who has some impeccable passages on Turner, treated him at large with too much enthusiasm, wrapping the painter in a most misleading glamour. Later writers, with the fear of the technical critics before their eyes, have again and again gone to the other extreme, and where Ruskin saw sublime visions of beauty, they have seen a specious iridescence. Sir Walter Armstrong steers between the two schools, and I find him very persuasive in what he says of Turner's knowledge of landscape structure, of mountain, tree, and cloud forms, and of his sensitiveness to atmospheric effects. But it seems to me that Turner's "habit of noting down nature as color" lured him a good deal further away from the essential truths

¹ *Turner*. By Sir WALTER ARMSTRONG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

of nature than Sir Walter Armstrong is ready to admit. He asks a very pertinent question: "Why do so many of those whose souls are moved by beauty, whose emotions are really touched by a fine piece of Nankin, by a Caffieri mount, by a Pisano medallion, by a Dürer drawing, by a Rembrandt etching, by a picture of Titian, Velasquez, or Gainsborough, — why are people of various races who really love, and *understand*, such things as these, so often unmoved by Turner?" The most definite of his answers is that it is because "Turner was no decorator;" but a much more satisfactory answer is supplied by putting the painter to a very simple and practical test, by spending an hour or so among his pictures in the National Gallery. One turns away, at last, surfeited of nothing more or less than mere color. In other words, it was by his greatest gift that Turner was betrayed. His "habit of noting down nature as color" ended by making him more faithful to his notes than to nature, and turned his great landscapes and heroic compositions into mere prismatic splendors, beguiling for a while, but not permanently satisfying. He was a man of genius, a poet on canvas, a virtuoso incomparable for audacity and a kind of orchestral plangency. He was not, to my mind, a constructive pioneer in modern landscape, a man of durable influence; in fact, the line of development from the old Italian masters through Poussin and Claude and the painters of the Low Countries, to the rise of naturalism in England and in France and the culminating achievements of the Barbizon school, has always seemed to me to have suffered no more than a temporary dislocation through the ministrations of Turner, great as he is in his own restricted sphere. Sir Walter Armstrong says all that can be said in support of his high opinion of him, and undoubtedly does a great deal to clarify appreciation of him. If he does not give Turner a totally new lease of life, he places

him, at any rate, in a more rational perspective, and certainly detaches him, once and for all, from his dubious identification with Ruskin's phosphorescent prose.

The sterility of Turner's art, historically speaking, appears in an even clearer light if the reader turns directly from Sir Walter Armstrong's book to the similarly imposing folio recently published by Mr. C. J. Holmes, *Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting*.¹ In the first, one seems to have turned back, in a mood absolutely impersonal, to the consideration of a great museum hero; in the second, one is in the current of art as it still flows through the schools of to-day. Mr. Holmes has written, as the title of his book suggests, a critical monograph rather than a biography; and even though his condensation of personal details were not amply justified by the existence of Leslie's standard work, I should not be inclined to quarrel with him. Constable's place in history has needed just the *éclaircissement* it receives at his hands. That it implies a large share in the growth of French naturalism is well known, — too well known, perhaps; for, like many a commonplace of the text-books, the record of Constable's sensational appearance in the Salon of 1824 has been taken by many readers as something talismanic and conclusive, the monument of a masterful and revolutionary incursion into a field waiting for this creative organizer and no other. It does not weaken the famous Englishman's position, it only makes him the more interesting, to have his relation to those memorable proceedings defined with precision. Mr. Holmes is at pains to show that on the Continent, in the twenties, "revolution was already in the air," and that the exhibition of Constable's pictures, "however far it may have determined the course of the new movement, was only one of several agents that

precipitated the crisis," — that is, the leading literary and dramatic figures in the Romantic Revival. The artist himself seems to have had no very clear consciousness of having set the Seine on fire. "They are amusing and acute, but shallow," he said of the French criticisms that his wife translated for him, — and he remains altogether, at this significant epoch in the history of his beloved art, so little stirred by his own reference to it that to see him in the spectacular rôle of the bold innovator is to see him falsely. Mr. Holmes, deftly elucidating the situation as it existed in Paris when Constable's work first made itself felt there, is equally accurate and instructive in treating the earlier and later phases of his problem. His object is not to sing pæans over the exploits of an individual, isolating Constable as though he were a unique phenomenon, but to trace backwards and forwards from him that stream of artistic principle on which landscape in all ages has alone been able to move toward legitimate success. He misses no point of contact between Constable and the various Old Masters to whose tradition he was, in a measure, susceptible; but he is decisive on the courage and power with which his painter broke with that tradition under the pressure of his *dæmon*, and gave impetus to the new régime of broader method, racier truth, healthier sentiment, and sincerer style, which, to the men of our own generation, makes the classical temper almost unthinkable. The book is valuable for its luminous exposition of just what Constable accomplished. It is also valuable for its full and interesting survey of general principles, amounting to a concise résumé of the essentials in the history of landscape art. It closes on a passage so judicious and so apt that I cannot forbear quotation: —

"Painters and their friends are nowadays as fervent devotees of Nature as then they were devotees of the Old Masters. Indeed, there would almost seem to be a risk of naturalism being made

¹ *Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting*. By C. J. HOLMES. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

as heavy a chain for the young artist as were the classical canons in Constable's time. Were that to happen, the painter would forget that nature is not the end of art, but only one of the means towards it, and, by that forgetfulness, would lose the privilege of freedom to do what his soul desires — to reveal the beauty his imagination has constructed — in the fittest possible way that his education and his instinct can invent, however traditional, or novel, or laborious, or summary that way may be. Such personal freedom, and not realism or idealism, or any other hard and fast theory, was the guiding principle of Constable's life, as it has been the guiding principle of all other true artists before or since."

If this passage embodies a warning to landscape painters in particular, it pleads, tacitly, for greater catholicity among artists and art students in general. It is a curious paradox that there is no one like your modern artist for the drastic delimitation of the artistic frontier, no one more eager to expel from the sacred soil any type, ancient or modern, not instantly adjustable to certain narrowly defined conditions. Thus I have heard Raphael gravely denounced, and have seen him expeditiously legislated into the limbo of things "played out," because he had never learned to paint in the manner of Velasquez. Consternation and compassion were written upon the face of a great painter to whom I happened to say, not long since, that I thought of traveling from Paris to Montauban in order to see the rich collection there of drawings by Ingres. I believe he thought that I had lost all sense of the value of time. It still seems to me, however, as I wrote in this magazine nine years ago, that in knowledge of what is good in *all* the

schools lies the path to the truest freedom, and I have watched with peculiar satisfaction the growth of public interest in those earlier Italians, for a revival of whose influence, as I pointed out at that time, there is great need. They occupy the larger proportion of the series of popular handbooks edited by Dr. Williamson to which I have referred, and the more ambitious volumes devoted to them are constantly increasing in number. How important these studies have become to the English-speaking public is shown in the first place by the appearance of such excellent monographs as the *Fra Angelico*¹ of Mr. Langton Douglass, which has lately been printed in a second edition, and by a fact in the highest degree creditable to publishers and readers, I mean the issuance of scholarly works by foreign critics in English before their publication in the tongue of the author. In 1901 Herr Kristeller's authoritative book on Mantegna² was published in an English translation before the German edition was got under way. One of the best books of the season now closing, Ricci's *Pintoricchio*,³ was written at the request of a London publisher, Mr. Heinemann, who put English and French translations of it simultaneously upon the market, in handsome form. I may mention, by the way, that this book is notable for the colored plates it contains, promising, if not wholly successful, specimens of a process which is destined to play a great part in illustration; but the first merit of the work is that it does tardy justice to a fascinating painter. It is the fashion to decry *Pintoricchio*, as though, since he is of lighter calibre than Perugino and Raphael, he could not ask to be taken seriously. Dr. Ricci so takes him, realizing that if he had not the ecstatic

¹ *Fra Angelico*. By LANGTON DOUGLASS. Second Edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

² *Andrea Mantegna*. By PAUL KRISTELLER. English Edition by S. ARTHUR STRONG, M. A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

³ *Pintoricchio (Bernardino di Betto of Perugia)*. His Life, Work, and Time. By CORRADO RICCI, Director of the Brera, Milan. From the Italian by FLORENCE SIMMONDS. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

sensibility of Perugino, or the creative force of Raphael, he had technical ability, great resource in pictorial narration, and a rich fund of that naïve sweetness which passed as by a kind of artless clairvoyance into the paintings of the Umbrian school. It is a mistake to assume from the absence of dramatic weight, of spiritual sublimity, and of the "grand style" in his work, from his expression of even his most poignant ideas in terms of graceful narrative, that he had nothing in him of the heroic strain which we associate with the masters of the Renaissance. The sheer bulk and variety, and the unfailingly decorative rectitude and beauty of his wall paintings at Rome, Siena, and Spello, testify to his possession of more than ordinary powers. He has in these and in his Madonnas and portraits, if any Italian of his time has it, charm; and the craftsmanship which he brings to the exploitation of it is so polished and so personal in its edge that I confess I find it very difficult to perceive what the writers are driving at who balk at giving him a commanding place in the artistic Pantheon. It is true that he was inferior to Raphael or Mantegna in passion and in intellectual grasp, but he was none the less a superb decorator, and, I repeat, a man of the most persuasive charm. It is exhilarating to find Dr. Ricci celebrating his genius and career with loving care, doing him justice with no less discretion than zeal, and making it, when all is said, a little more difficult than before to wave away Pintoricchio's claim to high renown.

There are one or two other studies of Italian themes which I must notice. Mr. Douglass, the author of the monograph on Fra Angelico already cited, has written in his *History of Siena*¹ not only a spirited account of the development of

the famous hill town, but some uncommonly sympathetic and useful pages on the Sienese school of painters and sculptors. Unlike the great folios at which I have been glancing, this is a handy volume, well calculated at once for use in the library and for the traveler. Similar in form is the *Story of Siena and San Gimignano*,² by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, but this author, while not inattentive to the artists, gives them no such illuminating treatment as they receive at the hands of Mr. Douglass; he blends his descriptions of pictures and monuments with a systematic narrative of Sienese history. Both books are well illustrated; Mr. Douglass's with photogravures and half-tones, Mr. Gardner's with plates made by the same processes, and a quantity of clever pen drawings by the late Helen M. James. Mr. Fletcher's *Andrea Palladio*³ is a rather baldly written but nevertheless welcome sketch of an architect whose influence, filtering through English practice, was once not without effect in this country, and may very easily be of service to us again. American architecture has shown itself extremely sensitive to the example of an essentially idiosyncratic genius like the late H. H. Richardson, but for a number of years it has gravitated, in its eclectic way, far more to the neo-classical models provided by the Italian Renaissance, and despite the recent vogue of French academic ideas, brought back by our younger men from the *École des Beaux-Arts*, a recrudescence of the Palladian mood is easily possible. It might not be altogether desirable if it were guided too literally by Palladian precedent. The purer and more creative style of Bramante remains by all odds our best inspiration in the Renaissance. But there is something very beguiling, very effec-

¹ *A History of Siena*. By LANGTON DOUGLASS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

² *The Story of Siena and San Gimignano*. By EDMUND G. GARDNER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

³ *Andrea Palladio: His Life and Work*. By BANISTER F. FLETCHER, A. R. I. B. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

tive in a picturesque way, in the masterpieces of Palladio. At Vicenza especially, his native town, which is richly endowed with monuments of his genius, he has always struck me as possessing an almost romantic amplitude and humanized stateliness, and our public buildings would not suffer if the designers of them were to profit by his teachings. They would lose nothing in the qualities of balance and proportion, and they would gain in breadth of feeling, in play of light and shade. The scholarship on which many an official façade in America is based might be bettered by a tinge of that robust quality which is characteristic of the Vicentine architect at his best, for if our scholarship is often sound it also often yields results as thin and bloodless as they are correct. Mr. Fletcher's book, filled with good half-tones and line drawings, may contribute something to the enforcement of this point.

To the completion of Lady Dilke's great work on the French art of the eighteenth century, signalized by the appearance of her volume on the Engravers and Draughtsmen,¹ it is impossible to make more than the briefest allusion; an adequate criticism of the four volumes would require all the space devoted to this article. I cannot refrain, however, from noting the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to the author of these books. Every year students are learning that the eighteenth century was most decidedly not the mother of dead dogs that it was once supposed to be, and in art, especially, the lesson is sinking deep. Lady Dilke has shown, as no one else has shown in English, the true value of the French architects, painters, sculptors, decorators, furniture-makers, draughtsmen, and engravers of the time; her

work is a mine of important facts, most conveniently arranged; it abounds in good criticism, and it is lavishly illustrated with first-rate photogravures and half-tones. The student could not do without it, and it is equally significant for the collector, who has of late begun to take a livelier interest in the masterpieces of the earlier French school.

I have referred to the impressionistic criticism which is active in these days, though productive of fewer books than emanate from the scientific and historical schools. It has just been illustrated by two excellent volumes, a sumptuous folio on *Nineteenth Century Art*,² by Mr. D. S. MacColl, the critic of the *Saturday Review*, and a pocket collection of *Views and Reviews*,³ by Mr. W. E. Henley. Mr. MacColl has written nominally to commemorate the last Glasgow exposition, but he has ignored many of the works there exposed, framing an independent analysis of the development of nineteenth-century painting. He is an original and stimulating thinker, with an extensive vocabulary and a very terse, convincing way of putting things. His book is so well worth reading that I wish it could be reprinted in handy form for popular circulation. Mr. Henley's knowledge of art is less technical than Mr. MacColl's, and he gives his essays on modern men and movements a more literary flavor. He is more self-assertive into the bargain, and has to be read with greater care. But he, too, is stimulating, and the reader who takes his book, Mr. MacColl's, and Mr. W. C. Brownell's admirable *French Art*, studying all three together, will find his equipment for the appreciation of modern painting and sculpture enormously strengthened. I commend to the same reader, as suggestive introductions to a wider range

¹ *French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century*. By Lady DILKE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

² *Nineteenth Century Art*. By D. S. MACCOLL. With a Chapter on Early Art Objects

by Sir T. G. GIBSON-CARMICHAEL, Baronet. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

³ *Views and Reviews: Art*. By W. E. HENLEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

of study, the *Meaning of Pictures*,¹ by Professor J. C. Van Dyke, and the *Enjoyment of Art*,² by Carleton Noyes, both judicious and entertaining little handbooks. Finally, to the lover of the curious in this field of investigation, I may

point out the fresh interest of Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook's *Spirals in Nature and Art*,³ wherein, by a cogent process of reasoning, the open staircase at Blois, in Touraine, is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci.

Royal Cortissoz.

HELEN KELLER'S STORY OF MY LIFE.

It is seldom that a book is greeted by such a chorus of superlatives as has welcomed the appearance of Miss Keller's autobiography.⁴ It is still more seldom that the superlatives are so well justified. For the book is indeed unique. The story itself and the years of effort which have made its telling possible, the personality which it reveals, and the creation of that personality, — these are things which, even when pondered, are apt to seem little short of miraculous. So it is not surprising that the reviewers, in their eagerness to make generous acknowledgment of the greatness of the achievement, have not always been discriminating, and have not always wondered most at the strangest things.

The obvious facts are indeed strange enough. Here is the narrative of a young woman who has been deaf and blind from infancy, written in idiomatic English, and indicating the possession of a culture well above the level of that owned by the average college girl of her age. Such an achievement is a new thing in the world. When it is considered in detail, the marvel becomes both greater and more curiously interesting. The style, one finds, is not only idiomatic, but individual and

rhythmical. The culture consists not merely in knowing the usual things in literature and art, but in reaching an intelligent enthusiasm about those phenomena within her reach which appeal to her temperament. Her education, though hampered and hindered by a thousand obstacles, has not only stored her mind, but has freed her spirit. So successfully has her imagination been nurtured that it has served as an irrigation system to water and make fertile the great barren spaces in her consciousness which the missing senses left desert. Thus, as one reads, one forgets to make allowances for limitations which are apt to slip out of sight, until a chance phrase recalls one with a start to the realization that the mind which deals so freely and so normally with the ordinary factors of human life dwells forever in silence and the dark.

Striking as all this is as an intellectual feat, the qualities which a close study of the case brings out as extraordinary are moral rather than mental. It is clear, to be sure, that Miss Keller had originally a good mind; the shutting out of all distractions (which is the small compensation for her great deprivations) devel-

¹ *The Meaning of Pictures*. Six Lectures given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *The Enjoyment of Art*. By CARLETON NOYES. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

³ *Spirals in Nature and Art*. A Study of

Spiral Formations based on the Manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci. By THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M. A., with a Preface by Professor E. RAY LANKESTER, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

⁴ *The Story of My Life*. By HELEN KELLER. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

oped her power of concentration and her memory; and these, along with an emotional temperament unchilled by the gaze of the unsympathetic, and an exceptional power of language, account largely for the intellectual side of her achievement. But there remains the evidence of a courage and a tenacity of purpose well-nigh appalling, — the courage and the tenacity to face and to persist in the endless drudgery of learning, in spite of failure and discouragement and distrust, without the vision of the printed book or the sound of the teaching voice. In the possession of these qualities, and in their triumph, there is glory enough, and there is no need to claim for their possessor, as some have done, the quite different attribute of genius.

For if genius is to be spoken of here at all, it is when we turn to the other heroine of the book, her teacher, Miss Sullivan. Consider a moment the problem which fifteen years ago confronted her, and the manner of its solution. She had placed in her charge a child of seven, utterly undeveloped in mind or in affections, without an idea of the existence of language, almost brutish in her personality, and capable of being approached only through the avenues of touch and taste and smell. In two weeks she had tamed her and gained her affection. In four her pupil had grasped the conception of language, and was eager to name everything in her world. In three months she had learned over three hundred words, and a fortnight later was writing little childish letters to her relatives. By the end of the first year she had caught up with girls of her age in point of written expression, and very soon she surpassed them.

Nor was this the result of the skillful application of an established method. The system used by Miss Sullivan was the outcome of her own observation and reasoning, and was as different in its working as in its results from the ordinary devices for teaching language to the

deaf. As it is described in her letters it seems as simple and obvious as most great discoveries after they are discovered. This is her account of it before she knew how it was to succeed: "I asked myself, 'How does a normal child learn language?' The answer was simple, 'By imitation.' . . . He hears others speak, and he tries to speak. But long before he utters his first word, he understands what is said to him. I have been observing Helen's little cousin lately. . . . These observations have given me a clue to the method to be followed in teaching Helen language. I shall talk into her hand as we talk into the baby's ears. I shall assume that she has the normal child's capacity of assimilation and imitation. I shall use complete sentences in talking to her, and fill out the meaning with gestures and her descriptive signs when necessity requires it; but I shall not try to keep her mind fixed on any one thing. I shall do all I can to interest and stimulate it, and wait for results." The outcome of this method of constant spelling into her pupil's hand, not detached words or formal definitions, but ordinary conversation, was that when Helen began to use language herself it had none of the stiff artificial character such as the language of the deaf usually has, but it was from the first natural, speedily became fluent and colloquial, and later acquired distinction and cadence.

Miss Keller's own letters, which form one of the most interesting sections of the book, afford an illuminating exhibition of this growth of style. They begin with these words: "helen write anna george will give helen apple simpson will shoot bird." Then by almost undiscernible gradations they improve, until we meet with such sentences as this: "I think only those who have escaped that death-in-life existence from which Laura Bridgman was rescued can realize how isolated, how shrouded in darkness, how cramped by its own impotence, is a soul

without thought or faith or hope." Apart altogether from the considerations of deafness and blindness, these letters form a most suggestive series of documents on the subject of the art of writing.

This, then, is the outcome of Miss Sullivan's method. What the application of that method must have entailed, the infinite toil and pains, the thought required to invent devices to overcome new difficulties that appeared at every step, the tact and rare moral quality that moulded a character as well as a mind, — these things even the teacher's candid yet reserved letters here printed hardly do more than suggest. This week-by-week record of a great experiment, carried out almost single-handed by a young

girl with no equipment but a fair education and an intuition amounting to genius, holds one spell-bound. Nowhere does one read of a process so nearly approaching to the creation of a soul.

Of the significance of the achievement for the future of the teaching of the deaf-blind we cannot here speak; but for all who are interested in the subject this book marks an epoch. To Miss Keller herself for her touching and eloquent telling of her own story; to Miss Sullivan for permitting the publication of her fascinating letters, and to the editor, Mr. Macy, for the skill of his arrangement and selection of material, and the suggestiveness of his explanation and comment, both the special and the general public are under deep obligation.

William Allan Neilson.

EMERSON AS SEER.¹

EMERSON was not a logician or reasoner, and not a rhetorician, in the common sense. He was a poet, who wrote chiefly in prose, but also in verse. His verse was usually rough, but sometimes finished and melodious; it was always extraordinarily concise and expressive. During his engagement to the lady who became his second wife, he wrote thus to her: "I am born a poet, — of a low class, without doubt, yet a poet; that is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is, for the most part, in prose. Still, I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondences between these and those." This husky poet had his living to get. His occupations in life were those of the teacher, minister, lecturer, and author. He was a teacher at va-

rious times between 1818 and 1826, but he never liked teaching; a preacher at intervals from 1826 to 1847; but a settled minister only from 1829 to 1832. His career as a lecturer began in the autumn of 1833, and his first book, *Nature*, was published in 1836, when he was thirty-three years old. His lectures for money were given as a rule during the winter and early spring, and for thirty years the traveling he was obliged to do in search of audiences was often extremely fatiguing and not without serious hardships and exposures. These occupations usually gave him an income sufficient for his simple wants; but there were times when outgo exceeded income. The little property his first wife left him (\$1200 a year) relieved him from serious pecuniary anxiety by 1834, although it did not relieve him from earning by his own labor the livelihood of his family. In 1834 he went to live in Concord where

¹ Address at Symphony Hall, Boston, 24 May, 1903.

his grandfather had been the minister at the time of the Revolution, and in 1835 he bought the house and grounds there which were his home for the rest of his days. Before settling in Concord, he had spent one winter and spring (1826-27) in the Southern states, and seven months of 1833 in Europe. Both of these absences were necessitated by the state of his health, which was precarious during his young manhood. With these exceptions, he had lived in Boston or its immediate neighborhood, until he settled in Concord. His progenitors on both sides were chiefly New England ministers. His formal education was received in the Boston Latin School and Harvard College, and was therefore purely local. How narrow and provincial seems his experience of life! A little city, an isolated society, a country village! Yet through books, and through intercourse with intelligent persons, he was really "set in a large place." The proof of this largeness, and of the keenness of his mental and moral vision, is that, in regard to some of the chief concerns of mankind, he was a seer and a fore-seer. This prophetic quality of his I hope to demonstrate to-night in three great fields of thought, — education, social organization, and religion.

Although a prophet and inspirer of reform, Emerson was not a reformer. He was but a halting supporter of the reforms of his day; and the eager experimenters and combatants in actual reforms found him a disappointing sort of sympathizer. His visions were far-reaching, his doctrines often radical, and his exhortations fervid; but when it came to action, particularly to habitual action, he was surprisingly conservative. With an exquisite candor and a gentle resolution of rarest quality he broke his strong ties to the Second Church of Boston before he was thirty years old, abandoning the profession for which he had been trained, and which, in many of its aspects, he honored and

enjoyed; yet he attended church on Sundays all his life with uncommon regularity. He refused to conduct public prayer, and had many things to say against it; but when he was an Overseer of Harvard College, he twice voted to maintain the traditional policy of compelling all the students to attend morning prayers, in spite of the fact that a large majority of the Faculty urgently advocated abandoning that policy. He manifested a good deal of theoretical sympathy with the community experiments at Brook Farm and Fruitlands; but he declined to take part in them himself. He was intimate with many of the leading abolitionists, but no one has described more vividly their grave intellectual and social defects. He laid down principles which, when applied, would inevitably lead to progress and reform; but he took little part in the imperfect step-by-step process of actual reforming. He probably would have been an ineffective worker in any field of reform; and, at any rate, strenuous labor on applications of his philosophy would have prevented him from maintaining the flow of his philosophic and prophetic visions. The work of giving practical effect to his thought was left for other men to do, — indeed for generations of other serviceable men, who, filled with his ideals, will slowly work them out into institutions, customs, and other practical values.

When we think of Emerson as a prophet, we at once become interested in the dates at which he uttered certain doctrines, or wrote certain pregnant sentences; but just here the inquirer meets a serious difficulty. He can sometimes ascertain that a given doctrine or sentence was published at a given date; but he may be quite unable to ascertain how much earlier the doctrine was really formulated, or the sentence written. Emerson has been dead twenty-one years; and it is thirty years since he wrote anything new; but his whole philosophy of life was developed by the

time he was forty years old, and it may be doubted if he wrote anything after 1843, the germinal expression of which may not be found in his journals, sermons, or lectures written before that date. If, therefore, we find in the accepted thought or established institutions of to-day recent developments of principles and maxims laid down by Emerson, we may fairly say that his thought outran his times certainly by one, and probably by two generations of men.

I take up now the prophetic teachings of Emerson with regard to education. In the first place, he saw, with a clearness to which very few people have yet attained, the fundamental necessity of the school as the best civilizing agency, after steady labor, and the only sure means of permanent and progressive reform. He says outright: "We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. What we call our root-and-branch reforms, of slavery, war, gambling, intemperance, is only medicating the symptoms. We must begin higher up — namely, in education." He taught that if we hope to reform mankind, we must begin not with adults, but with children: we must begin at school. There are some signs that this doctrine has now at last entered the minds of the so-called practical men. The Cubans are to be raised in the scale of civilization and public happiness; so both they and we think they must have more and better schools. The Filipinos, too, are to be developed after the American fashion; so we send them a thousand teachers of English. The Southern states are to be rescued from the persistent poison of slavery; and, after forty years of failure with political methods, we at last accept Emerson's doctrine, and say: "We must begin earlier, — at school." The city slums are to be redeemed; and the scientific charity workers find the best way is to get the children into kindergartens and manual training schools.

Since the civil war, a whole generation of educational administrators has been steadily at work developing what is called the elective system in the institutions of education which deal with the ages above twelve. It has been a slow, step-by-step process, carried on against much active opposition and more sluggish obstruction. The system is a method of educational organization which recognizes the immense expansion of knowledge during the nineteenth century, and takes account of the needs and capacities of the individual child and youth. Now, Emerson laid down in plain terms the fundamental doctrines on which this elective system rests. He taught that the one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil, dissipation. He said: "You must elect your work: you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest." To this exhortation he added the educational reason for it, — only by concentration can the youth arrive at the stage of doing something with his knowledge, or get beyond the stage of absorbing and arrive at the capacity for producing. As Emerson puts it, "Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing." The educational institutions of to-day have not yet fully appreciated this all-important step from knowing to doing. They are only beginning to perceive that, all along the course of education, the child and the youth should be doing something as well as learning something; should be stimulated and trained by achievement; should be constantly encouraged to take the step beyond seeing and memorizing to doing, — the step, as Emerson says, "out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness." Emerson carried this doctrine right on into mature life. He taught that nature arms each man with some faculty, large or small, which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other, and thus makes him necessary to society; and that this faculty should determine the man's career.

The advocates of the elective system have insisted that its results were advantageous for society as a whole, as well as for the individual. Emerson put this argument in a nutshell, at least fifty years ago: "Society can never prosper, but must always be bankrupt, until every man does that which he was created to do."

Education used to be given almost exclusively through books. In recent years there has come in another sort of education through tools, machines, gardens, drawings, casts, and pictures. Manual training, shop-work, sloyd, and gardening have come into use for the school ages; the teaching of trades has been admitted to some public school systems; and, in general, the use of the hands and eyes in productive labor has been recognized as having good educational effects. The education of men by manual labor was a favorite doctrine with Emerson. He had fully developed it as early as 1837, and he frequently recurred to it afterwards. In December of that year, in a course of lectures on Human Culture, he devoted one lecture to *The Hands*. He saw clearly that manual labor might be made to develop not only good mental qualities, but good moral qualities. To-day, it is frequently necessary for practical teachers, who are urging measures of improvement, to point this out, and to say, just as Emerson said two generations ago, that any falseness in mechanical work immediately appears; that a teacher can judge of the moral quality of each boy in the class before him better and sooner from manual work than from book-work. Emerson taught that manual labor is the study of the external world; that the use of manual labor never grows obsolete, and is inapplicable to no person. He said explicitly, "A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture;" that there is not only health, but education in garden work; that when a man gets sugar, hominy, cotton, buckets, crockery ware, and letter paper by

simply signing his name to a cheque, it is the producers and carriers of these articles that have got the education they yield, he only the commodity; and that labor is God's education. This was Emerson's doctrine more than sixty years ago. It is only ten years since the Mechanic Arts High School was opened in Boston.

* We are all of us aware that within the last twenty years there has been a determined movement of the American people toward the cultivation of art, toward the public provision of objects which open the sense of beauty and increase public enjoyment. It is curious to see how literally Emerson prophesied the actual direction of these efforts:—

"On the city's paved street
Plant gardens lined with lilac sweet;
Let spouting fountains cool the air,
Singing in the sun-baked square;
Let statue, picture, park, and hall,
Ballad, flag, and festival
The past restore, the day adorn,
And make to-morrow a new morn!"

We have introduced into our schools, of late years, lessons in drawing, modeling, and designing, — not sufficiently, but in a promising and hopeful way. Emerson taught that it is the office of art to educate the perception of beauty; and he precisely describes one of the most recent of the new tendencies in American education and social life, when he says: "Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between the fine and the useful arts be forgotten." That sentence is the inspiration of one of the most recent of the efforts to improve the arts and crafts, and to restore to society the artistic craftsman. But how slow the institutional realization of this ideal of art education! We are still struggling in our elementary and secondary schools to get a reasonable amount of instruction in drawing and music, and to transfer from other subjects a fair allotment of time to these invaluable elements of true culture. They speak the universal language. Yet the ultimate object of art

in education is to teach men to see nature to be beautiful and at the same time useful; beautiful, because alive and reproductive; useful, while symmetrical and fair. Take up to-day the last essays on education, the last book on landscape architecture, or the freshest teachings of the principles of design, and you will find them penetrated with Emerson's doctrine of art as teacher of mankind. Emerson insists again and again that true culture must open the sense of beauty; that "a man is a beggar who only lives to the useful." It will probably require several generations yet to induce the American people to accept his doctrine that all moments and objects can be embellished, and that repose in energy, cheerfulness, and serenity are the "end of culture and success enough."

It has been clearly perceived of late that a leading object in education is the cultivation of fine manners. On this point the teachings of Emerson are fundamental; but the American institutions of education are only beginning to appreciate their significance. He teaches that genius or love invents fine manners, "which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode." There is much in that phrase, "by the advantage of a palace." For generations, American institutions of education were content with the humblest sort of shelters, with plain wooden huts and brick barracks, and unkempt grounds about the buildings. They are only lately beginning to acquire fine buildings with pleasing surroundings; that is, they are just beginning to carry into practice Emerson's wisdom of sixty years ago. The American cities are beginning to build handsome houses for their high schools. Columbia University builds a noble temple for its library. The graduates and friends of Harvard like to provide her with a handsome fence round the Yard, with a fair array of shrubs within the fence, with a hand-

some stadium instead of shabby, wooden seats round the football gridiron, and to take steps for securing in the future broad connections between the grounds of the University and the Cambridge parks by the river. They are just now carrying into practice Emerson's teaching; by the advantage of a palace they mean to better Harvard's instruction in manners. They are accepting his doctrine that "manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that for the most part his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners. When we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons, and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph,— we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty."

In Emerson's early days there was nothing in our schools and colleges which at all corresponded to what we now know too much about under the name of athletic sports. The elaborate organization of these sports is a development of the last thirty years in our schools and colleges; but I find in Emerson the true reason for the athletic cult, given a generation before it existed among us. Your boy "hates the grammar and Gradus, and loves guns, fishing-rods, horses, and boats. Well, the boy is right, and you are not fit to direct his bringing-up, if your theory leaves out his gymnastic training. . . . Football, cricket, archery, swimming, skating, climbing, fencing, riding are lessons in the art of power, which it is his main business to learn. . . . Besides, the gun, fishing-rod, boat, and horse constitute, among all who use them, secret free-masonries." We shall never find a completer justification of athletic sports than that.

In his memorable address on *The American Scholar*, which was given at Cambridge in 1837, Emerson pointed out that the function of the scholar

should include creative action, or, as we call it in these days, research, or the search for new truth. He says: "The soul active . . . utters truth, or creates. . . . In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. . . . They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward. Man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his; — cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame." And more explicitly still, he says: "Colleges have their indispensable office, — to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create." When Emerson wrote this passage, the spirit of research, or discovery, or creation had not yet breathed life into the higher institutions of learning in our country; and to-day they have much to do and to acquire before they will conform to Emerson's ideal.

There are innumerable details in which Emerson anticipated the educational experiences of later generations. I can cite but two of them. He taught that each age must write its own books; "or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this." How true that is in our own day, when eighty thousand new books come from the press of the civilized world in a single year! Witness the incessant re-making or re-casting of the books of the preceding generation! Emerson himself has gone into thousands of books in which his name is never mentioned. Even history has to be re-written every few years, the long-surviving histories being rather monuments of style and method than accepted treasuries of facts. Again, contrary to the prevailing impression that the press has, in large measure, stripped eloquence of its former influence, Emerson taught that "if there ever was a country where eloquence was a power, it is the

United States." He included under eloquence the useful speech, all sorts of political persuasion in the great arena of the Republic, and the lessons of science, art, and religion which should be "brought home to the instant practice of thirty millions of people," now become eighty. The colleges and universities have now answered in the affirmative Emerson's question, "Is it not worth the ambition of every generous youth to train and arm his mind with all the resources of knowledge, of method, of grace, and of character to serve such a constituency?" But then Emerson's definition of eloquence is simple, and foretells the practice of to-day rather than describes the practice of Webster, Everett, Choate, and Winthrop, his contemporaries: "Know your fact; hug your fact. For the essential thing is heat, and heat comes of sincerity. . . . Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak."

I turn next to some examples of Emerson's anticipation of social conditions, visible to him as seer in his own day, and since become plain to the sight of the ordinary millions. When he accumulated in his journals the original materials of his essay on Worship, there were no large cities in the United States in the present sense of that term. The great experiment of democracy was not far advanced, and had not developed many of its sins and dangers; yet how justly he presented them in the following description: "In our large cities, the population is godless, materialized, — no bond, no fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hungers, thirsts, fevers, and appetites walking. How is it people manage to live on, so aimless as they are? . . . There is faith in chemistry, in meat and wine, in wealth, in machinery, in the steam-engine, galvanic battery, turbine wheels, sewing-machines, and in public opinion, but not in divine causes."

In Emerson's day, luxury in the present sense had hardly been developed in our country; but he foresaw its coming, and its insidious destructiveness. "We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt; it is not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs us so much. Why needs any man be rich? Why must he have horses, fine garments, handsome apartments, access to public houses and places of amusement? Only for want of thought. . . . We are first thoughtless, and then find that we are moneyless. We are first sensual and then must be rich." He foresaw the young man's state of mind to-day about marriage — I must have money before I can marry; and deals with it thus: "Give us wealth and the home shall exist. But that is a very imperfect and inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. Give us wealth! You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; in getting wealth the man is generally sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last."

We have come to understand by experience that the opinion of masses of men is a formidable power which can be made safe and useful. In earlier days this massed opinion was either despised or dreaded; and it is dreadful if either confined or misdirected. Emerson compares it to steam. Studied, economized, and directed, steam has become the power by which all great labors are done. Like steam is the opinion of political masses! If crushed by castles, armies, and police, dangerously explosive; but if furnished with schools and the ballot, developing "the most harmless and energetic form of a state." His eyes were wide open to some of the evil intellectual effects of democracy. The individual is too apt to wear the time-worn

yoke of the multitude's opinions. No multiplying of contemptible units can produce an admirable mass. "If I see nothing to admire in a unit, shall I admire a million units?" The habit of submitting to majority rule cultivates individual subservieney. He pointed out two generations ago that the action of violent political parties in a democracy might provide for the individual citizen a systematic training in moral cowardice.

It is interesting, at the stage of industrial warfare which the world has now reached, to observe how Emerson, sixty years ago, discerned clearly the absurdity of paying all sorts of service at one rate, now a favorite notion with some labor unions. He points out that even when all labor is temporarily paid at one rate, differences in possessions will instantly arise: "In one hand the dime became an eagle as it fell, and in another hand a copper cent. For the whole value of the dime is in knowing what to do with it." Emerson was never deceived by a specious philanthropy, or by claims of equality which find no support in the nature of things. He was a true democrat, but still could say: "I think I see place and duties for a nobleman in every society; but it is not to drink wine and ride in a fine coach, but to guide and adorn life for the multitude by forethought, by elegant studies, by perseverance, self-devotion, and the remembrance of the humble old friend, — by making his life secretly beautiful." How fine a picture of the democratic nobility is that!

In his lecture on *Man the Reformer*, which was read before the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association in Boston in January, 1841, Emerson described in the clearest manner the approaching strife between laborers and employers, between poor and rich, and pointed out the cause of this strife in the selfishness, unkindness, and mutual distrust which ran through the community. He also described, with perfect precision, the

only ultimate remedy, — namely, the sentiment of love. "Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long. . . . The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine." It is more than sixty years since those words were uttered, and in those years society has had large experience of industrial and social strife, of its causes and consequences, and of many attempts to remedy or soften it; but all this experience only goes to show that there is but one remedy for these ills. It is to be found in kindness, good fellowship, and the affections. In Emerson's words, "We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible." The world will wait long for this remedy, but there is no other.

Like every real seer and prophet whose testimony is recorded, Emerson had intense sympathy with the poor, laborious, dumb masses of mankind, and being a wide reader in history and biography, he early arrived at the conviction that history needed to be written in a new manner. It was long before Green's *History of the English People* that Emerson wrote: "Hence it happens that the whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor." In recent years this view of history has come to prevail, and we are given the stories of institutions, industries, commerce, crafts, arts, and beliefs, instead of the stories of dynasties and wars. For Emerson it is always feats of liberty and wit which make epochs of history. Commerce is civilizing because "the power which the sea requires in the sailor makes a man of him very fast." The invention of a house, safe against wild animals, frost, and heat, gives play to the finer faculties, and introduces art, manners, and social delights. The discovery of the post office is a fine metre

of civilization. The sea-going steamer marks an epoch; the subjection of electricity to take messages and turn wheels marks another. But, after all, the vital stages of human progress are marked by steps toward personal, individual freedom. The love of liberty was Emerson's fundamental passion: —

"For He that ruleth high and wise,
Nor pauseth in His plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man."

The new National League of Independent Workmen of America has very appropriately taken its motto from Emerson: —

"For what avail the plough or sail
Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

The sympathetic reader of Emerson comes often upon passages written long ago which are positively startling in their anticipation of sentiments common to-day and apparently awakened by very recent events. One would suppose that the following passage was written yesterday. It was written fifty-six years ago. "And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations, — I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; — indeed with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon."

Before the civil war the Jew had no such place in society as he holds to-day. He was by no means so familiar to Americans as he is now. Emerson speaks twice of the Jew in his essay on Fate, in terms precisely similar to those we commonly hear to-day: "We see

how much will has been expended to extinguish the Jew, in vain. . . . The sufferance which is the badge of the Jew has made him in these days the ruler of the rulers of the earth." Those keen observations were made certainly more than forty years ago, and probably more than fifty.

Landscape architecture is not yet an established profession among us, in spite of the achievements of Downing, Cleveland, and Olmsted and their disciples; yet much has been accomplished within the last twenty-five years to realize the predictions on this subject made by Emerson in his lecture on *The Young American*. He pointed out in that lecture that the beautiful gardens of Europe are unknown among us, but might be easily imitated here, and said that the landscape art "is the Fine Art which is left for us. . . . The whole force of all arts goes to facilitate the decoration of lands and dwellings. . . . I look on such improvement as directly tending to endear the land to the inhabitant." The following sentence might have been written yesterday, so consistent is it with the thought of to-day: "Whatever events in progress shall go to disgust men with cities, and infuse into them the passion for country life and country pleasures, will render a service to the whole face of this continent, and will further the most poetic of all the occupations of real life, the bringing out by art the native but hidden graces of the landscape." In regard to books, pictures, statues, collections in natural history, and all such refining objects of nature and art, which heretofore only the opulent could enjoy, Emerson pointed out that in America the public should provide these means of culture and inspiration for every citizen. He thus anticipated the present ownership by cities, or by endowed trustees, of parks, gardens, and museums of art or science, as well as of baths and orchestras. Of music in particular he said: "I think sometimes could I only have

music on my own terms; could I . . . know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, — that were a bath and a medicine." It has been a long road from that sentence, written probably in the forties, to the Symphony Orchestra in this Hall and to the new singing classes on the East Side of New York City.

For those of us who have attended to the outburst of novels and treatises on humble or squalid life, to the copious discussions on child-study, to the masses of slum literature, and to the numerous writings on home economics, how true to-day seems the following sentence written in 1837: "The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life are the topics of the time."

I pass now to the last of the three topics which time permits me to discuss, — Emerson's religion. In no field of thought was Emerson more prophetic, more truly a prophet of coming states of human opinion, than in religion. In the first place, he taught that religion is absolutely natural, — not supernatural, but natural: —

"Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

He believed that revelation is natural and continuous, and that in all ages prophets are born. Those souls out of time proclaim truth, which may be momentarily received with reverence, but is nevertheless quickly dragged down into some savage interpretation which by and by a new prophet will purge away. He believed that man is guided by the same power that guides beast and flower. "The selfsame power that brought me here brought you," he says to beautiful Rhodora. For him worship is the attitude of those "who see that against all appearances the nature of things works for truth and right forever." He saw good not only in what we call beauty, grace, and light, but

in what we call foul and ugly. For him a sky-born music sounds "from all that's fair; from all that's foul:" —

"'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

The universe was ever new and fresh in his eyes, not spent, or fallen, or degraded, but eternally tending upward: —

"No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

When we come to his interpretation of historical Christianity, we find that in his view the life and works of Jesus fell entirely within the field of human experience. He sees in the deification of Jesus an evidence of lack of faith in the infinitude of the individual human soul. He sees in every gleam of human virtue not only the presence of God, but some atom of His nature. As a preacher he had no tone of authority. A true non-conformist himself, he had no desire to impose his views on anybody. Religious truth, like all other truth, was to his thought an unrolling picture, not a deposit made once for all in some sacred vessel. When people who were sure they had drained that vessel, and assimilated its contents, attacked him, he was irresponsive or impassive, and yielded to them no juicy thought; so they pronounced him dry or empty. Yet all of Emerson's religious teaching led straight to God, — not to a withdrawn creator, or anthropomorphic judge or king, but to the all-informing, all-sustaining soul of the universe.

It was a prophetic quality of Emerson's religious teaching that he sought to obliterate the distinction between secular and sacred. For him all things were sacred, just as the universe was religious. We see an interesting fruition of Emerson's sowing in the nature of

the means of influence, which organized churches and devout people have, in these later days, been compelled to resort to. Thus the Catholic Church keeps its hold on its natural constituency quite as much by schools, gymnasiums, hospitals, entertainments, and social parades as it does by its rites and sacraments. The Protestant Churches maintain in city slums "settlements," which use secular rather than the so-called sacred methods. The fight against drunkenness, and the sexual vice and crimes of violence which follow in its train, is most successfully maintained by eliminating its physical causes and providing mechanical and social protections.

For Emerson inspiration meant not the rare conveyance of supernatural power to an individual, but the constant incoming into each man of the "divine soul which also inspires all men." He believed in the worth of the present hour: —

"Future or Past no richer secret folds,
Oh friendless Present! than thy bosom holds."
He believed that the spiritual force of human character imaged the divine: —

"The sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye."

Yet man is not an order of nature, but a stupendous antagonism, because he chooses and acts in his soul. "So far as a man thinks, he is free." It is interesting to-day, after all the long discussion of the doctrine of evolution, to see how the much earlier conceptions of Emerson match the thoughts of the latest exponents of the philosophic results of evolution.

The present generation of scholars and ministers have been passing through an important crisis in regard to the sacred books of Judaism and Christianity. All the features of the contest over "the higher criticism" are foretold by Emerson in *The American Scholar*. "The poet chanting was felt to be a divine

man; henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit; henceforward it is settled the book is perfect. Colleges are built on it; books are written on it. . . . Instantly the book becomes noxious; the guide is a tyrant." This is exactly what has happened to Protestantism, which substituted for infallible Pope and Church an infallible Book; and this is precisely the evil from which modern scholarship is delivering the world.

In religion Emerson was only a nineteenth-century non-conformist, instead of a fifteenth or seventeenth century one. It was a fundamental article in his creed that, although conformity is the virtue in most request, "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist." In the midst of increasing luxury, and of that easy-going, unbelieving conformity which is itself a form of luxury, Boston, the birthplace of Emerson, may well remember with honor the generations of non-conformists who made her, and created the intellectual and moral climate in which Emerson grew up. Inevitably, to conformists and to persons who still accept doctrines and opinions which he rejected, he seems presumptuous and consequential. In recent days we have even seen the word "insolent" applied to this quietest and most retiring of seers. But have not all prophets and ethical teachers had something of this aspect to their conservative contemporaries? We hardly expect the messages of prophets to be welcome; they imply too much dissatisfaction with the present.

The essence of Emerson's teaching concerning man's nature is compressed into the famous verse: —

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can."

The cynic or the fall-of-man theologian replies — Grandeur indeed, say rather squalor and shame. To this ancient pessimism Emerson makes answer with

a hard question — "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean?" To this question no straight answer has been found, the common answer running in a circle. It is hard indeed to conceive of a measure which will measure depths but not heights; and besides, every measure implies a standard.

I have endeavored to set before you some of the practical results of Emerson's visions and intuitions, because, though quite unfit to expound his philosophical views, I am capable of appreciating some of the many instances in which his words have come true in the practical experience of my own generation. My own work has been a contribution to the prosaic, concrete work of building, brick by brick, the new walls of old American institutions of education. As a young man I found the writings of Emerson unattractive, and not seldom unintelligible. I was concerned with physical science, and with routine teaching and discipline; and Emerson's thinking seemed to me speculative and visionary. In regard to religious belief, I was brought up in the old-fashioned Unitarian conservatism of Boston, which was rudely shocked by Emerson's excursions beyond its well-fenced precincts. But when I had got at what proved to be my lifework for education, I discovered in Emerson's poems and essays all the fundamental motives and principles of my own hourly struggle against educational routine and tradition, and against the prevailing notions of discipline for the young; so when I was asked to speak to you to-night about him, although I realized my unfitness in many respects for such a function, I could not refuse the opportunity to point out how many of the sober, practical undertakings of to-day had been anticipated in all their principles by this solitary, shrewd, independent thinker, who, in an inconsecutive and almost ejaculatory

way, wrought out many sentences and verses which will travel far down the generations. I was also interested in studying in this example the quality of prophets in general. We know a good deal about the intellectual ancestors and inspirers of Emerson, and we are sure that he drank deep at many springs of idealism and poetry. Plato, Confucius, Shakespeare, and Milton were of his teachers; Oken, Lamarck, and Lyell lent him their scientific theories; and Channing stirred the residuum which came down to him through his forbears from Luther, Calvin, and Edwards. All these materials he transmuted and moulded into lessons which have his own individual quality and bear his stamp. The precise limits of his originality are indeterminable, and inquiry into them would be unprofitable. In all probability the case would prove to be much the same with most of the men that the

world has named prophets, if we knew as much of their mental history as we know of Emerson's. With regard to the Semitic prophets and seers, it is reasonable to expect that as Semitic exploration and discovery advance, the world will learn much about the historical and poetical sources of their inspiration. Then the Jewish and Christian peoples may come nearer than they do now to Emerson's conceptions of inspiration and worship, of the naturalness of revelation and religion, and of the infinite capacities of man. Meantime, it is an indisputable fact that Emerson's thought has proved to be consonant with the most progressive and fruitful thinking and acting of two generations since his working time. This fact, and the sweetness, fragrance, and loftiness of his spirit, prophesy for him an enduring power in the hearts and lives of spiritually minded men.

Charles W. Eliot.

"GIVE ME NOT LOVE."

GIVE me not love which would intrall
A spirit panting to be free;
But give me love which more than all
Would find it sweet to soar with me!
The bird that close to earth doth cling,
May, darkling, be content to sing,
But full the sunlight shines afar—
And there be heights where eagles are.

Give me not love which hour by hour,
Like to the rose, doth pale its hue;
But love still constant as the flower
Which opens to each morn anew:
Not love which, shadowed by the tomb,
A little space doth languid bloom,
But love which draws its deeper breath
From altitudes that know not death.

Florence Earle Coates.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ACCORDING to Goethe, doughty Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand contrived to get on famously with a metallic substitute for his quondam member of bone, sinew, and nerve. But, then, Götz was not a piano virtuoso like Paderewski with no other gift but to trill with his fingers as Shelley's skylark with its throat. Now hereby hangs my tale, a little reminiscence of an evening spent with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

How Mr.
Emerson
Took It.

Probably everybody who is subject to the peculiar creepy nervous sensation called "goose flesh" comes by it and its results in his own individual way. For one, I confess to especial liability to attacks of the kind at concerts, where the shivering thrills set running along the nerves by certain wails of the violin seem to fall into kindred vibration with those precipitated by a draft of cold air from a suddenly opened door. While listening enraptured to the rippling musical wavelets and rolling billows of a player like Paderewski, all at once by some diabolic "cantraip" of atomic escapade my imagination is whirled off to a spectacle of veritable tragedy. For example, it is a raw and gusty March night outside. Whew! how the wind blows and drives the snow! Then in a trice I seem to see the weird magician himself as all alone, the concert over and the audience gone, he is making his way across the lower vestibule to go out on to the street. Just as with might and main he pushes open the great door, there comes a violent blast and, as he seizes with both hands the ponderous lid, it slams to. And there! there! there! those magic hands a crushed and mangled mass of bone and flesh. Paderewski gone forever! His soul itself lies mangled there. Ah! the tragic is never the tragic till it drives home its shaft to the one central seat of irremediable loss and pain.

How will the poor victim be able to bear up against so annihilating a blow? Other men's hands and mutilations can be replaced; some seemingly as easily as a wrenched-off lobster's claw. But then the lobster will never be called on for a delicately sensitive interpretation of a Chopin Nocturne. But that Paderewski's magic hand should thus be exposed to the mercy of an insensate blast of wind, there lies, if not the irony of fate, at least the "tears of things."

It was, then, under full liability to this especial infirmity of the flesh already described, and to its imaginative vagaries, that some years ago I set out to spend the evening and night at the Emerson house in Concord. I had not seen Mr. Emerson for several years, and had learned that meanwhile he had been sorely visited home by the disease of aphasia, or incapacity to call up words. He, the magician of words, with Prospero's wand to summon the Ariels of the sky or the Calibans of the muck-swamp before our eyes, thus broken in his hands! It seemed nothing less tragic than the destruction of Turner's miraculous color-sense, dooming him to paint his Fighting Téméraire with all the prismatic tints and dyes on his palette now indistinguishable from so many drabs. How could he bear up under such an infliction! He, to whom the breaking on his mind of a single happy word in which to incarnate his idea had often been enough to glorify a whole day! A-Phasia, no speech, and to such a revealer! It must be tantamount to A-Theism, no God, to a rapt saint.

Even for all I knew of Mr. Emerson's old-time serenity, I did not, therefore, see how it could prove otherwise but that I should find him dejected, humiliated, even rebellious in spirit over a fate that had struck so wanton a blow at the dignity of a man dowered with so

high a commission. Besides, I was too well up in the story of literary and artistic calamities to be misled by any surface show either of seeming cheerfulness or of Stoic triumph. Milton's sonnet on his blindness! Yes, I had read that with its trumpet blast of resolve to "bate no jot of hope or faith, but still bear up and steer right onward." But I had equally read his *Samson Agonistes*, and listened awestruck to the wails of agony and despair blindness had wrung from him. And so I fairly dreaded a close interview which should inevitably expose the infirmity of a man at whose feet I had reverentially sat for years, pondering his every freighted word.

Mr. Emerson was always a surprise from the first hour in which he dawned on New England. But the climax of his surprises must, I think, have come to those who talked with him in the days of his aphasia. Thousands have laughed over his transcendently humorous retort to the Second Advent apostle who tried to appall him with the assurance that the destruction by fire of the whole material world was immediately at hand: "Well, I don't see why we should n't contrive to get on just about as well without it!" I bear authentic witness to the fact that during a full hour's talk with him that evening the predominant impression left on my mind was, "Well, were the whole complex vocabulary of human speech destroyed, I don't see why — so far as peace of mind is concerned — we should n't be about as well off without language as with it." The native sweetness of Mr. Emerson's nature revealed itself at every turn. There was no trace of sense of humiliation or wounded pride; neither any trace of enforced resignation or resolve to master repining or grief. Aphasia was taken as naturally and serenely as a midsummer moonlight row on Concord River.

Perfectly evident was it that Mr. Emerson's intellect was as clear as ever.

He thought connectedly, and, in his mind's eye, saw distinctly the shades of idea and feeling and of object and imagery he wanted to present, only that ever and anon the requisite word or epithet obstinately refused to come to the rescue. To offer one or two examples of this! He was giving me, for instance, an account of a recent visit to Montreal, and it was in this way he proceeded: "I was called on by the — by the — how do you name the principal personage of a city?" "The mayor?" I suggested. "Yes, the mayor! He came in an open barouche to take me the famous drive round the Mountain. After a while the — the — the — how do you call what stores up water till it is suddenly — suddenly — what shall I say? not squeezed out?" "A sponge!" I said. "No, no," with the sweetest of smiles and a sweeping motion of the hand up to the sky. "The clouds, perhaps!" "Yes, the clouds began to roll up and threaten rain. I had forgotten to take with me my — my — my — by the way, what is that people always borrow and never return?" "Umbrella?" "Yes, umbrella," and so on and on throughout the conversation. Perception, humor, vivid interest in persons and scenery, all were plainly on the alert within. But the word in which to embody these continually failed. While, as everybody recognizes, the inmost philosophical essence of the umbrella was thus intellectually grasped, the mere empirical designation of its silk, stick, and whalebone would not turn up.

I fairly marveled at the composure and genial patience of a mind of such calibre. The habit of a lifetime thus dislodged, the free flow of expression which had been his perpetual joy thus dammed back, one would have looked for inevitable gestures of impatience or annoyance. Indeed, the situation was at first very trying to me personally. The idea of my sitting there, supplying from my beggarly vocabulary words to Mr. Emerson, struck me as a trifle too

much like carting quartz pebbles to the diamond mines of Golconda. But each word — mayor, cloud, umbrella, — no matter what — was received with as gracious courtesy as though it had been the veritable Kohinoor.

Later on in the conversation, I asked Mr. Emerson about the hygienic rules he, as a student, had found most conducive to health and power of work. "At what time of day have you found it best to take your principal meal?" This query seemed to cause him especial trouble. He was ill at numbers, and the dial plate of the clock evidently suggested as recondite problems as the cycles and epicycles of Hipparchus. The way, however, in which he extricated himself from the dilemma was psychologically very interesting, as revealing how entirely logical was the idea in his brain in its struggle with the clogged channels of expression. "I have always been accustomed," he replied, "to take my principal meal at — at — at — o'clock." The blank, however, he could not fill. So, composedly spreading the fingers of his left hand, and manipulating them with the forefinger of his right, he began audibly a process of counting. "At twelve, eleven, ten o'clock! Yes, at ten o'clock my principal meal!" Then feeling that somehow he had not hit the right number, he smiled an amused smile and triumphantly began to reverse the process of calculation. "No, at twelve, thirteen, fourteen o'clock! At fourteen o'clock, I have taken my principal meal." With this outcome he was perfectly satisfied. The oddity of the number fourteen never struck him. What he had aimed to get at was two hours from noon, and seeing his mistake in at first trying his method backwards, he genially smiled and tried it forwards.

I record these instances simply to emphasize the beauty of spirit revealed in Mr. Emerson. Here was a man who did not seem to belong to the ordinary category of humanity, but to be lifted above its usual infirmities. No trace

of the grief, despondency, sense of indignity to which age is so often a prey, but in their place an inexpressible sweetness of serenity. He had won fame and been courted all over the civilized world. Yet now a new divine depth seemed to me to nestle down into the word, "Except you become as a little child, you shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom." Certainly not into this kingdom! And all so naturally.

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail."

Why not! — as much as to be born, to love, to marry, to take the world captive. Here before my eyes was the living commentary on his wonderful poem of old age, *Terminus*: —

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

In view of the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emerson, it has occurred to me that the Contributors' Club might be disposed to publish an interesting letter from the poet philosopher, which he sent to me from his Concord home on January 22, 1877. When I was a much younger man than I am now, I wrote, and had printed in one of the magazines, an essay on Emerson and his writings and platform addresses, in which I was injudicious enough to underrate Thoreau and his work. Since then, of course, my opinion of that remarkable genius has undergone much change, and I have read and re-read him with growing pleasure and profit. Even his eccentricities have for me a charm of their own, which is quite distinct. With this brief introduction, the letter may follow: —

DEAR SIR, — I have to thank you for the very friendly notice of myself which

Emerson's
Esteem for
Thoreau.

I find in your monthly magazine, which I ought to have acknowledged some days ago. The tone of it is courtly and kind, and suggests that the writer is no stranger to Boston and its scholars. In one or two hints, he seems to me to have been misinformed. The only pain he gives me is in his estimate of Thoreau, whom he underrates. Thoreau was a superior genius. I read his books and manuscripts always with new surprise at the range of his topics and the novelty and depth of his thought. A man of large reading, of quick perception, of great practical courage and ability, — who grew greater every day, and, had his short life been prolonged, would have found few equals to the power and wealth of his mind. By the death recently, in Bangor, Maine, of his sister, Miss Sophia Thoreau, his manuscripts (which fill a large trunk) have been bequeathed to H. G. O. Blake, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., one of his best friends, and who, I doubt not, will devote himself to the care and the publication of some of these treasures.

When your journeys lead you to Boston, it would give me pleasure to have a card from you of your address.

With kind regards,

R. W. EMERSON.

IN our village we have been reading *The Plaint of a Decadent Town.* The Regeneration of Rural New England, and we are very low in our minds. There is no doubt whatever but that we are a decadent town, — a coast, not a hill town, to be sure, but that makes no difference. Do not houses rent with us for fifty dollars a year, whenever they rent at all? And did not one of our fellow citizens leave his ancestral home to the owls and bats, who could fly down through the hole in the top of it while he took out the chimney for the sake of the bricks? After this we hardly need to confess that our minister, who gets six hundred a year according to the requirements of the Home Missionary Society, is under bonds

to put one dollar of it back into the contributors' box every Sunday, but perhaps it is as well to have the worst out at once. And the trouble is that, even after reading Mr. Hartt's excellent articles, we have not the slightest idea what to do about it. "Go ye forth," he says to such as we, "and persuade a social settlement to take up its residence amongst you, or get ye hence into the place of departed townships;" but we are Yankees and practical, and we cannot forget that while our soil is perfectly adapted to the cultivation of nothing but turnips (the poorer the soil the better the turnip), their price is but thirty-five cents a bushel, and the freight thereon fifteen cents to our nearest market. We fear that the settlement farm would not soon grow rich on that basis.

Perhaps the worst feature of our situation is that our hearts are still unregenerate and fail to respond to such efforts as have been made for our redemption. There was the real estate speculator, whose idea was to cut up our hills and shore into fifty-foot lots with a neat matched-board cottage in the centre of each one. It was undoubtedly a noble and progressive ideal, but such is our perversity that we could not help feeling glad when we found out that he had no money with which to realize it. Then there is our multi-millionaire. He was born in the next town, and his childhood's friend lives in ours, so he takes an interest in us; but at present he seems to feel that our one great need is piazzas, and he has bought up an extraordinary number of empty houses and clapped those appendages on them all. Probably they will bring us wealth and prosperity, but as we built our own house recently without a piazza, we, at least, cannot be expected to sympathize with his diagnosis of our case. Indeed, we have a good deal of fellow feeling with the mother of Aladdin, who, as you will remember, never took any solid satisfaction in her son's genie, because she thought one never can

be quite sure what such an all-powerful individual may do next. That is the way with a multi-millionaire in a small town. The day we went out and found that this piazza epidemic had broken out all over our peaceful village, we sympathized not only with Aladdin's mother, but even more acutely with his unfortunate father-in-law, the Sultan of Cathay, who is said to have opened his chamber window one morning and found that a brand-new palace had sprung up during the night and was cutting off all his view. On such occasions we wonder sadly why all the things that are good for us have to be so disagreeable, and we cry with the impassioned poet of our childhood, — "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,"

and keep all these admirable improvements for the benefit of the next generation." But that, of course, only proves more clearly than ever that we are decadent.

There are our summer boarders, too. There could not possibly be a pleasanter set of summer boarders than we have. They talk to us with the greatest good fellowship all the summer through on gardening and preserving, the making of wines and jellies, and the qualities of our stock, and they even write to us during the winter on these subjects. But to go farther, even with the best of wills, does not seem to be as easy as the critic fondly fancies. One kind and genial visitor subscribed to Harper's Magazine for us, and was very happy thinking how much we should enjoy it. But Harper's that year did not cater to the sons of the soil; we thought it was all nonsense, and after the first we did not waste the time to cut the leaves. Another gave us Puck; but we must confess that we did not see the point of the jokes. Still another gave us a sensational newspaper, and we liked that very much, but we had awful fears that it was not good for us. In our hearts we like books like Barabbas and In His Steps better than any others, and when

our summer boarders tell us that this is not the highest class of literature, we do not in the least know what they mean. They tell us, too, that we ought each to get interested in some one topic, and study that, and they have worked hard to get us a little library whose catalogue is always greatly admired by our visitors. They call it "an excellent assortment," but for some reason or other when we have got interested in a subject we never find there exactly the books we need to pursue it. We seem to be all in the same case as the little girl whom one of our summer boarders interested in butterflies last year. She went to the library and tried to find a book about them, but there was none. The librarian gave her a charming volume on birds, which she thought would do as well; but, as the little girl aptly remarked, "Butterflies ain't birds."

Every one says that visiting in the city is an excellent specific for the cure of decadence. One of our neighbors visited her son in Somerville last winter, and when she came home she began to do over her sitting-room. We waited in eager expectation until it was finished, and then we went to see it. She had a red plush "set," and a tapestry carpet in faded colors; the woodwork was of that jaundiced color known as "hard wood finish," and a wealth of shellac atoned for the dearth of grain; a brass lamp with pink paper roses on its shade decorated the table, and there was an easel in one corner with a picture mercifully veiled by a silkalene scarf. We had to confess that we were deeply disappointed, and we were glad to get out of that room and into Aunt Mercy's little sitting-room across the road, where there is not a picture or a piece of furniture which is not at least fifty years old. We glanced at the dear old daguerreotypes on the walls, at the two blushing ladies in hoop skirts curtsying to us from the top of the old-fashioned mirror, and at Miss Mercy herself rocking peacefully in her big chair,

with the feather cushions puffing comfortably up around her, and her patchwork on her knee, and we began to wonder whether, after all, we were doing so badly in keeping out of the world for a while, just until our class in it had progressed beyond the stage of shellac and silkalene scarfs.

All this does not mean that we do not want a social settlement. Certainly not; nothing would please us better. But we really do not see any opening for one just yet, and we are puzzled about what to do.

I HAVE often thought that Lord Bacon **An Appendix to Bacon.** might have known even more about revenge than he did, if he had observed it in children. For, being a kind of "wild justice," its features are clearest before they have been blurred by the conventions of a society wherein justice is supposed to have been tamed, if not actually domesticated.

Instances of the juvenile type have attracted my notice from time to time, and I am moved to record three of them, for the use of some future philosopher.

One was a scheme planned by a practical-minded little boy, to take effect against his mother. He spent one entire afternoon, and enlisted the services of his friends, in making what he called "dirt-traps" along the garden walk, — a system of simple levers so arranged that any person who passed would strike the foot against one end of a stick, making the other end fly up and fling a little bunch of earth into his face. Of course the person passing was to be the unnatural mother; after so much industry on his part, Providence would surely take care of that. I forget whether Providence did, but as I look back, I like the boy's attitude of mind. He has since become a scientist, with a good grasp of the concrete.

Of quite another type was the revenge carried out by a little girl I knew. She had a big brother who teased, and a bigger brother who did n't, because he was

too big. Now and then she could pay back some of her scores, but the accumulation of those unpaid touched her soul with gloom. At last the children gave a play, wherein she, as the Princess Ariel, rejected Prince Percival (big brother) and eloped with a poor suitor (bigger brother). At a certain point in the play Percival was repulsed with the words, "I spurn thee, villain! hence! away!" During the rehearsals it was suggested by the coach that the princess might accentuate her scorn by touching the kneeling youth with the toe of her slipper. She did so, gently, tasting the pleasure of this new kind of revenge. But on the night of the performance, excitement unseated such powers of restraint as a short life had furnished her with; the wild justice burst forth, and the gilt-slippered little foot did not gently spurn, it hotly kicked. The princely lover, unprepared, tumbled over on his side and rolled beautifully "down centre." The audience applauded such spirited acting, and perhaps only one of those present guessed how in that moment the wrongs of years had been wiped out by a vengeance that was satisfying because at once public, concrete, and symbolic.

But that which I admire most of all was planned by a little country boy — he became a successful city man — whose heart was filled with bitterness toward his schoolteacher. Not for him were the crass forms of immediate retaliation, but at recess, as he ate his apple, he thought, and the gray eyes grew dark and intent. The apple was eaten, but the seeds — ah, they were shut tight in the small fist until an unmolested moment came. Then each little brown speck was carefully pushed under the edge of the schoolhouse and jammed down, by black-nailed fingers, into the earth. The boy went back to his books, but the poet's brain behind the gray eyes saw into the years to come, — saw the unrighteous teacher still at her desk, the hateful little schoolhouse still standing, while, outside,

those little seeds were bursting, rooting downward, and stretching upward; saw the young shoots gaining strength, bracing and straining at the house timbers, till they stirred and cracked; saw the house wrenched and tottering, the teacher grasping her reeling desk, and then — ruins, with blooming apple trees rising in triumph over them!

And meantime, the gray eyes were bent on the book, content to wait until the future should right the past. Magnificent!

"A FRIEND," says Leigh Hunt in beginning one of his most engaging essays,—"a friend tells us **A "Now" Descriptive of a Damp Day.** that having written a 'Now' descriptive of a hot day, we ought to write another descriptive of a cold one; and we accordingly do so." One delights to think that this friend was Keats, and the pleasant hypothesis is more than possibly correct, as may be seen by the following extract from Hunt's Autobiography: "The paper that was most liked by Keats, if I remember, was the one on a hot summer's day, entitled 'A Now.' He was with me when I was writing it and reading it to him [*sic*], and contributed one or two of the passages." Ah, which? We do not know for certain; yet it is easy to put a finger on precisely — and only — two bits that have distinct Keatsian quality. Look — and let the mind's ear listen: "Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat." And again: "Now a green lane . . . thick-set with hedgerow elms, and having the noise of a brook 'rumbling in pebble-stone,' is one of the pleasantest things in the world." Perhaps, too, it was Keats who brought the "plate of strawberries" that put an end to the writing.

There is no inspiring friend at *my* elbow; yet it is my whim to attempt still another "Now," a damp-day "Now." I may not achieve a companion piece to Hunt's little miracles of word-work, but I mean at any rate to put a dash of the

antique and the right British into *my* literary manner, in memory of the classic "Nows."

Now then — which phrase is indeed, as Hunt hath it, "fit only for the delicious moments of a gentleman about to crack his bottle, or to run away with a lady, or to open a dance, or to carve a turkey and chine, or to pelt snow-balls, or to commit some other piece of ultra-vivacity [like the present] such as excuses a man from the nicer proprieties of language," — Now then —

Now, when, getting up in the morning, you thrust a bare, warm foot into a morocco-lined slipper, you wince as if you had stepped on a frog. Now sponges have not dried overnight and are odious in consequence. Now your linen laid ready when you went to bed, upon a chair by the open window, is so damp that you must get out everything again; which takes time, for a drawer sticks, and has to be coaxed open, end by end, until, losing patience, you give it a vicious jerk and it comes out with disconcerting abruptness.

Now the morning paper requires to be aired twice as long as usual. Now the elderly gentleman, adjusting his spectacles, issues from his doorway to consult the barometer; stooping over with an outspread hand resting on the front of each leg just above the knee, he peers at the mercury sulking near the bottom of the tube. Now rims of salt-cellars, whereon salt has been spilt, are moist, and sugar refuses to be sprinkled. Now, as you attempt to rise from breakfast, your chair sticks on the rug; the sound it makes when it *does* move gives you spinal shivers. Now plants watered yesterday afternoon still have dark circles about their roots. Now

"The maid . . . in the garden hanging out the clothes"

thinks the "wash" will never dry. Now — in the lyrical phrase of Mr. Browning — "John's corns ail;" and neuralgia pounces upon its victims; and dear old

Dr. W., merriest martyr that ever sciatica twisted, greets little Miss Lindsay, who has run in to ask after his health, with an "Ah, my dear! Pray excuse my not rising. The villain has me on the hip this morning."

Now horses driven up to roadside watering-troughs merely snuff at the water; then, lifting their heads, gaze abstractedly off into the landscape, until the driver, impatient at having wasted his time, starts them up again with a jerk. Now smoke rises lazily out of chimneys. Now odors, as of Araby the curst, emanate from antique rugs, and one small balsam-pillow makes a whole room redolent of the forest primeval.

Now shepherds, finding the wool of their flocks limp and soft, prognosticate yet thicker weather. Now the sky is all gray, having, however, to the seeing eye, a hundred exquisite, subtle tones; a luminous blur marks the position of the sun. Now, notwithstanding one's approval of the prevailing grays, one delights in a bit of color here and there, — a child's red frock, a bunch of nasturtiums, best of all a bonfire.

Now the city is smokier and sootier than ever; and Jones, meeting Robinson with a smudge on his nose, is mightily amused, and wonders what Robinson was grinning at, confound him! — until he himself encounters a mirror. Now it is warm, and the atmosphere suggests the steam-room of a Turkish bath, and people say to one another, "It's the dampness that makes the heat so oppressive;" or it is chill and you feel as if you were in a cellar, and the universal opinion is that one would n't mind the cold, were it not so detestably raw. Now artificial ringlets uncurl, and natural ones twine the tighter; and ostrich feathers look forlorn; and starched cuffs and collars "wilt;" and fashionable creases vanish from trousers, and unfashionable ones appear; and wooden walks and steps are slippery; and whistles sound asthmatic; and the fishmonger's looks quite as un-

pleasant as did a similar establishment, on Hunt's cold day; and any person who has been taking active exercise feels almost like what Mr. Mantalini threatened to become. ("I shall be . . . a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!" exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.") Now rust doth corrupt; and cheap gilt tarnishes; and seamstresses bless the man who invented emeries; and we wonder what Aunt Penelope's nerves are made of, that she can sit there knitting silk thread with steel needles. Now, likewise, the butler or housemaid regrets having burnished the silver yesterday, and deems it folly to rub the brasses to-day. Now, on the other hand, the amateur of old copper hangs enraptured over his verdigrised treasures. Now is the confectioner complacent, his week-old wares being scarce distinguishable from fresh ones. Now the print-collector thinks apprehensively of his portfolios, and the housewife of her jam pots; and biscuit grow soft, and cheese grows fuzzy; and ill-seasoned doors and window-sashes are too tight in their frames; and stringed instruments get out of tune; and woe to the tennis or ping-pong racquet left lying about! Now the ink on our pen stays wet while we are thinking what to say next, contrary to its irritating custom in dry weather. Now there seems to be an extraordinary number of cobwebs and little cottony cocoons sticking, in out-of-the-way corners, on the outside of the house. Now Pamela, packing her box to pay a visit, laments aloud, prophesying the ruin of her finery; whereupon the family punster remarks that she will at least be able to display several new wrinkles.

Now, as evening comes on, you want (unless the weather is *very* warm) a bit of a blaze on the hearth, to dry the air and to look bright. Now matches will not take fire at the first stroke; and lighted windows across the way show as mere yellow parallelograms in the fog, the outlines of the houses to which they

belong being invisible; and my lady, dressing to dine out, decides not to wear the tulle bodice; and drivers are continually shouting, "Look out there!" and narrowly escaping collisions, and interchanging retrospective profanity with the other fellow; and quite sober citizens go up the wrong doorsteps; and 't is to be hoped the housemaid will not turn down the sheets long before bedtime.

For several years past there have been published in various periodicals articles devoted to telling one half of the world how the other half lives. One young man becomes a tramp, and goes up and down the highways and byways, arrayed in false rags, deceiving the tramps into confidences, and the timid or kindly housewives into mistaken charity. Another youth graduates from college, and masquerades as an unskilled laborer, toiling at tasks for which all his ancestry and education have rendered him unfit, and making his aching muscles the theme of his marketable copy. Three women, promptly following suit, become respectively working-woman, factory operative, and domestic servant, and record in detail their sordid experiences in the depths whereto they plunge. And all these have, they believe, found their inspiration in the nobler motives.

One might fairly question the good of it all. Were the inquiries worth making? If worth making, was the method of inquiry well chosen to secure valuable results? To answer both these questions, it is enough to refer the student of social conditions to the published results of the several experiments. Let them be carefully edited down to their residuum of *novel* facts, and you shall find but a thimbleful of actuality strained out of a barrelful of good "copy." For we will admit it all good copy and excellent magazine stuffing, well seasoned and put skillfully together. But need we dive so deep to learn that tramps are lazy, talk thieves' lingo, and beat the railroads at every

opportunity? or to be assured that the girls employed in factories dress absurdly, and do not read the classics in their leisure hours? or that some mistresses are kind and considerate of their servants, while others are the reverse?

I claim that not only are these quests fruitless and mischievous, but that if they were of the utmost value and of twenty-fold the interest, they are still unjustifiable, because they are deceitful and dishonest. No man or woman has a right to force a way into the affairs of others, or by deceitful pretense of social equality to obtain information not otherwise to be acquired. It is an infringement of personal rights.

Let us take the matter home to ourselves. Let us imagine an employee of some great mill or factory to be commissioned by fellow laborers to enact the part of a "society man," and having the education and breeding to fit him to escape detection. He obtains in disguise the right to social equality, cultivates the acquaintance of the owners of the factory, and, being a clever writer, gives his fellow operatives a fair and unvarnished account of the way in which the mill-owner and his family expend the profits derived from the labor of himself and his fellow laborers in the mills. He might, in some cases, make copy fairly comparable to that afforded by similar study of the home life of the working folk. Possibly, the comparison might not be all in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Dives and their offspring. But that is not the question. What we ask is what Mr. and Mrs. Dives and their friends would think of their clever employee. Would they invite him again to dinner, or again offer him the spare seat in their automobile? Or do you imagine that they might have a strange and unaccountable feeling that he had not been quite the true gentleman they had invited to their home? And would it have made so very much difference if the Dives family had lived in an apartment house, or in a flat, or even

in a boarding-house? And yet, what is the essential difference whether the party spied upon is Mr. Dives or his workwoman, Miss Lazarus? If either is to be protected against the inquisitive reporter, let it be the helpless poor, rather than the rich. If either has any right or reason to conceal the private life, it is more likely to be the poor worker than the rich and prominent owner.

It had been lurking vaguely in the background of consciousness for a long time, like a decomposed thing trying to gather itself together. And the tailor did it. I knew, as I looked into his complex eye, that I was on the eve of an event. I felt, as Celia Thaxter felt, the Something about to Happen when the red-headed, cross-eyed elevator boy asked in doomful accents, "Are you ready?"

I looked again at the tailor. He, too, had eyes which were trying to embrace all the universe in one glance. I felt he held me in the hollow of his hand. His lips opened, and he said in tones fraught with teleological awfulness, "You are between sizes." The truth was known. It had come at last. My destiny was sealed. The tailor had said it. I was between sizes!

The fact that a little padding here and there would set me right in the eyes of an indiscriminating world was of no consolation to me. My body might be fixed up on the lines of a fashion-plate, but *myself*—my real ego—was, I knew, between sizes. I had felt it dimly for years, but now I saw no more through a glass darkly.

Wearily I dragged myself out of the tailor's cramped shop, and sought the coolness of the Gardens in their spring array of flaunting tulips. There, seated on one of the benches full of humanity between sizes, I drew in deep breaths of sweet spring air, and gave myself to retrospection in the midst of the new life around me.

My brain was soon disposed of. Ob-

viously a thing that could conceive the absurdities that my brain had conceived was not wholly blameworthy. It was only between sizes. That I had failed to write the novel which in the planning was so subtle, so typical, so everything it ought to be, merging finally into a monstrosity of literary style,—which was a cross between that of Mrs. Humphry Ward and that of Charlotte M. Braeme,—was not strange. What else could the poor brain do?

And my heart—why was it that it beat so passionately when it should be gay, and so flippantly when it should be sad? Why did it open itself so utterly to the need of one, and become dull and dead to the cry of one more worthy, perhaps? There were a dozen poor human things pressing close, to which it gave not one response of sympathy; and yet there in the crowd, so closed in upon that it required effort to find her out, was a girl with a light in her eyes that set every feeling found in love for humanity burning with ceaseless fire.

No; I was not even that which in the last extremity one is usually called;—I was not "good-hearted." My heart, too, was between sizes.

His name was E. Y. Savage. He came originally from a small college somewhere in Maine.

His methods, as I look back on them, were those of genius. The school in District No. 3 under a succession of dry-as-dust principals had degenerated, and the new committee, entering proudly into office, had declared that the coming year should see a change. They wrote boldly to a New York agency. The concrete result was E. Y. Savage. He arrived one windy day in September driving a little nondescript horse attached to a light sulky. He explained that he had to take exercise, and that he was especially fond of this little mare. Later, when it was discovered—with the accompaniment

Between
Sizes.

The Teacher
in District
No. 3.

of misplaced dollars — that the little mare's paces were far from nondescript, the preference was understood.

Mr. Savage engaged board at the most expensive place in town, and took a seat for the year in the First Church. These preliminaries arranged, he settled down to the steady business of enlivening the school in District No. 3. His methods, as I have intimated, were unique. Under preceding instructors, we had ground away at arithmetic in orderly fashion. Beginning each term where we had left off the term before, we had worked drudgingly through rule and application. We had seasons of review and examination. The dim hope that we should some time reach the last page of Greenleaf's Practical had never consciously appealed to us. It was too remote and shadowy. Without enthusiasm, therefore, we heard the first command of the new campaign, "Take your slates and arithmetics." We filed into the small recitation room, filling it to the last bench. The Savage — as we soon learned to call him — placed his armchair across the doorway. Arranging his slippered feet against the door-casing, he opened a book and proceeded to teach arithmetic. The method had no apparent sequence or order. Example and rule, application and answer, chased each other from seat to seat. We came out dazed, but alert. Faint glimmerings of practical application floated before our blinking eyes.

"Gymnastics" was the next order. We marched and counter-marched to the tune of a wheezy old organ, heretofore consecrated to morning worship. It was a little backward, at first, like the rest of us, in catching this new pace. Our exercise the first day must have been en-

tirely "free-hand." Later, wands, rings, and dumb-bells found their way up the stairs. The gymnastic hour became an escape valve for energy generated in the small recitation room. The term "gymnastics" covered many forms of exercise. It included a figure very like a quadrille, and approached at times what, in evening dress, might have resembled a waltz.

Each morning we were marshaled into the little room. Instead of devoting a fraction of a day to each study, we worked all day on the same subject. Even the dullard of the class was cornered and educated. If he failed too ignominiously, a particularly bright little girl would be summoned from the primary room. She would peep shyly in, frightened, and more than half pleased. The Savage would explain very carefully and gravely the point at issue and demand "what the answer was and how she got it?" The prodigy would recite in a high bashful treble. The Savage would chuckle, pat her on the head, and send her back to her books with an injunction not to grow too fast; and we would return to arithmetic.

What caused Mr. Savage to sever his connection with District No. 3 I have never known. Three eventful years he ruled over us. Two years in succession pupils went from our high school to college, a thing never before known in the history of the town. But at last something happened. It may have been fate. It may have been the little mare. Mr. Savage drove away from District No. 3, leaving only a breezy memory and a sense of gratitude. As years have passed the gratitude has deepened that for three years, at least, education in District No. 3 had a little wholesome neglect.

ODE.

[Read at Symphony Hall, Boston, on the Eve of the Centenary of the Birth of Emerson, May 24, 1903.]

Not on slight errands come the Immortals;
 Loud the alarum; they burst the portals,
 Bringing new ages,
 Saints, poets, sages;
 They rend, they trample;
 Their power is ample
 To do great deeds and tasks unshared,
 That only the single soul has ever dared.
 In them, and what they can,
 Is the greatness of man.

O City, set amid the bloom and brine
 Of bowery summer by her Northern seas,
 Sweet is thy azure morn, thy blowing breeze;
 But deeper our lives with thee entwine;
 And as young children at their mother's knees
 Gaze on her face, such loveliness is thine;
 For half their eyes behold, and half their hearts divine,
 And their dropt lids adore the unseen throne;
 So has our boyhood known
 The heavenly glory felt in greatness gone
 That in its native fields long lingers on:
 Blest feet that walked thy ancient ways,
 And edged with light thy morning days;
 Forms that along thy ice-bound shore
 The sword and lamp in each hand bore;
 Who build one age, and hew the next,
 While Freedom hoards each gospel text.
 Through lowly lives the frugal centuries roll
 And each rude cradle holds a child of God;
 Long generations nurse the new-born soul,
 And show the shining track the Saviour trod.
 So from that first and famous race
 Who smote the rock whence poured this stream of years,
 Came forth the bloom of prayer and flower of grace
 Whose incense sweeter in the sons appears.

O Mother-state, white with departing May,
 A hundred Mays depart; this beauty aye
 Streams from thy breasts, a thousand children owning
 Whose lives are made the scriptures of thy youth,
 And foremost he, whose prophet voice intoning
 With pointing finger read God's primal truth.
 From sire to son was stored the sacred seed;
 Age piled on age to meet a nation's need;
 Till the high natal hour,
 Rounding to perfect power,
 On climbing centuries borne,
 Found genius' height sublime,

And set a star upon the front of time,
That spreads, as far as sunset flames, thy spiritual morn.

O boon, all other gifts above
That loads our veins with power, with love,
Joyful is birth wherever mothers are,
Since over Bethlehem stood the children's star!
Ever by that transcendent sign
The budding boy is born divine;
Infinity into his being flows
As if all nature flowered in one rose;
A million blooms suffuse the fragrant hills,
And, look! a manhood race our emerald valleys fills!

I see great cities stand,
Mothers of equal men,
Each leading by the hand
A multitude immense, sweet to command,
Her clinging broods; the tool, the book, the pen,
Letters and arts whereby a man may live,
To each child she doth give,
And with fraternity she binds all fast,
Honoring the spark of God; she cherisheth
The mighty flame to be her blood and breath,
And her immortal pinion over death;
For as these little ones shall fare, her fates are cast.

A manhood race! we are not children now,
Fronting the fates with knit imperial brow,—
Lords over Nature; fast her mystic reign
Fades in the finer mystery of the brain,
That now with intellect and will informs
Her clashing atoms and her wandering storms;
Deep in the sphere the mighty magic plies;
Darkness has fled from matter; from the skies
Space has departed; the invisible
Pestilence shivers in life's ultimate cell;
While continents divide like Egypt's sea,
And the still ocean-floors wonder what thought may be.
And better in the human strife
We labor blest, the lords of life,
Blending the many-nationed race
Where God through all mankind has poured the torrent of His grace.
Bright in our midst His Mercy-seat
Throngs with innumerable feet;
Nor hath He made their multitude complete;
And where the human storm terrific rears
Above the flying land,
One word the throne of heaven hears
That all tongues understand:
America, they whisper low
As down through flame and blood they go
To the pale ocean strand;
Nor once, nor twice, this rising coast appears

Beneath its heaven-streaming torch illumed,
 Man's ark of safety on the flood of years;
 There have we clothed them naked, and there fed
 On Freedom's loaf, whose blessed bread,
 Forever multiplied and unconsumed,
 As if the Master's voice still in it spoke
 Our hands have to uncounted millions broke;
 There have we wiped away a whole world's tears.
 Wide as the gates of life, let stand our gates,
 Nor them deny whom God denied not birth;
 Nor, though we house all outcasts of the earth,
 Christ being within our city, fear the fates!

O birthright found the sweetest
 That in our blood began!
 O manhood-faith found fleetest
 Of all the faiths of man!
 We own the one great Mother
 Who first the man-child bore,
 And every man a brother
 Who wears the form Christ wore.

Such mighty voices murmured round our youth,
 Souls dedicated to immortal toil;
 And, battle-bound, the fiery wings of truth
 Sublime swept past us o'er the sacred soil;
 So loud a morn was to our childhood given,
 And mixed with flashes out of heaven

 Pealing words our spirits shook,
 And awful forms with superhuman look, —
 Our cradle-truths; so native to our lips,
 That like our mother tongue their thunder slips;
 We have no memory when it was not so.
 Wherefore we fear not, coming to our own;
 Men are we, greatness that our sons shall know
 Who us inherit; now we wield alone
 The glory; for the mighty ones lie low;

They are dead, brain and hand; they are dust, blood and bone.

I lay the singing laurel down
 Upon the silent grave;
 'Tis vain; the master slumbers on
 Nor knows the gift he gave.
 I take again the murmuring crown
 Whose life is here and now;
 And every leaf sings Emerson;
 His music binds my brow.
 For in this changeful mortal scene,
 Where all things mourn what once has been,
 Only the touch of soul with soul
 At last escapes from death's control:
 And from himself I learnt it, — the true singer
 Of his own heavens must be the bright star-bringer,
 And sphere of dawning lights his morning song;
 So shall his music to God's time belong,

Not to an age, thus did his orb,
 Though dark with earth, the eternal ray absorb
 And bright renew; he heard the wind-harp's strings,
 The cosmic pulse, the chemic dance,
 And saw through spirit-mating things
 Man's secular advance.
 The song the sons of morning sang
 He found on Nature's lyre,
 And carols that angelic rang,
 Within the heart's desire;
 Thence he drew with burning palms
 Hymns and far millennial psalms;
 And, high o'er all, one strain no dark could daunt,
 With notes sublimely dominant,
 Sang victory, victory, victory unto man
 In whose fair soul victorious good began;
 The vision beautiful,
 The labor dutiful,
 Truth, the finder,
 Love, the binder;
 And close about our mortal tasks the sacred faces came,
 Sweet faces pale beside our paler flame.
 He fed our souls with holy dew,
 Yet taught us by the line to hew,
 Shaping here the type ideal
 Our farthest years shall bright reveal
 In millions multiplied,
 Who shall swarm the green land o'er,
 The snow-clad and the golden shore,
 And dwell with beauty, side by side;
 A type to witness what the spirit can
 Amid its daily tasks,
 Even such a one as the pure gospel asks,
 The bravest lover of his kind, the man American.

And thou, O Fountain, whence we issued forth,
 Source of all kindly grace and noble worth,
 Who in our fathers poured so wide a flood,
 Leave not our temples, fail not from our blood;
 Even this that doth along my pulses fleet
 From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet,
 With all the American years made sweet,
 The sweetest blood that flows!
 Make us to dwell secure where tempests are,
 And find in peace the mightiest arm of war;
 And if, past justice' bound, our foes increase,
 Make war the harbinger of larger peace;
 So in us shall the higher be found
 With palm and olive, equal trophies, crowned.
 Last for the soul make we our great appeal;
 There foster and confirm thy own ideal;
 Grant us self-conquest and self-sacrifice,
 Since only upon these may virtue rise.

George Edward Woodberry.